

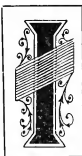
# THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF THE WORLD'S MAGAZINES  
REPRODUCED FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Vol. XII. No. 1

MAY, 1906

\$2 a year; 20c. a copy



**I** f a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door. ❁ ❁ ❁

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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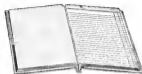
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# THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business" and "The Business Magazine.")

Reproducing for Busy Men and Women the best Articles from the Current Magazines of the World.

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## Inside With the Publishers

**B**ELIEVING that frequent changes in the outward appearance of a magazine betoken a stirring life within, we have again made a slight alteration in the cover design. In place of the portrait, which has been the central feature of the cover for the past three months, we have inserted a business maxim, which we believe our readers will appreciate, to the extent of keeping the cover constantly before them.

The Canadian Statesman, of Bowmanville, says: "We have never been quite as much interested in any magazine as we have been in the numbers of the Busy Man's Magazine that have come to hand. Every number so far has been a treasure—one that we would not like to have missed. It is very instructive and contains good counsel. No man or woman can read this splendid monthly without great profit."

George H. Peters, of Digby, N.S., commends the magazine because "it meets my idea of a magazine for one who does not have a great deal of spare time to devote to reading."

On all hands words of praise are heard and we have yet to learn of any person who finds fault. This is

not to be wondered at, when we consider the breadth and variety of the contents of The Busy Man's Magazine.

Hamiltonians always seem to have a kind word for the magazine. The proprietors of the Hilda Cigar Factory write under recent date: "We are reading your magazine regularly and must say that the articles in the magazine are compiled beautifully. The magazine should be in the house of every business man."

When one pauses to consider the number of different people, whose tastes are entered to in The Busy Man's Magazine, the enumeration passes belief. There were thirty-one articles in the April number. While each article appealed on its own merits to a very large circle of readers, yet each article was intended primarily for a certain class of busy people. The insurance man, the politician, the manufacturer, the member of Parliament, the philanthropist, the tourist, the business woman, the farmer, the railroad man, and a host of other workers, all had their own interesting article prepared for their delectation. It is this universality which makes The Busy Man's Magazine liked wherever it goes.

THE  
BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XII.

MAY, 1906.

No. 7

From Grocer's Apprentice to Senator

BY WALTER S. H. ARMSTRONG

The career of Hon. Robert Jaffray of Toronto, is one of solid progress. There has been no undue rise in social or other origins. Beginning at the lowest rung of the ladder, he has climbed step by step to that position of affluence and honor which he now occupies.

HON. ROBERT JAFFRAY, who was created a Senator last March, was of Scotch farmer stock, and began life for himself as a grocer's apprentice. It is a far cry from the Edinburgh grocery of J. R. Dymock to the Red Chamber at Ottawa; it is 60 years less one from the raw country lad and new apprentice of fifteen, just from school, to the tall, broad shouldered, athletic-looking old gentleman, financier, director of many companies, trusted counsellor of political leaders and captains of industry, now taking his seat in the Dominion Senate. How did he do it?

Unless there is no truth in the old adage, "The boy is father of the man," Mr. Dymock found his new apprentice absolutely trustworthy, generous, unobtrusive in manner, wondrously industrious, energetic and self-reliant in a marked degree. Latent then, but rapidly developed, was a keen, shrewd business acumen, combined with a far-sightedness often remarkable.

It is not surprising that such a

lad, having served his apprenticeship of five years and grown to a young man of twenty, should respond to the call of the new world. He arrived in Toronto in 1852. There were 30,000 people in the then capital of Upper Canada, and the most northerly store on Yonge street was where what is now the corner of Louisa street, and it was kept by his brother-in-law, J. E. Smith. It was a grocery and provision store, and Mr. Smith, having other interests, placed his brother-in-law in charge of it. The young Scotchman found the business in an unsatisfactory financial position, but there was no daunting him. He was self-reliant and he obeyed the eleventh commandment, "Don't worry."

It is said of him at this time that he would go home at night with heavy obligations to meet on the morrow, and little in sight with which to liquidate; sleep soundly and come down in the morning as cheery as a lark to grapple with his difficulties. Well, in five years he was a partner, and the year follow-

There is a jewel which no  
Indian mine can buy,

No chemic art can counterfeit;

It makes men rich in greatest poverty,

Makes water wine, turns  
wooden cups to gold,

The homely whistle to sweet  
music's strain;

Seldom it comes—to few  
from heaven sent—

That much in little—all in  
nought—content.

—Wibye. "Madrigal."

ing Mr. Smith decided to give his whole time to his other interests, and Mr. Jaffray took over the entire business. That was in 1858.

"I knew him well in those days," recently remarked the general manager of one of Toronto's banks. "I can see him now running down in his shirtsleeves to our bank to make his deposits; and his deposits were not very large in those days either."

The city grew past Louisa street. The business grew apace and developed a wholesale department. That was before the railways had diverted traffic from Yonge street and the hundreds of farmers who teamed to Toronto dealt at the Yonge street store. A dozen men were employed and a manager.

Gradually Mr. Jaffray relieved himself of the details of management and left himself time for other interests which his increasing means invited. He became one of the organizers of the Land Security Company, and as associate with him in that company was Hon. Alexander MacKenzie.

It is time to mention politics. Like most Scotchmen in Canada, Mr. Jaffray was by profession and profound conviction a Liberal; his indomitable energy had made him a worker, and having large capacity for organization he attained gratifying results. His capacity for organization, his sound judgment, clearheadedness and breadth of view had made him a leader in the councils of his party. When Mr. MacKenzie became Premier in 1874, and was looking about for some one to represent the Government on the directorate of the Northern Railway, what more natural than that he should hit upon his friend Jaffray, whose business capacity and industry he knew. Parliament had made

large advances to the railway and things were not looking too well. The Premier's choice could not have been bettered. Through the representations of Mr. Jaffray the Government instituted an inquiry into the affairs of the railway that resulted very beneficially, and largely because of Mr. Jaffray's efforts the indebtedness to the country was eventually paid.

His attainments in the realm of finance are due in a part at least to his association with Hon. Geo. A. Cox. In good or evil ways one thing leads to another. It was not luck that brought Geo. A. Cox and Robert Jaffray together in the management of the Midland Railway, then a small affair from Port Hope to Peterboro with a branch to Lindsay.

Sometime before this, how long it doesn't matter, Hon. George Brown had said to a friend and business associate whom he knew to be a friend of Mr. Jaffray, "Why don't you bring your friend Jaffray down? I would like to meet him." The request was complied with and the two Scots became and remained intimate friends. The Philadelphia Centennial brought to America a Scotch gentleman prominent at least in his own town. Having a friend in Toronto he came on to Canada to see him, and a few leading Calcedonians were got together to dine with him, among them Hon. George Brown and Mr. Jaffray. It came out in the course of conversation that Mr. Lyle, that was the visitor's name, had invested £5,000 in the bonds of the Midland Railway, and was much disappointed because it had never paid interest and there didn't appear much chance of saving the principal.

"A good property, but badly managed," declared Mr. Brown. "Why don't you get a good man on the

board to look after your interests there? Jaffray, there, is the kind of man you want."

Mr. Lyle wouldn't even go and look at the road, but the suggestion was not lost, for a year after a letter came from him stating that he and other bondholders were prepared to place to the credit of Mr. Jaffray and any one else he would select sufficient interest in the road to make them directors. Mr. Jaffray consented to undertake the task and decided his associate should be a Peterboro man. He did not know any one at Peterboro, but he knew others who did. Mr. Cox was selected and within a day or two the matter was arranged. When they took hold they found many of the employes unpaid and things in rotten shape. Within a year the bonds that had been worth nothing were quoted at 50 per cent. of their face value, and the Scotch holders offered to sell out at that to their two Canadian trustees, Messrs. Jaffray and Cox said "No, we'll do better than that," and they did. Finally the road was absorbed by the Grand Trunk under a 99 years lease.

The association of business interests between Messrs. Cox and Jaffray then established has been continued and has meant much to both of them. Probably there are not in Canada to-day two men of sounder judgment, keener business acumen or more industrious.

Of business and finance it only need be added that Mr. Jaffray is, since last month, vice-president of the Imperial Bank, after thirty years on the directorate; vice-president of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., director of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, of the Canadian Gen-

eral Electric Co., and president of the Globe Co.

It is only as president of the Globe that Mr. Jaffray has become widely known. He was never much of a public speaker and so his political work was not of a kind to bring him before the footlights. He came upon the Globe directorate in 1880, and eight years later succeeded in the presidency Mr. James Macdennas, K.C., who had been transferred to the bench. It became his chief ambition to see the Globe a great newspaper, and in pursuance of that ambition Mr. Jaffray has probably rendered his greatest service to the public of Canada. It was not as a great party paper that he was ambitious for the Globe. He wanted it a newspaper eminently fair and absolutely reliable so far as its news columns were concerned. The fair conduct of a great newspaper is worth more to a country, and especially a young country, than many industries. Mr. Jaffray pursued his ambition with infinite patience and determination. For years the financial position of the company was precarious and the directors have had to give their personal security to the bank for large sums. Globe's stock could be bought for 15c. on the dollar. Now it is above par, and difficult to get at any price. But it was not for money he labored.

Every intimate friend of Senator Jaffray will tell you of his untiring industry, his kindness of heart and his business foresight. If he promises a chap to try and get him a position he doesn't just write a letter, or perhaps forget it. If he gives a promise he has it on his conscience and he hustles to find a place. His energy and goodheartedness are both illustrated in the story of Crow's Nest Coal. Practically

worthless stock of the Crow's Nest Coal Co. was kicking about and Mr. Jaffray undertook to investigate the proposition. He traveled 200 miles through the mountains and went over the coal areas at a tremendous expenditure of exertion. Then when he and other capitalists took it up and the stock began to advance, a widow whose husband had left her nothing but a large block; of it wanted to dispose of it. Mr. Jaffray persuaded her not to, and it finally returned her a handsome competence.

Mr. Jaffray had always great faith in Toronto's future. In the 70's he said to a friend who was going to sell property on Yonge street, just north of Bloor, "I wouldn't sell for three times what you paid for it. It will be the centre of a business district some day." The "some day" has come, though there was nothing then to indicate it to the other man, a shrewd Scot like himself. Some years ago Mr. Jaffray foresaw that ultimately certain blocks of Yonge street property would bring large values, and he became heavily committed. The bad times delayed the fulfillment of his expectations, and for a while the property was a grievous burden, but the last year or

two have more than justified his judgment.

Aside from business and the Globe, Mr. Jaffray has few interests. Some years ago he gave some attention to theological and philosophical problems as recreation, and a sort of club comprising the best known university leaders and others used to meet at his home for the discussion of such questions. He was chairman under the late Liberal Government in Ontario of the Temiscaming Railway and is now a member of the Queen Victoria Park Commission. He is an expert checker player and likes the game.

Mr. Jaffray's home relations have been serenely beautiful and tender, and a great sorrow is now resting upon him in the recent death of Mrs. Jaffray, a woman of deep piety and saintly living. There are four children, two daughters, both married, and two sons, one a stock broker the other a missionary in Africa.

To approach an adequate appreciation of this man's sterling worth, large business ability and kindly nature, the stranger need talk with the friends who have known him longest and enter into enthusiasm of their panegyrics.

## Making Good

This world was not constructed for the lazy man of dreams; One flash is not a nugget—gold is constant with its gleams; The world keeps looking higher than the level you've attained, And thinks you retrograding till 'tis certain you have gained.

No stand still will it tolerate; slide back, and you will see Your name among the "has-beens" as a harmless "uses-to-be." The standard you established when you did the best you could Was but you're affidavit that you'd keep on making good.

—Success Magazine.

## Cobalt and its Undreamt-of Wealth

BY WALLACE MACLEAN

Cobalt is a name to conjure with to-day, just as Kildare was some years ago. The rich silver mines of New Ontario, are yielding abundant stores of wealth. The past there will be an index of prospective greatness well up in the bowdler of to-morrow. That the Cobalt mine will prove to be the richest in the world, some quite predict.

LESS than three years ago what is now known as Cobalt was as wild and desolate a place as can well be imagined—a land of steep, rocky elevations and depressions with a covering of soil sufficiently deep to support a dense growth of pine, cedar, poplar, birch and other trees. This little bit of wilderness of Northern Ontario, situated by rail exactly 330 miles north of Toronto, now enjoys a world-wide notoriety. It lays claim to the possession of mines that produce the richest silver-bearing ore the world has ever known. The claim is not, remember, that the mines are the richest silver mines in the world, but that the ore found at Cobalt is the richest silver ore that has yet been obtained anywhere in the world. I think this latter claim can safely be made. This is the statement of Dr. Bell of the Dominion Geological Survey, of Professor Miller, and of all the experts who have visited the Camp. I have met dozens of miners from all parts of the world at Cobalt and they are unanimous in their statement that Cobalt's ores are the richest known, that Cobalt in fact is a new proposition in the mining world.

Whether or not Cobalt will turn out to be the richest silver camp in the world remains to be seen. Some believe it will so turn out. No one of course can say positively either way. Judging from the lavish way huge nuggets and slabs of silver have been scattered over the surface of the earth at Cobalt one would conclude

that there must be a great storehouse of the precious metal in the immediate vicinity. That there is such a storehouse is generally admitted and that it must be below the earth is also admitted. So far the lowest depth reached is in the neighborhood of 300 feet, but of this the lower 200 feet was made by a diamond drill. This depth has been reached on the property of the Larose Mining Co. and the proprietors report that as depth is reached the ore bodies increase in quantity and richness. It will take several years to ascertain what the rocks of Cobalt really contain. Up to date the diagnosis is most favorable and it is firmly believed that Cobalt will not only prove its claim to possessing the richest silver ore in the world, but also to possessing the greatest and richest silver mines in the world. In five years we may have more knowledge on this aspect of the case.

Cobalt possesses other unique features as a mining camp. Its mines are the richest cobalt mines in the world. This claim is not questioned. The production of cobalt in this camp has already had the effect of bringing down the price of that metal from \$2.50 to 60 cents a pound. The cobalt producers of Saxony and Bohemia have taken alarm at the output of our mines and they have become even more interested in Cobalt than have Canadians themselves. It looks as if they would be put out of business, as far, at least, as the production of cobalt is concerned.

Still another distinction that Cobalt claims is the extraordinary blending of metals in its characteristic ores. These metals consist principally of silver, cobalt, nickel and arsenic. An average sample of cobalt ore will contain from 60 to 75 per cent, by weight of these metals: 7 per cent. of silver, 9 of nickel, 9 of cobalt and 50 per cent of arsenic. There are only two other places in the world where any such combination of metals is found. These places are Saxony and Bohemia, whose mines have been in operation continually since the discovery of America over 400 years ago. While the German mines contain the same metals as those of Cobalt, the ores are by no means as rich as ours, either in silver, cobalt or nickel.

Possessing as it does these unique features, it is not surprising that Cobalt's reputation has spread far and wide. There is sure to be a great rush to the camp this year. The movement has already begun and railway authorities have estimated that anywhere up to 250,000 people may find their way to the Cobalt country this season. The decision of the Government to withhold from the public the territory within the Gillies timber limits and to develop the mines as Government property, may deter quite a number from going to Cobalt, but still it is expected the rush northwards will assume large proportions and that the Town of Cobalt will be taxed to the utmost to provide accommodation for the visitors.

Cobalt is indeed becoming a subject of absorbing interest to Canadians, and especially to the people of Ontario. It is said by men who ought to know whereof they speak, that the revenue from the mines in the Gillies' timber limit will be suffi-

cient to defray all the expenses of governing the province. This is the opinion of Mr. W. K. McNaught, M. P.P., for instance, who stated publicly the other night that the value of the mines in the limits might safely be placed at 100 million dollars. In addition to these mines the Government owns the mineral rights along the railway right of way, and these have been advertised for sale. The operation of the mines by the Government as a source of revenue for the conduct of the public business makes Cobalt a uniquely interesting proposition.

Columns and columns have been written in the press about Cobalt, but we must turn to the official reports to obtain the exact truth about the camp as it stands to-day. According to a memorandum recently published by the Bureau of Mines, there were shipped in 1905, 2,144 tons of ore yielding to the shippers \$1,468,524 net. The silver produced was 2,441,421 ounces valued at \$1,356,306.

The nickel amounted to 75 tons valued at \$10,525. The cobalt production was 118 tons valued at \$100,000. The arsenic accounted for was 549 tons, and the sum realized thereon was \$2,693. On a large proportion of the shipments no value at all was received for the nickel, cobalt and arsenic. These are the aggregate returns from the seventeen mines which had reached the shipping stage previous to December last year. During 1905 the camp was laboring under not a few disadvantages and it is necessary to take these into consideration in making an estimate of the present possibilities of the camp. In the first place it must be borne in mind that in 1905 the camp was practically without machinery. It was only in

November last that the Trotheway mine, for instance, installed a compressor plant. This is a mine which has already netted \$400,000 for its proprietors. Some of the silver from this has been exchanged for a valuable office block in Toronto street and a fine new residence in Rosedale.

The Larose mine was equipped with a plant during the whole of the year and there was a steam plant at the Nipissing Co's mines, but at all the other mines the drilling was done by hand and the hoisting by men and horses.

Another thing that must be borne in mind in forming an estimate of the camp is the fact that the mining in 1905 was carried on by inexperienced workmen. I have in mind one of the properties owned by people in New Listead, which was managed by a board of thirteen directors not one of whom had any practical experience whatever in mining. One of them was a good sawmill man, another was a reputable horse doctor, while a third preached a fairly good sermon on Sundays. The actual development of the mine was left to a man to whom \$20 a week was big wages. The men working under him were farm hands, lumbermen and unskilled laborers. Several of the other mines were managed in the same unbusinesslike way. During 1905 Cobalt was practically in the hands of farmers.

Litigation is another factor that retarded production in Cobalt last year. Several of the mines were tied up absolutely while impending litigation paralyzed a big portion of the camp. We must also bear in mind that a majority of the 17 shipping mines of 1905 did not become productive until after July. Several of them were not discovered till May, June and later months.

Finally we must include in the list of unfavorable conditions to which Cobalt was subjected in 1905, the fact that the ore produced could not be sold to advantage. The characteristic ore of Cobalt is highly refractory and difficult to reduce. As a matter of fact, no smelter in America was prepared to treat it advantageously and the ore consequently had to be sacrificed to obtain a market. At some of the mines the ore was stored away awaiting the discovery of an improved reduction process.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration the production of Cobalt for 1905 is a fact full of significance. The actual product of the camp is a fact of itself sufficient to justify one in forming a somewhat optimistic opinion of Cobalt's future.

That the camp will remain productive for many years to come, there is no doubt at all. Dr. Bell visited Cobalt in the Fall of 1905 and in an interview with me, published in the Globe, he said "he had no hesitation in saying that the ores found at Cobalt were the richest of their kind in the world, and he was impressed with the large number of veins and the great variety of metals contained in the ore bodies. Cobalt, in his opinion, is a new proposition in the mining world. He thinks there will be a good healthy camp at Cobalt for years to come."

Dr. Bell's theory is borne out by the results obtained by the working of the Government's diamond drill in the Larose Mining Co's property. The drill was set to work at the bottom of a 90-foot shaft. It reached a depth of 200 feet and was then taken away, the company having satisfied itself that the veins continued to that depth at least. In September

last M. Albert de Bomen and M. Adolphe Chabas, of Paris, visited the camp on behalf of the French Government. They gave it with their opinion "that even if the veins should not extend to a great depth (although there was no evidence they would not) there was a large number of them in the proven territory and they would not be exhausted for a long time. Mining would go on in Cobalt for many years."

Perhaps the strongest evidence of the permanency of the camp is found in the decision of the mine owners to invest capital in the construction of a smelter. The building of a smelting plant requires a large capital and no one would undertake the risk of such a venture unless he was assured of sufficient ore to keep the plant in operation for several years. The mine owners at Cobalt have formed a joint stock company for the purpose of erecting a smelter. The plant of the Hoeffner refinery works at Hamilton has been acquired and an expert has been engaged to make such changes in it as will be necessary for the treatment of the Cobalt ore. The starting of this works will give a great impetus to the production of ore at Cobalt.

For all these reasons it is safe to say that Cobalt is not a flash in the pan, but has all the ear marks of a healthy, permanent mining camp.

Having established the richness and permanency of the camp, the next feature of interest is the extent of the productive area. This area is at present confined to Coleman Township and to but a limited section of that township. The sketch map of the Bureau of Mines "showing location of veins in Coleman" covers an area of two miles from east to west by two and a half miles from north to south, in all five square

miles of territory or 3,200 acres including three small lakes. During 1906 a great deal of prospecting will be done north and south of Coleman Township. Speaking of this outside territory, Prof. Miller says: "Cobalt bloom and related minerals have been found 30 miles north of Cobalt station in the northern part of the Township of Ingram and adjacent territory. Similar minerals have been found 15 or 20 miles to the south and southwest. The productive area is, however, confined to within about two miles of Cobalt station. Recently ores similar to those of Cobalt, but containing gold instead of silver, have been found in small quantities at Rabbit Lake, 30 miles south of Cobalt." All this country will be over-run with prospectors this season. Everything in Coleman has been taken up and prospectors will be obliged to go further afield in search of the coveted treasure.

The ore occurs in narrow veins. The average width of the veins upon which work has been done is probably 10 or 12 inches. To give an idea of the wonderful richness of the veins I quote the following from the report of Prof. Miller: "An open cut, about 50 feet long and 25 feet deep, on the Trethewey vein, location J.B. 7, has produced approximately \$200,000 worth of ore, the maximum width of the vein being not more than 8 inches. The amount received for one carload of 30 tons of ore from this mine was between \$75,000 and \$80,000. A shipment of 50 tons of ore gave an analysis approximately the following percentages of metals: Arsenic, 38; cobalt, 12; nickel, 3.5, and 190,000 ounces of silver. Pay was received for silver and cobalt only." In another portion of his report Prof. Miller states that approximately \$1,000,000 worth of

ore has been locked out on the first vein discovered on the Larose claim, known as JS14.

For the present, popular interest has shifted from the mines to the town of Cobalt. The "Silver City," as it has been called, is the Mecca to which thousands of people from all over the continent will journey this Spring and Summer. The town is now in the hands of speculators and boomers who are getting things in shape to receive the crowds that are expected to pour in later on at the rate of a thousand or more a day. On the first of April there were about 1,500 people, all told, in Cobalt, exclusive of those in the mining camps, and foundations had been laid for 150 new buildings. Two new hotels, each to accommodate over 100 guests, are under construction and many of the projected buildings are large boarding houses. Real estate has risen rapidly in value in the business section. Property has changed hands at as high as \$200 per foot. Several lots have brought ten times what they originally cost in August last. Cobalt has a stock exchange, several pool rooms, bowling alleys and such like adjuncts to a mining town. The camp, as yet, is very crude and it is difficult to secure the ordinary conveniences of life. Accommodation at the principal hotel is quite limited and the price of a night's lodging, sometimes with two in a bed, is two dollars. Nothing has as yet been done to improve the sanitation of the town and it is feared an epidemic of typhoid may be one of the features of Cobalt this Summer. A municipal

council has been elected and one of its first duties will be the installation of a plant to bring water from Clear Lake, about half a mile distant from the town. Reeve Finlan expects to have this work accomplished within ninety days. In the meantime, Cobalt's water supply will be obtained from springs which must necessarily become polluted when the refuse and filth of the Winter, released from the frost, finds its way down the rocky hills to the lower levels.

The discovery of silver at Cobalt has, to a certain extent, upset the equilibrium of the whole country north of North Bay. The pioneers of New Ontario went into that country to develop its agricultural resources. Instead of becoming farmers they have turned miners, mining brokers and stock speculators. New Liskeard, which was once the most Arcadian settlement in Ontario, has become absolutely fast and giddy. A dozen joint stock companies have been formed and it is hard to find a resident who has not stock in at least half a dozen companies. The good luck of the Temiscaming & Hudson's Bay Co. has turned their heads. This company had a paid up capital of \$5,000, shares being \$1.00 each. Early in April last these one dollar shares were selling at \$65.00. The shares are all held by local people. The dozen companies above referred to were formed to duplicate what had been done by the Hudson Bay people. Up to date, however, they have not succeeded and the shares of these companies are somewhat of a drag on the market.



## A Distant Relation

BY W. W. JACOBS IN THE COSMOPOLITAN

No writer of the present day can equal W. W. Jacobs in his treatment of the humorous side of the life of the plain every day English. In the previous story, he drew scenes that occurred a rather social situation, which he has worked out in a highly amusing manner.

MR. POTTER had just taken Ethel Spriggs into the kitchen to say good-by; in the small front room Mr. Spriggs, with his fingers already fumbling at the linen collar of ceremony, waited impatiently.

"They get longer and longer over their good-bys," he complained.

"It's only natural," said Mrs. Spriggs, looking up from a piece of fine sewing. "Don't you remember —"

"No, I don't," said her husband, doggedly. "I know that your poor father never 'ad to put on a collar for me, and mind you I won't wear one after they're married, not if you all went on your bended knees and asked me to."

He composed his face as the door opened, and nodded good night to the rather over-dressed young man who came through the room with his daughter. The latter opened the front door, and passing out with Mr. Potter, held it slightly open. A penetrating draught played upon the exasperated Mr. Springs. He coughed loudly.

"Your father's got a cold," said Mr. Potter in a concerned voice.

"No, it's only too much smoking," said the girl. "He's smoking all day long."

The indignant Mr. Springs coughed again; but the young people had found a new subject of conversation. It ended some minutes later in a playful scuffle, during which the door acted the part of a ventilator fan.

"It's only for another fortnight," said Mrs. Spriggs hastily as her husband rose.

"After they're spoiled," said the vindictive Mr. Springs, resuming his seat. "I'll go round, and I'll play about their front door till—"

He broke off abruptly as his daughter, darting into the room, closed the door with a bang that nearly extinguished the lamp, and turned the key. Before her flushed and laughing face Mr. Spriggs held his peace.

"What's the matter?" she asked, eyeing him. "What are you looking like that for?"

"Too much draught—for your mother," said Mr. Springs, feebly. "I'm afraid of her asthma again."

He fell to work on the collar once more and, escaping at last from the clutches of that enemy, laid it on the table and unlaced his boots. An attempt to remove his coat was promptly forestalled by his daughter.

"You'll get doing it when you come round to see us," she explained.

Mr. Springs sighed, and lighting a short clay pipe—fornidden in the presence of his future son-in-law—fell to watching mother and daughter as they gloated over dress materials and discussed double-widths.

"Anybody who can't be 'appy with her," he said half an hour later as his daughter slapped his head by way of hiding him good night, and retired, "don't deserve to be 'appy."

"I wish it was over," whispered his wife. "She'll break her heart if

anything happens, and—and Gussie will be out now in a day or two."

"A gal can't help what her uncle does," said Mr. Spriggs, fiercely; "if Alfred throws her over for that he's no man."

"Pride is his great fault," said his wife, meantly.

"It's no good taking up troubles afore they come," observed Mr. Spriggs; "per'aps Gussie won't come 'ere."

"He'll come straight here," said his wife with conviction, "he'll come straight here and try and make a fuss of me; same as be used to do when we was children and I'd got a ha-penny—I know him."

"Cheer up, old gal," said Mr. Spriggs, "if he does we must try and get rid of him, and if he won't go we must tell Alfred that he's been to Australia, same as we did Ethel."

His wife smiled faintly.

"That's the ticket," continued Mr. Spriggs. "For one thing I h'leve he'll be ashamed to show his face here, but if he does, he's come back from Australia. See? It'll make it nicer for 'im too. You don't suppose he wants to boast of where he's been?"

"And suppose he comes while Alfred is here," said his wife.

"Then I say 'ow 'ave you left 'em all in Australia?' and wink at 'im," said the ready Mr. Spriggs.

"And suppose you're not here," objected his wife.

"Then you say it and wink at 'im," was the reply. "No, I know you can't," he added hastily, as Mrs. Spriggs raised another objection; "you've been too well brought up; still you can try."

It was a slight comfort to Mrs. Spriggs that Mr. Augustus Price did, after all, choose a convenient

time for his reappearance. A faint knock sounded on the door two days afterward as she sat at tea with her husband, and an anxious face with somewhat furtive eyes was thrust into the room.

"Emma!" said a mournful voice, as the upper part of the intruder's body followed the face.

"Gussie!" said Mrs. Spriggs, rising in disorder.

Mr. Price drew his legs into the room, and closing the door with extraordinary care, passed the cuff of his coat across his eyes, and surveyed them tenderly.

"I've come home to die," he said slowly, and tottering across the room, embraced his sister with much unctuousness.

"What are you going to die of?" inquired Mr. Spriggs, reluctantly accepting the extended hand.

"Bruken 'art, George," replied his brother-in-law, sinking into a chair.

Mr. Spriggs granted and, moving his chair a little farther away, watched the intruder as his wife handed him a plate. A troubled glance from his wife reminded him of their arrangements for the occasion, and he cleared his throat several times in vain attempts to begin.

"I'm sorry that we can't ask you to stay with us, Gussie, specially as you're so ill," he said at last, "but per'aps you'll be better after picking a bit."

Mr. Price, who was about to take a slice of bread-and-butter, refrained, and closing his eyes uttered a faint moan. "I shan't last the night," he muttered.

"That's just it," said Mr. Spriggs, eagerly, "you see, Ethel is going to be married in a fortnight, and if you died here that would put it off."

"I might last longer if I was took

care of," said the other, opening his eyes.

"And besides, Ethel don't know where you've been," continued Mr. Spriggs. "We told 'er that you had gone to Australia. She's going to marry a very particular young chap, a grocer, and if he found out it might be awkward."

Mr. Price closed his eyes again, but the lids quivered.

"It took 'im some time to get over me being a bricklayer," pursued Mr. Spriggs. "What he'd say to you—"

"Tell 'im I've come back from Australia if you like," said Mr. Price, faintly. "I don't mind."

Mr. Spriggs cleared his throat again. "But you see we told Ethel as you was doing well out there," he said with an embarrassed laugh, "and girl-like, and Alfred talking a good deal about his relations, she—she's made the most of it."

"It don't matter," said the complaisant Mr. Price, "you say what you like; I shan't interfere with you."

"But you see you don't look as though you've been making money," said his sister impatiently. "Look at your clothes."

Mr. Price held up his hand. "That's easy got over," he remarked, "while I'm having a bit of tea, George can go out and buy me some new ones. You get what you think I should look richest in, George—a black tail coat would be best, I should think, but I leave it to you; a bit of a fancy waistcoat perhaps, lightish trousers and a pair o' nice hoots—easy sevens."

He sat upright in his chair, and ignoring the look of consternation that passed between husband and wife, poured himself a cup of tea and

took a slice of cake.

"Have you got any money?" said Mr. Spriggs, after a long pause.

"I left it behind me—in Australia," said Mr. Price with ill-timed facetiousness.

"Getting better, ain't you?" said his brother-in-law sharply. "How's that broken 'art getting on?"

"It'll go all right under a fancy waistcoat," was the reply, "and while you're about it, George, you'd better get me a scarfpin, and, if you could run to a gold watch and chain—"

He was interrupted by a frenzied outburst from Mr. Spriggs, a somewhat incoherent summary of Mr. Price's past, coupled with unlawful and heathenish hopes for his future.

"You're wasting time," said Mr. Price calmly, as he paused for breath. "Don't get 'em if you don't want to. I'm trying to help you, that's all. I don't mind anybody knowing where I've been; I was innocent. If you will give way to sinful pride, you must pay for it."

Mr. Spriggs by a great effort regained his self-control. "Will you go away if I give you a quid?" he asked, quietly.

"No," said Mr. Price, with a placid smile. "I've got a better idea of the value of money than that. Besides, I want to see my dear niece, and see whether that young man's good enough for her."

"Two quid?" suggested his brother-in-law.

Mr. Price shook his head. "I couldn't do it," he said calmly; "in justice to myself I couldn't do it. You'll be feeling lonely when you lose Ethel, and I'll stay and keep you company."

The bricklayer nearly broke out again, but, chying a glance from

his wife, closed his lips and followed her obediently upstairs. Mr. Price, filling his pipe from a paper of tobacco on the mantelpiece, winked at himself encouragingly in the glass and smiled gently as he heard the chinking of the coins upstairs.

"Be careful about the size," he said, as Mr. Spriggs came down and took his hat from a nail, "about a couple of inches shorter than yourself, and not near so much round the waist."

Mr. Spriggs regarded him sternly for a few seconds, and then closing the door with a bang, went down the street. Left alone, Mr. Price strolled about the room investigating, and then drawing an easy-chair up to the fire, put his feet on the fender and relaxed into thought.

About an hour later he sat in the same place, a changed and resplendent being. His thin legs were hidden in light checked trousers, and the companion waistcoat to Joseph's coat grazed the upper part of his body. A large chrysanthemum in the buttonhole of his frock coat completed the picture of an Australian millionaire as understood by Mr. Spriggs.

"A nice watch and chain, and a little money in my pockets, and I shall be all right," murmured Mr. Price.

"You won't get any more out o' me," said Mr. Spriggs, fiercely; "I've spent every farthing I've got."

"Except what's in the bank," said his brother-in-law; "it'll take you a day or two to get at it, I know. S'pose we say Saturday for the watch and chain?"

Mr. Spriggs looked helplessly at his wife, but she avoided his gaze. He turned and gazed in a fascinated

fashion at Mr. Price, and received a cheerful nod in return.

"I'll come with you and help choose it," said the latter. "It'll save you trouble, if it don't save your pocket."

He thrust his hands in his trousers pockets, and spreading his legs wide apart, tilted his head back and blew smoke to the ceiling. He was in the same easy position when Ethel arrived home accompanied by Mr. Potter.

"It's—it's your Uncle Gussie," said Mrs. Spriggs, as the girl stood eyeing the visitor.

"From Australia," said her husband, thickly.

Mr. Price smiled, and his niece, noticing that he removed his pipe, and wiped his lips with the back of his hand, crossed over and kissed his eyebrow. Mr. Potter was then introduced and received a gracious reception, Mr. Price commenting on the extraordinary likeness he bore to a young friend of his who had just come in for forty thousand a year.

"That's nearly as much as you're worth, uncle, isn't it?" inquired Miss Spriggs, darily.

Mr. Price shook his head at her and pondered. "Rather more," he said at last, "rather more."

Mr. Potter caught his breath sharply. Mr. Spriggs, who was stooping to get a light for his pipe, nearly fell into the fire. There was an impressive silence.

"Money isn't everything," said Mr. Price, looking round and shaking his head. "It's not much good, except to give away."

His eye roved round the room and came to a rest finally upon Mr. Potter. The young man noticed with a thrill that it beamed with benevolence.

"Fancy coming over without saying a word to anybody, and taking us all by surprise like this," said Ethel.

"I felt I must see you all once more before I died," said her uncle, simply. "Just a flying visit, I meant it to be, but your father and mother won't hear of my going back just yet."

"Of course not," said Ethel, who was helping the silent Mrs. Spriggs to lay supper.

"When I talked of going your father 'old me down in my chair,'" continued the vexatious Mr. Price.

"Quite right, too," said the girl. "Now draw your chair up and have some supper, and tell us all about Australia."

Mr. Price drew his chair up, but, as to talking about Australia, he said ungratefully that he was sick of the name of the place and preferred instead to discuss the past and future of Mr. Potter. He learned among other things that that gentleman was of a careful and thrifty disposition, and that his savings, augmented by a lucky legacy, amounted to a hundred and ten pounds.

"Alfred is going to stay with Palmer & Mays for another year, and then we shall take a business of our own," said Ethel.

"Quite right," said Mr. Price meaningly; "I like to see young people make their own way. It's good for 'em."

It was plain to all that he had taken a great fancy to Mr. Potter. He discussed the grocery trade with the air of a rich man seeking a good investment, and threw out dark hints about returning to England after a final visit to Australia and settling down in the bosom of his family. He accepted a cigar from Mr. Potter

after supper and, when the young man left, at an unusually late hour, walked home with him.

It was the first of several pleasant evenings, and Mr. Price, who had bought a hook dealing with Australia, from a second-hand bookstall, no longer denied them an account of his adventures there. A gold watch and chain, which had made a serious hole in his brother-in-law's savings-bank account, lent an air of substance to his waistcoat, and a pin of excellent paste sparkled in his necktie. Under the influence of good food and home comforts he improved every day, and the unfortunate Mr. Spriggs was at his wit's end to resist further encroachments. From the second day of their acquaintance he called Mr. Potter "Alf," and the young people listened with great attention to his discourse on "Money—How to Make It and How to Keep It."

His own dealings with Mr. Spriggs afforded an example which he did not omit. Beginning with shillings he led up to half-crowns and, encouraged by success, one afternoon boldly demanded a half-sovereign to buy a wedding present with. Mrs. Spriggs drew her overwrought husband into the kitchen and argued with him in whisper.

"Give him what he wants till they're married," she entreated, "after that Alfred can't help himself, and it'll be as much to his interest to keep quiet as anybody else."

Mr. Spriggs, who had been a careful man all his life, found the half-sovereign and a few new names which he bestowed upon Mr. Price at the same time. The latter listened unmoved. In fact a bright eye and a pleasant smile seemed to indicate

that he regarded them rather in the nature of compliments than otherwise.

"I telegraphed over to Australia this morning," he said, as they all sat at supper that evening.

"About my money?" said Mr. Potter, eagerly.

Mr. Price frowned at him swiftly. "No, telling my head clerk to send over a wedding present for you," he said, his face softening under the eyes of Mr. Spriggs. "I've got just the thing for you there; I can't see anything good enough over here."

The young couple were warm in their thanks.

"What did you mean, 'about your money?'" inquired Mr. Spriggs, turning to his future son-in-law.

"Nothing," said the young man, evasively.

"It's a secret," said Mr. Price.

"What about?" persisted Mr. Spriggs, raising his voice.

"It's a little private business between me and Uncle Gussie," said Mr. Potter, somewhat stiffly.

"You—you haven't been lending him money?" stammered the brick-layer.

"Don't be silly, father," said Miss Spriggs, sharply. "What good would Alfred's little bit o' money be to Uncle Gussie? If you must know, Alfred is drawing it out for uncle to invest it for him."

The eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Spriggs and Mr. Price engaged in a triangular duel. The latter spoke first.

"I'm putting it into my business for him," he said, with a threatening glance, "in Australia."

"And he didn't want his generosity known," added Mr. Potter.

The bewildered Mr. Spriggs looked helplessly round the table. His wife's feet pressed his, and like a me-

chanical toy his lips snapped together.

"I didn't know you had got your money handy," said Mrs. Spriggs in trembling tones.

"I made special application and I'm to have it on Friday," said Mr. Potter with a smile. "You don't get a chance like that every day."

He filled Uncle Gussie's glass for him, and that gentleman at once raised it and proposed the health of the young couple. "If anything was to 'appen to break it off now," he said with a swift glance at his sister, "they'd be miserable for life, I can see that."

"Miserable forever," assented Mr. Potter in a sepulchral voice as he squeezed the hand of Miss Spriggs under the table.

"It's the only thing worth 'aving—love," continued Mr. Price, watching his brother-in-law out of the corner of his eye, "money is nothing."

Mr. Spriggs emptied his glass, and, knitting his brow, drew patterns on the cloth with the back of his knife. His wife's foot was still pressing on his, and he waited for instructions.

For once, however, Mrs. Spriggs had none to give. Even when Mr. Potter had gone and Ethel had retired upstairs, she was still voiceless. She sat for some time looking at the fire and stealing an occasional glance at Uncle Gussie as he smoked a cigar; then she arose and bent over her husband.

"Do what you think best," she said in a weary voice. "Good night."

"What about that money of young Alfred's?" demanded Mr. Spriggs, as the door closed behind her.

"I'm going to put it in my husi-

ness," said Uncle Gussie, blandly. "my business in Australia."

"Ho, you've got to talk to me about that first," said the other.

His brother-in-law leaned back and smoked with placid enjoyment. "You do what you like," he said easily. "Of course if you tell Alfred I shan't get the money, and Ethel won't get 'im. Besides that he'll find out what lies you've been telling."

"I wonder you can look me in the face," said the raging bricklayer.

"And I should give him to understand that you were going shares in the hundred and ten pounds, and then thought better of it," said the unmoved Mr. Price. "He's the sort o' young chap as'll believe anything. Bless 'im."

Mr. Spriggs hunched up from his chair and stood over him with his fists clenched. Mr. Price glared defiance.

"If you're so partikler, you can make it up to 'im," he said, slowly. "You've been a saving man, I know. And Emma 'ad a bit left her that I ought to have 'ad. When you've done play acting I'll go to bed. So long."

He got up yawning, and walked to the door, and Mr. Spriggs, after a momentary idea of breaking him in pieces and throwing him out into the street, blew out the lamp and went upstairs to discuss the matter with his wife until morning.

Mr. Spriggs left for his work next day with the question still undecided, but with a pretty strong conviction that Mr. Price would have to have his way. The wedding was only five days off, and the house was in a bustle of preparation. A certain gloom which he could not shake off he attributed to a raging toothache,

turning a deaf ear to the various remedies suggested by Uncle Gussie, and the name of an excellent dentist who had broken a tooth of Mr. Potter's three times before extracting it.

Uncle Gussie he treated with hard civility in public, and to blood-curdling threats in private. Mr. Price, ascribing the latter to the toothache, also varied his treatment to his company, prescribing whiskey held in the mouth and other agreeable remedies when they were listeners, and recommending him to fill his mouth with cold water and sit on the fire till it boiled when they were alone.

He was at his worst on Thursday morning; on Thursday afternoon he came home a bright and contented man. He bang his cap on the nail with a flourish, kissed his wife, and, in full view of the disappearing Mr. Price, executed a few clumsy steps on the hearthrug.

"Come in for a fortune?" inquired the latter, eying him severely.

"No, I've saved one," replied Mr. Spriggs gaily. "I wonder I didn't think of it myself."

"Think of what?" inquired Mr. Price.

"You'll soon know," said Mr. Spriggs, "and you've only got yourself to thank for it."

Uncle Gussie sniffed suspiciously. Mrs. Spriggs pressed for particulars.

"I've got out of the difficulty," said her husband, drawing his chair to the tea-table. "Nobody'll suffer but Gussie."

"Ho!" said that gentleman, sharply.

"I took the day off," said Mr. Spriggs, smiling contentedly at his wife, "and went to see a friend of

mine, Bill White, the policeman, and told him about Gussie."

Mr. Price stiffened in his chair.

"Actine—under—his—advice," said Mr. Spriggs, sipping his tea, "I wrote to Scotland Yard and told 'em that Augustus Price, ticket-of-leave man, was trying to obtain a hundred and ten pounds by false pretenses."

Mr. Price, white and breathless, rose and confronted him.

"The beauty o' that is, as Bill says," continued Mr. Spriggs with much enjoyment, "that Gussie'll 'ave to set out on his travels again. He'll 'ave to go into hiding, because if they catch him, he'll 'ave to finish his time. And Bill says if he writes letters to any of us it'll only make it easier to find 'im. You'd better

take the first train to Australia, Gussie."

"What—what time did you post—the letter?" inquired Uncle Gussie, jerkily.

"'Bout two o'clock," said Mr. Spriggs—glancing at the clock. "I reckon you've just got time."

Mr. Price stepped swiftly to the small sideboard, and taking up his hat clapped it on. He paused a moment at the door to glance up and down the street, and then the door closed softly behind him. Mrs. Spriggs looked at her husband.

"Called away to Australia by special telegram," said the latter, winking. "Bill White is a trump; that's what he is."

"Oh, George," said his wife. "Did you really write that letter?"

Mr. Spriggs winked again.

## Judge Lindsey's Children's Court

THE ARENA.

Judge Lindsey's theory is in effect that the state in its march the guardian of a child's good is as it is of its property interests. To him, the parents are the responsible parties who must be persuaded if their children are to be saved. He has reversed legislation making parents responsible for the misdeeds of the child, and by a wise and beautiful treatment of the youthful offender, he is gradually reversing the march of the youth of Deceit.

SOME years ago Judge Lindsey's attention was called to the methods pursued by the state in the treatment of juvenile offenders. The more he studied the matter the more thoroughly he became convinced that the attitude of the state towards offending children was marked by a brutal indifference to its most sacred charge and an ignorance or short-sightedness that represented the extreme of folly, because it fostered crime and thus entailed great expense on society while lowering the morals of the community. He believed that

an entirely different course would save to the nation annually thousands of boys and girls who under the prevailing treatment were becoming hardened criminals—a curse to themselves, a menace to society and a great expense to the state. He believed that while every consideration of economy and of ordinary business wisdom imperatively demanded a radically different method of treatment, above and beyond all this there rose the demand of justice to the child, to the state and to civilization, which the old treatment of the young

offenders ignored. He saw that where property was concerned the state was zealous in protecting the interests of the child, holding that the child was irresponsible till he arrived at his majority and appointing guardians for his property interests; but at the same time, in most commonwealths, the child of ten who committed an offence against the law was held accountable and punished for the same, while the parents whose carelessness and indifference in many instances made them the responsible criminals were ignored by the department of justice. His experience in dealing with crime showed that the young were in a vast majority of cases the victims of environment, the plastic instruments whose downward inclination was due largely if not chiefly, to improper, careless or negligent home influences; bad associations on the street and careless indifference on the part of government and society together uniting to make them transgressors before they had arrived at the age when the character is formed or they have any adequate realization of moral relations. More than this: he was satisfied from a study of the problem, supplemented by close personal observations, that children around whom home and state threw their combined protecting care in a loving manner would rarely become other than honorable and useful citizens. The great need of the child was the correcting so far as possible of enviroing conditions, reinforced by moral stimulation authoritatively yet lovingly enforced by the state. Crime cannot be justified and society must be protected, but if the children be regarded as victims rather than as responsible moral agents, and the state keeps in mind the awful responsibility devolving on it in the presence of a human soul, and if it recognizes the

wisdom and policy as well as the duty of saving the child as a self-respecting member of society instead of through an idolat, short-sighted, brutal and ignorant course making him an enemy of society and a curse and expense to the state, one of the greatest and to civilization most fundamentally important victories of modern times will be won.

Now to demonstrate the truth of his enlightened conclusions, which it will be noted are in perfect alignment with the ethics of Jesus, Judge Lindsey consecrated his life. Legislation was secured necessary to make the parents responsible for the misdemeanors of the children. This was a great victory. Next the Judge addressed himself to the attitude of the state toward the offending child, introducing an innovation that was thoroughly revolutionary in character. Keeping in view the fact that the young are largely irresponsible victims, he has made the School Court a genuine state confessional, where the young have learned to know that they will receive loving, sympathetic and strengthening counsel and advice in all efforts to atone for wrongs and to become strong, brave, self-respecting men and women. The Judge never lets the child feel that crime is to be justified, but he also always makes him see that in him, the representative of the state, the weak or offending one has a loving elder brother who understands the trials and temptations that beset the offender and who stands ready to save him from disgrace and prison and to help him upward and onward.

Heretofore the state has been concerned with the reclamation of stolen property and the punishing of criminals, without any due regard to the salvation of the little offenders. As

a result children have been arrested, disgraced, imprisoned and allowed to mingle with hardened criminals; and often the slight offender has through this cruel and unjust process become a confirmed law-breaker, a menace to society, a constant expense to the state, and a curse to his family and to himself.

All this, so far as Denver is concerned, is past, and the results that have followed have more than justified the most sanguine expectations of Judge Lindsey and his co-workers. Hundreds upon hundreds of children have been saved to the state without the humiliation and degradation attending the old methods. Hundreds of children are to-day among the brightest and most promising of Denver's young citizens who under the old system would have been in reform-schools or prisons, or leghouses of civilization, embittered by the deep conviction that the state was their enemy and with the feeling that they had little or no chance of a fair show in life.

The course pursued by Judge Lindsey has demanded work, patient, tireless, loving service such as only an apostle of humanity would devote to the experimental effort for the redemption of the unfortunate of society and the ennoblement of manhood. Judge Lindsey has had to convince the young that he was their friend, entitled to their confidence; that the state was their loving protector and not their enemy. He has shown them that the state must protect all the people, that it cannot permit wrong to be done and take no notice of the offense, but that it wishes to be just and to lift, help, support and sustain the child who has gone astray: that its purpose is two-fold: to protect society and to help the unfortunate and the erring

to be strong, fine helpers of civilization and the state.

And it is wonderful to see how whole-heartedly the young have responded to this call to the divine in their souls—to this call of the human to the human, pitched in the key of love.

The work inaugurated and carried forward by Judge Lindsey is epoch-making and in many respects analogous to the splendid work inaugurated by Philippe Pinel more than a century ago in the treatment of the insane, which changed the whole age-long method of dealing with insanity and turned the face of medical science from the night of the dark ages to the dawn of a love-illuminated civilization.

Some idea of the success of Judge Lindsey's efforts may be gained from the fact that during one year three hundred children voluntarily came to the Judge, confessed to wrong-doing and asked for his aid and discipline and help them become what they wished to be—good boys and girls. One little fellow, taken on suspicion of having committed a serious offence, confessed to the Judge his wrong-doing. Later he induced five or six companions to voluntarily confess and give themselves up to the Judge. One little chap came into the court one evening and inquired if Judge Lindsey was there. On being taken into a private apartment he said: "Judge, I've been swipin' things, and I want to cut it out, and I want you to help me." The Judge asked what brought him there. He mentioned a companion who had been on probation. "He told me to come," continued the little fellow. "He told me if I didn't cut it out and do what was right, it would only be a little while before the cop would get me and I would go to prison, but if

I'd cut it out and come to you, you would help me."

Six years ago many of the boys in the state industrial school were seen in the yards with balls and chains attached to prevent them running away. Under the new order all this has been changed. When the Grand Army encamped at Denver the boys in the reform-school naturally longed to be present to see the soldiers, to hear the music and to behold the city in gala dress. Judge Lindsey proposed to give them the opportunity to spend the day in Denver under no surveillance and with no pledge other than their own word even to him that they would return voluntarily to the school at a certain hour. The believers in the old order were horrified at the proposition. They deemed it reckless. They did not understand the new spirit that had come with the inauguration of a system of divine justice or justice illumined by love. The Judge went to the boys and said: "Boys, how many of you would like to go to Denver and spend the day?" Of course the whole school was eager for the great holiday. Then the Judge told them that he believed in them; he believed that no boy in the school would give him a *faux pas* and then break it; and believing that, he had given his pledge that every boy would be back in his place at a certain hour if they were allowed to go. All the boys promised and the school of over two hundred went to Denver, and every boy returned at the appointed time.

Boys sentenced to the reform-school are frequently sent alone and unattended, bearing their commitment paper and none have betrayed their trust.

Do you say that this is simply owing to the power of this wonder-

ful man? The Judge will tell you, No, and in proof he will point to the system which, patterned after that of Denver, has been introduced and brought into practical operation in Salt Lake City and in Omaha. He will tell you that in the former city the boys sentenced at the reform-school are given their commitment papers and sent unattended to Ogden, and in only one instance has a boy attempted to run away, and for that the court-officer was responsible. The boy had given his word that if trusted and sent unattended he would go to the reformatory, and he went to the depot, bought his ticket and was waiting for the train, when all at once he discovered a court-officer shadowing him. He felt at once that he had been betrayed and led to; that he was being followed and watched. Now if the game of the court is to follow, the game of the accused is to fly, and the boy threw away his ticket and fled. When caught he declared that he had no thought of attempting to run away until he saw the court-officer and found that the state was not keeping its pledged word or faith with him.

One of the very important phases of Judge Lindsey's great reformation in behalf of the children is found in the compelling of parents to recognize in a measure at least the solemn responsibilities that devolve upon them. The result in this direction has been most positive and salutary. It has forced the parents to recognize the obligations they owe the child and the state. They have brought children into the world—future citizens, human souls facing an eternity of glory or of gloom—and upon them devolve obligations of the holiest and most sacred character. If through ignorance, thoughtlessness, indifference or willful selfish

absorption they have evaded their duties, then the state owes it to the child and to society to compel them to perform those duties, and in cases where parents' environment is such that they are unable to cope with the problem, the state under the new regime becomes a potent assistant in the work of saving the child to society. Here are some typical cases.

Three girls between twelve and fifteen are found walking the streets after ten o'clock at night, without a chaperon. The probation officer takes them in charge. The mothers are summoned and the Judge gives them a lecture showing them what will almost surely come as a result of this morally criminal negligence. He shows them that they are the real offenders and fines them twenty-five dollars each, but suspended the payment of the fine until the children are again found on the street at unreasonable hours. The result is that the children are rescued from threatened evils that might easily lead to their ruin before they realized their peril.

A boy is brought before the Judge. He has been caught in the commis-

sion of a grave misdemeanor. He is the son of a wealthy father—a man who has become so crazed by the mania for gold that all his finer and nobler sensibilities are blunted. He is absorbed in heaping wealth. At night he comes home, sometimes the worse for wine drunk at his club, usually irritable and self-absorbed. He makes everyone in his home miserable without realizing what he is doing. Instead of gathering his little ones to him around the evening lamp, entertaining them and leading them by love's sweet way onward and upward, he neglects them. They are barks laden with precious treasure, set adrift on a treacherous sea without compass or rudder, without captain or pilot. Now it is not long before the Judge has the retreatant, gold-drunk father on the carpet. He is brought face to face with his delinquent conduct and its fearful results. He is made to see that he, not the neglected boy, is the greater criminal, and he is fined and warned that far more serious consequences await him if he continues to neglect his boy.

## A Royal Dressmaker's Handiwork

WORKER'S MAGAZINE

The beautiful Queen Amelia of Portugal, besides her royal honors as a princess, actress, artist and musician, is also a dress designer. She has recently made a royal gown for herself, which has been so highly valued that it is being given as a royal gift.

QUEEN AMELIE, of Portugal, the most beautiful queen in the world and one of the most talented of women, has made a dress for herself for Spring wear—a dress which, while they are patterning after it, the dressmakers of Europe, especially of Paris and London, jealously declare that the queen adapted

from a pattern in a Parisian fashion journal. This statement is denied vigorously by the queen's ladies, who declare she designed, cut, and draped it herself.

Whether or not the queen evolved the entire gown or adapted it from some pattern, no one has dared ask her majesty, and even those who

charge her with plagiarism of the gown are copying it for the Spring and early Summer wear, especially in Great Britain, where the Spring is later.

The queen made the gown with her own hands, cutting, busting, and sewing it herself, without the aid of any of her women, and she used an American sewing machine to do part of the work. The gown when finished, she wore immediately, and her first appearance in it was while driving in Lisbon. On that occasion the gown provoked but little attention, because her subjects are accustomed to see the queen well dressed, but later when she wore the gown during a morning stroll in the grounds that surround the Necessidades palace one of her ladies in waiting remarked to a courtier that the gown worn by the queen was made by her own hands.

Then the gown became one of the most famous in the world, for perhaps never before has any queen made a dress for herself, and the news that the queen had acted as her own dressmaker added to her great popularity with the people of Portugal.

Dressmaking is but an added accomplishment for Amelie. She is a physician and surgeon, a graduate in anatomy, a trained nurse, and medicine and nursing are her hobbies. Besides this she is a skilled musician and paints well, several of her paintings having been exhibited anonymously in Portugal and Spain. For years, also, it has been known that she made her own bonnets and hats, showing wonderful taste and artistic sense in making headwear and re-trimming Parisian hats. But never before, so far as was known, has she ever attempted to make her own gowns.

Despite the claims of Parisian experts that the ideas in the making of the gown were fleshed from fashion journals the ladies in waiting declare that Amelie designed the gown herself, using an old gown to cut by, and requiring the assistance of one of the women of the royal court as a lay figure upon which the gown was shaped finally.

The gown was made, according to the ladies of the court, during a visit of the royal family to Pena Castle, the country palace of the king and queen, late in February. King Carlos is an ardent hunter and sportsman, and during the stays at Pena he and the gentlemen of his court are in the field a great portion of the time, so the queen devoted the days to making the gown.

The material of the "suit"—as Americans would call it—is a fine lined medium weight cloth of French manufacture, and the color is a shade darker than champagne color, the trimming effects being accomplished by the use of braid of a dark brown color. The suit is a bolero one, and the bolero really is the main feature of the entire gown, as the skirt is an extremely simple yet effective one.

The skirt, as described by dressmakers, is cut in five parts, the cloth being cut identical to the linings, which are of silk. The top of the skirt is fitted to the perfect figure of the queen by the use of two hip darts on each side and the sloping of the pores for eight or nine inches below the waist line, this being possibly two inches more than would be required by a woman of less perfect figure.

Evidently, the dressmakers say, the queen cut the skirt from the folded material, commenting at the seamless front, the seams being im-

perceptible in the folds, which are full, and every gore is cut the right way of the material.

Whether the queen made her skirt that way or not, that is the way the dressmakers are making it, and, according to them, they get the same effect and perfect bang. The placket opening is made at the side seam, with a false lap, and then silk to hem down the overlap.

Wide braid is used on the skirt, with little medallions of the braid that make it extremely catchy in appearance.

The bolero is made quite loose at the waist, and can be worn either open or as a waistcoat, over which the coat fronts lap slightly and fasten again. When worn open the vest is left still fastened down the front.

The broad strappings across the bolero add to its firmness, and these

strappings continue around, concealing the seams. The undersleeves worn by the queen were of white silk.

A little puffed piece runs down the centre of the sleeve, adding to the charm of the garment, and aiding in relieving it of severity. The bolero is faced inside to make the revers, the facing evidently being done separately and then telled inside the fronts.

The dressmaker - doctor - nurse - queen is the daughter of the Count of Paris, and it was during her early life in England, before she became the bride of the prince, who, three years later, became King Charles I, that she learned dressmaking. It is known that she interested herself in homely arts as a young girl, and it is believed that she learned something of the dressmaking art from one of her servants in England.

## New Fields for Woman's Work

HERALD MAGAZINE

Nobody knows exactly about the secret service work done throughout the world by women. They themselves exercise a discreet silence and their employers would certainly not betray them. There are the women who bring certain medicines, who secure references for new doctors and who arrange marriages and yet who pass as independent leaders of society.

THE number and variety of occupations in which women are successful breadwinners will never be fully tabulated, despite the vigilance of Government labor reports and municipal census takers. For to one woman who is earning a living in a recognized profession, trade or miscellaneous calling there are two or more who, without apparent labor, are legitimately paying their way through this "vale of tears" by rendering of services known only to their employers.

In all phases of world's work, from the making of peace between warring nations, locating the whereabout of a bona fide "old master," to the local merchant who would be appraised daily of the brand and prices of his rival's stock, secret service plays a vital part. How largely women are employed will always be a matter of conjecture, since upon their reticence no less than Sherlock Holmes genius depends their success and reward.

In Paris there is a woman of title

whose social position is financially sustained by a famous art dealer. She has a splendid hotel, conspicuous turnouts and exquisite gowns. She is a shining light at notable social gatherings throughout Europe. By virtue of her inherited social position she has entree to the most exclusive homes of the old noblesse in France and elsewhere on the continent, and so may be her charms that her society is eagerly sought. In short, the lady was rich in everything but ready money until she joined the secret service of the art dealer, to whom she is now invaluable. She knows the extent, condition and value of the private art collections of the aristocracy and she keeps close tabs upon the fluctuations of their owners' finances.

When my Lady of Secret Service discovers that Monsieur the Count, whose palace is hung in priceless Gobelein tapestries or whose gallery has an *un vrai Velasquez*, Rembrandt or Titian is hard pressed for money she informs her employer the art dealer.

The latter has a customer, generally an American, who would give a king's ransom to possess anything from Monsieur the Count's collection.

Cautiously, deftly, diplomatically, my lady brings together under social guise the dealer and the Count. Presto! A bargain is struck. Should the Count suspect my lady's secret service her cake would be dough.

Once the coveted treasure is in the art dealer's possession, the cable flashes that it has been purchased by a rich American or it will adorn some museum. In a Fifth avenue gallery it may be exhibited, while lively bids are made the envied dealer by our multimillionaire collectors.

There are scarcely less women bread winners in high society than in

the bumpiest walks of life, but of their money-earning capacity the world little suspects. That they are wage earners they would in all probability strenuously deny.

Some of the best dressed society women of Paris, London and New York are clothed by medistes, hoot makers and jewelers in payment for the customers they secure them in the smart world. Not a few much talked of people are kept in the public eye by the pens of handsomely paid writers, whose names are concealed no less from the public than is their purpose from the publications that print their effusions relative to their secret employers. Scarcely a publishing house, on the other hand, is without one or more well-known society women in its secret employ to "talk up" its various novels, books of poems or other publications.

Barter in social introduction and chaperonage has long ceased to be secret service, and is now profitably conducted in the open. One of the most successful women in this once invisible means of money earning was the late Mrs. M. A. M. Sherwood, who plotted the daughter of Mr. Colville P. Huntington into the English peerage, and her most conspicuous successor is Miss Fanny Reid, of Paris, sister of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens. Miss Reid, as the smart world knows, was handsomely paid for making possible the match between Anna Gould and Count Castellane.

Large cities are the happy hunting ground of secret service toilers. In small towns resources are too quickly exhausted and identity too readily unveiled. There is a large army of women in New York who live and

dress well upon merchant commissions. They move from boarding house to boarding house, from hotel to apartments, everywhere recommending the women they meet there to send gowns to be cleaned to such or such a dyer or to have their palms read by Madame This or Professor That, the palmist or mental healer.

In the dry goods districts of Gotham the astuteness of the buyer is being largely superseded by a newly created official, the superintendent of merchandise. In all up to date dry goods stores the office of the latter is the centre of activity. It is piloted high up with samples of all sorts of merchandise purchased at rival stores by "spotters" in the firm's secret employ. Most of the "spotters" are women, and as it is almost impossible for them to enter a rival store two or three times without being suspected by the house's detectives and summarily ejected, the

length of their service depends wholly upon their skill in escaping detection.

From shop to shop they go, examining and pricing goods. Each day they are given a certain article to look up and bring back to the superintendent of merchandise, report of the cut, quality and price. Not content with oral report, the head of merchandise often instructs them to purchase a coat, dress or waist that it may be compared with the stock they are offering the trade. More disagreeably work could hardly be imagined. The pay is by no means in proportion to the labor and the risk the woman "spotter" runs of encountering insult and explosion. Growing is the number of women in the secret employ of Wall street hanking and broker houses. For every depositor or investor they secure, handsome is the commission and no one is the wiser, so guardedly is the secret kept.

## Flowers That Cost Thousands

BY H.C.D. IN NEW YORK POST.

Thousands of dollars are paid by flower fanciers for rare species. Orchids, carnations, dahlias and tulips are three for which extraordinary prices are paid. To-day the orchid is the most sought after flower, and for the time being the cymbidiums is obtained.

FROM the point of view of a very small class, that class devoted to orchid growing, the most important result of the British Government's late mission to Tibet was the rediscovery of the *Fairie lady slipper* orchid, which has been lost for 50 years. The *Fairie lady slipper* is not only a beautiful flower in itself, but it is a famous parent, having produced some of the most remarkable hybrids known to orchid fanciers. The specimens brought from Tibet were rushed to auction rooms and sold like

so many diamonds. Plants of two or three years' growth were eagerly purchased for \$300 to \$500. Perhaps the bidding would not have been quite so keen if the buyers had known that another consignment of the precious flowers was on its way to England, but they did not know it, and preferred to run no risks. The plants can be had now for as low as \$25.

Five hundred dollars is not a high price to pay for a choice or rare orchid, if you want it badly enough. A



cattelya shown several years ago at a Paris horticultural exhibition, had a light violet blue corolla instead of the violet rose corolla of its kind, and this detail raised the price of the plant to 12,000 francs. The owner did not reap a tremendous profit after all, for he had spent much money for it, and had risked his life to get it out of the Venezuelan forest where it blossomed.

Mr. Sanders, of St. Albans, England, gave \$6,000 for a new specimen of the *Odontoglossum crispum pittatum*, not many weeks ago, and seemed to consider that he had a bargain. The orchid, with the long name, is described as an exquisite thing, white, with a faint rose tinge, the petals heavily blotched with red and brown, and the reverse side purple. Other specimens of the same orchid have brought \$4,000, but this one was declared to be the most perfect ever exhibited. Five other rare orchids brought the sum of \$11,000 at the same auction.

For all these extravagant prices, growers declare that there is little profit in orchids, except in the commoner varieties, the cattelya and laelia affected by fashion. These sell in the flower stores all the way from thirty-five cents to a dollar a blossom, and plants may be had from \$2 upwards.

It is extremely difficult to raise any except those everyday orchids. The rare varieties are evasive to the last degree, and their production is attended with all kinds of unexpected complications. The seedlings require years of care. In the first place the seeds of orchids are like fairy dust, so tiny that they can be seen only under a strong glass. The invisible seeds are planted in chopped moss or bark, and they have to be transplant-

ed before they are large enough to be seen except under the glass. Out of a thousand seedlings the grower is lucky if he saves a few dozen plants. Even the common varieties are none too common, so great is the waste of seeds. The orchid does absolutely nothing towards perpetuating itself except to live and bloom as attractively as it knows how. It depends on wandering insects and birds to carry its pollen. Everybody's business is nobody's business, and the pollen nine times in ten is not carried, or is lost. Of every thousand orchid flowers a very small proportion ever seed. Of course the growers have been able to overcome part of this difficulty, but they are at a loss most of the time to produce the rarer flowers. Yet the craze, probably on this very account, is growing year by year.

The carnation is another flower for which fancy prices are obtained. Every one remembers the Lawson pink, for which \$30,000 was paid. Now comes word of a newly discovered white carnation, which promises to eclipse that celebrated blossom. In the annual Spring show of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, just closed at New Bedford, H. A. Jahn, a local grower, exhibited a white carnation, which as yet bears only a number, but will soon, no doubt, be christened. The flower was exhibited as No. 49, was perfectly snow white in color, and the largest specimens measured four inches across. The largest of the Lawson pinks were a little more than three inches.

Mr. Jahn does not know how he did it, but has been making experiments in propagating carnations for some time. The parents of the new flower were splendid specimens with lineage going back to the Wil-

liam the Conqueror of carnations. They were fragrant pinks, and the new flower possesses this last requisite to perfection, although most large carnations are lacking in perfume. Mr. Jahn indignantly refused an offer of \$8,000 for his pink, and, of course, it is worth a great deal more than that. We shall doubtless hear of its purchase for some fabulous sum by one or another of the millionaires.

The carnation—flower of love—has always had its admirers. It was a fashionable flower in old Greece and Rome, and probably was expensive, if any flowers were expensive in those days. The reason of its popularity, even in ancient days lay in its tendency to "sport" or vary. The flower was small and intensely fragrant, originally, and the edges were deeply fringed. As for its color, no one ever knew what a plant was going to do, and the uncertainty gave it value. All through the middle ages it was cultivated, and in France, during the sixteenth century, there was a veritable craze for it. In 1750 growers began to breed off the fringes from the petals of carnations and to try for a larger and more rose-like blossom. Now we have flowers with edges almost smooth, and a very full calyx.

For a time it looked as if the dahlias were going to be another flower for the horticulturists to lose their heads over. The dahlia, like the chrysanthemum, is a work of art, rather than of nature. It has evolved to its present perfection of size and color from an insignificant little spiny object, valued chiefly for its rarity and its tendency to variation. In 1784 the director of the hotarial gardens in the City of Mexico sent his friend, the director

of the hotarial gardens in Madrid, a curious orange-red flower set around an orange-yellow centre. The flower consisted of a single row of spiny petals, very stiff and unflower-like, but rich in color. The Madrid director adopted the flower, calling it *dahlia*, after Dahl, a Swedish botanist. Specimens of the plant reached Germany soon afterwards, and whoever got hold of it there called it *georgina*, not after any King George, but in honor of a Russian named Georgi. Until recently the flower has been called *georgina* in Germany.

Of course, these stories irresistibly recall the historic tulip craze which swayed the Netherlands in the seventeenth century. That madness, often alluded to, is yet little understood nowadays. The story of the tulip mania, in brief, this: A certain Dr. Clusius settled in Leyden early in the century and occupied himself with the innocent amusement of a garden. He had brought with him from Germany a number of bulbs which the climate of Holland was remarkably favorable to, and the garden of Dr. Clusius became famous in a single season for its tulips. All the flower lovers in Leyden, and later many growers from other cities flocked to the place to admire the new flowers. The proud possessor was an obstinate man, and steadily refused all offers to sell a single bulb. It is said that he refused an offer of \$35 for a bouquet of blossoms.

The reward of his selfishness was swift. He awoke one morning to find his garden looted of every tulip. In the night some of the neighbors had climbed the wall and took what they had been unable to get by legitimate means. The old man was heart-broken. Nor did he

ever enjoy his revenge, for by this time people began to import bulbs from Germany, and when tulips began to blossom all over Leyden next Spring, it was impossible to tell which had been stolen and which imported.

The cultivation of tulips now became the fashion. To produce a new variety of tulip became a veritable passion. The tulip is one of the most variable of plants. The bulb, formed almost like an onion, possesses in every ring a possibility of a complete change of form and color. In fact it is found to "break" as the florists express it, and the break may come in a year or twenty years. The rarest varieties sometimes evolve from quite common stock.

The tulips of Holland became more famous than any flower of any country. To present a lady with a bouquet of Dutch tulips was the most extravagant expression of devotion possible. Extravagant in a double sense, possibly, for the flowers were often sent by special couriers at great expense to the sender.

The prices paid for choice specimens were beyond reason. Considering the purchasing power of money at the time, seven thousand florins for a single bulb seems incredible. Yet that sum was paid for a fine specimen of *Semper Augustus*. This tulip is described as pure white with red, ribbon-like stripes, and on the tips of the petals a suggestion of delicate blue. The story of a sailor who ate a bulb of this wonderful variety is familiar. The unhappy man mistook the bulb, worth \$1,500, for an onion, and ate it with a herring for his luncheon. He was mobbed by the crowd to which the frenzied purchaser confided his loss, was beaten and put in prison.

Another fine tulip was given as a dowry, and a sufficient one, to the daughter of the grower. The tulip was called "Marriage of My Daughter." Was there really a black tulip? Tradition says that one was evolved at The Hague. The grower was a poor man, and when a syndicate from Amsterdam came to the garden and offered a large sum the man sold his bulb. The money paid, the bulb was deliberately destroyed under the feet of the syndicate. The tulip grower went mad.

The craze in Holland reached its height about 1634. By this time nobody wanted to do anything but speculate in tulip values. Most people had lost all interest in the flowers themselves, and the speculating fell into the hands of brokers who hardly knew a *Semper Augustus* from an *Admiral Liekens*. It was no longer necessary to have the actual bulbs. People sold short of the market and bet on crops as wildly as wheat and corn speculators of the present day. The end came suddenly and dramatically. A number of growers, disgusted with the degeneracy into which their beloved occupation had been sunk, combined. They threw their entire stock on the open market, and in the Black Friday of tulips thousands of men lost their fortunes. It was years before the country recovered from the disaster.

All this sounds like a fantastic tale, and might be dismissed as tradition were it not for the proof of such literature as "Evelyn's Dairy," pages from the Tatler, and other contemporary literature. They do not merely chronicle it is plain that the enthusiasm of the Dutch was shared throughout Europe and that the wisest of men took the tulip craze with perfect seriousness.

## Labor Problem in Undeveloped Countries

BY HON. JAMES BEYCE IN WINSTON MAGAZINE

The learned author of "The Holy Roman Empire" and "The American Commonwealth," who now holds the post of Secretary for Ireland, in the Liberal Government, writes with insight and conviction on a problem which is to-day confronting England in connection with the working of the mines in South Africa.

LAND and labor have been the two main sources of strife between Europeans and the backward peoples ever since the colonization and conquest of countries outside Europe began. It was out of the taking of their lands by the Spaniards and the English that war between the settlers and the aborigines first began in America and have lasted down to our own days.

But these land disputes have now virtually ended, for the whole of both America and Africa, as well as Northern Asia and India, has passed under the dominion of nations from Europe; and where whites leave natives in possession of their own land, they do this either from motives of policy, or because they are not yet numerous enough or not yet sufficiently acclimatized to appropriate these lands for themselves.

Accordingly it is with labor questions more than land questions that economists and governments are now chiefly concerned.

The beginning of these labor questions—between civilized men and savages—dates from the fifteenth century, when the Portuguese, imitating the Mussulman corsairs and land-riders of North Africa, began to seize the blacks of the West African coasts and sell them as slaves in Portugal.

That exploration of Africa, of which the Portuguese are justly proud—for in it they showed remarkable courage and enterprise—was no less concerned with the pursuit of slave labor and gold than with the

spreading of the Gospel or the advancement of discovery. It was half crusading, half commercial.

Then, and for three centuries afterwards, men saw nothing incompatible in destroying, or enslaving, men's bodies while seeking to save their souls.

When the Spaniards occupied the Antilles, the first thing they did was to set the natives to work in the mines; and when these unhappy creatures died out, as they soon did under harsh treatment, negroes were brought from Africa to fill the void and provide the labor needed, both for mining and tillage.

Slavery had by this time disappeared from Western Europe, though a comparatively mild form of serfdom lingered in some districts. Prisoners of war were no longer, as had been the case in the ancient world, made slaves of. But when the white races came into contact with races of another color, they ignored the principles they applied among themselves and treated the African blacks and the American aborigines as no better than cattle, without human rights, and, in fact, for the use of those conquerors who could capture them.

So began the Slave Trade, the most horrible form which the oppression of the weaker by the stronger races has ever taken.

There was an economic need prompting it. Here were fertile tracts to be cultivated, and no labor on the spot to cultivate them, because the natives, naturally feeble and in-

decent, had been driven away or distinguished by harsh treatment, and the white settlers were, or thought themselves, unfit for open-air toil under a torrid sun. Thus slavery came to prevail, not only in the West India Islands, but in the southern part of North America and over most of South America, for more than three hundred years.

Justified as an economic necessity, it did provide a sort of solution, though a very wasteful as well as a most inhuman solution, of an urgent economic problem. From the time when the English began to colonize Virginia and the country from Virginia southward to the Gulf of Mexico there was so little white labor to be had, and that little would have been so costly, that there seemed no expedient possible except to get the labor of an inferior race accustomed to support tropical heat.

Such labor was obtainable only by kidnapping, and kidnapping excited no horror.

In our time the difficulty I have described has reappeared in a different form. White people have conquered and established themselves in tropical countries where they find mines they wish to work and lands they wish to cultivate. These countries are not empty, as the southern part of the United States was practically empty when the Carolinas and Georgia were formed into colonies—I say practically empty, because the native Indian tribes were few in number, and most of them soon died off or moved west. But these countries now annexed to European powers are tolerably well peopled.

In South Africa and East Africa, for instance, there is a negro population which holds its ground, and, indeed, increases faster than the whites.

The difficulty is that this native population does not want to work, and in particular does not want to work underground, though mine-labor is the very kind of labor which whites are most anxious to secure.

Here is the old labor question and the old race question over again. This difficulty has now become acute in South Africa. I take South Africa as a familiar instance, but this same problem has emerged in other regions also.

No sooner was the South African war over than that blissful period of high dividends, which the European companies that own the rich gold mines of the Transvaal had been promising themselves as the result of the war, was found to be thrown back into the future by the want of labor for mining operations. The natives had prospered during the war—indeed, they were the only people who seemed to have got something out of it, for they have had high wages as camp and transport workers, and have become possessed of a certain number of cattle, so they were at first even less disposed to work than before.

The mines of the Rand district alone are said to need more than three hundred thousand native laborers, and were not obtaining, when the recent war came to an end, anything approaching that number.

What is to be done? Two centuries ago the answer of the civilized races would have been prompt: "Kidnap as many blacks as you need and drive them to work by the lash."

This expedient is, however, no longer possible, though it is no doubt true that a good many Europeans settled in tropical countries would still like to be allowed to obtain labor by force. Their talk shows that they

are not far removed from the feelings of the Portuguese navigators, or the companions of Columbus, or the people who carried negroes from Guinea to South Carolina in the eighteenth century. Direct contact with an inferior race is apt to demoralize the European settler, and he drifts unconsciously back towards barbarism.

But the opinion of European nations at home forbids a recourse to the old methods. The most natural alternative would be to attract and use white labor. But white labor, which in some of these tropical countries is unavailable because the climate is too unhealthy or the heat too great, is in all of them too expensive. Wages far higher than those paid in Europe would be required to induce Europeans to face the conditions of the tropics, and mining or tillage carried on at so heavy an outlay would cease to be profitable.

The mine owner or planter is therefore driven to the only remaining alternative—that of endeavoring to import on a large scale laborers of some foreign tropical race, fit to work in the torrid zone, but willing to work for much less than white men would demand.

This plan suggested itself a good many years ago to the sugar cultivators of Demerara and to the French engineers who contracted for the making of the Panama Canal: the former imported coolies from India, the latter Chinese. So the planters of Hawaii brought in Chinese and Japanese; so the planters of Queensland in Australia have brought in Kanakas from the Isles of the Pacific.

But even this device is not always practicable, for the white population, if possessed of political power, may forbid the immigration of a colored

race, which will depress the rate of wages and constitute an element either not capable of assimilation or likely to lower the stock with which it mingles.

As awakened philanthropy now forbids slavery, so also awakened democracy forbids the influx of a type of mankind deemed unfit for social and political equality. The prohibition of Chinese immigration by the United States, by the Canadian Dominion, and by Australia is a familiar instance of this sentiment. And the desire of the Transvaal mine owners to bring in Indians or Chinese for the service of the mines is at this moment arrested by the general feeling of the middle and humbler classes of the white population of South Africa.

The whites are already in a minority in that country; so they fear, not unreasonably, the intrusion of a new colored element, which might, if it were to blend with the blacks, render the latter more formidable. So the matter stands, and it is now suggested that, instead of Chinese, negroes from some other part of Africa may be imported, each batch for a short period of service, and then carried back again to their homes.

In Queensland a somewhat similar difficulty has arisen. The sugar planters of the hotter parts of that state have kept up the working of their estates by the help of Pacific Islanders, brought from Western Polynesia and sent back after some years. The democratic sentiment of the Australian masses has resolved to stop this practice; and it is not yet clear how the sugar plantations are in future to be cultivated.

These problems of the relation of race differences to labor supply are not new problems. In one sense, they

are as old as civilization itself. They became specially acute—as already observed—when America was settled and the coasts of Africa explored at the end of the fifteenth century. They have now in our own day been again accentuated by the intrusion of European powers into countries inhabited by backward races.

In all countries, in civilized France, Germany, and England, in the civilized United States, the relation of the working men to their employers is fertile in occasions for dispute. There is constant difficulty in adjusting the claim of the worker to his share in the gain derived from manufacturing or commercial industry. Strikes and lock-outs are the natural result of the opposing claims of the two parties, and strikes sometimes lead to breaches of the peace, especially where the laboring class is not organized in trades unions.

The sight of the ease and luxury in which the wealthy class lives excites envy among those who feel that their toil has contributed to this luxury, and who have themselves obtained a share of the gain which never gives them more than the comforts, often little more than the bare necessities, of life. There is apt to spring up a jealousy between classes, perhaps even a permanent bitterness and hostility.

Yet in civilized countries where the laboring class is entirely of European stock, this hostility is relieved and reduced by a measure of human sympathy, by the fact that all classes enjoy equal civil rights, and in free countries by the fact that they also enjoy equal political rights, and that the political means of redressing grievances are equally available to all. The sense of a common nationality and a common pride in national

greatness diminishes the feeling of antagonism which the contrast between riches and poverty provokes.

But where the laboring class belongs to a different race, especially if that race is of a different color, these mitigating influences have less play. Sometimes they disappear altogether and are replaced by a feeling of complete severance.

The white employer has nothing in common with the Kaffir or coolie or Chinese workman. The influence of a common religion—which in civilized countries counts for something, though for less than might have been expected—is here usually absent. In South Africa the employer seems to prefer that the native should remain a heathen, partly because the whites generally profess to think that he is not so good a worker, partly—it may be feared—because they think that if he is a Christian, he is brought nearer to the whites.

The white man, whether he be an employer or not, feels a sense of superiority to the colored man which disposes him to contempt, often to harshness and injustice. It is only the higher and purer characters that can be trusted to deal with their inferiors, who are practically at their mercy, in the same way as they would deal with their equals.

Ignorance demoralizes average mankind; and as the public opinion of the whites, taken as a whole, becomes somewhat demoralized when they control a subject race, it does not restrain acts of harshness and injustice. In such a state of things these difficulties incident to the relations of capital and labor which have been already referred to may become aggravated. The colored laboring class may become a dangerous class, because it stands quite apart from the whites.

It is a foreign element, possibly a hostile element. Till it has become organized, it may not be able to engage in the open struggle of a strike; but when it reaches that stage, the strikes are likely to be more formidable.

Meanwhile its presence brings serious political difficulties. If the country does not possess free self-governing institutions, as is the case in many British colonies, the Government is bound to protect the foreign laborers, and often finds this no easy task. If the country has free institutions, the question arises whether the backward race should be admitted to the electoral suffrage and to other political rights. Much is to be said on both sides of this question, which has been largely debated in South Africa and some other British colonies, and still more debated in the United States.

How are the difficulties which have here been indicated to be met? They are difficulties likely to last for a long time, because it must be a long time before either the colored races in the tropical lands grow civilized enough to secure some sort of equality, or before the white races become sufficiently acclimatized to labor there. There is, moreover, no present sign that the whites will try to acclimatize themselves in such lands, for the fact that unskilled labor is now performed by the colored people deprades such labor in the eyes of the whites.

The circumstances of different tropical countries differ widely, and so also must the remedies differ which may be suggested for the evils described. Only one remedy can be said to be of universal application. It is that of treating the inferior races with justice and humanity.

## Some Mercantile Pin-Pricks

BY ALGERNON WARREN IN CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

We are here treated to a day's experience with Mr. Gregson, an imaginary merchant several notorious characters are introduced, a successful traveller, a would-be sharp merchant, a self-playing traveller, a man with a friend and other familiar personage in the business world. The little follies of these people are neatly shown up.

"IS that all you want, sir? Goods by the usual route, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Gregson to the commercial traveller, who, after hooking his order, had taken the precaution to read it out to him, so as to make sure that each entry was correct. In this particular instance it had been a pleasure to the merchant to dictate it; for he knew that what the other said he meant, and that, unlike some of his kind, he was not the sort of man to impose upon him by means of specious assertions with a

view to working off superfluous stock in total disregard of the buyer's interests.

"By-the-by, Jones," he added, "how are you getting on with my neighbour, young Green?"

"Oh, sir, he is too clever in the wrong place, too foxily altogether to suit me. Always tries to heat one down, and cuts his own throat sometimes. Why, sir, when I was here last journey you know what a state the seal-oil market was in. Now I told him, 'Mr. Green, the market's

moving; here's my to-day's price for ten tons. I can't hold it over—for twenty-four hours." Well, he said he'd take the ten if I'd come down fifteen shillings a ton. "No," I said; "can't do it, sir." Then he said he thought he could do better, and he wouldn't give his order. Well, as you may remember, the next day the price was up a shilling a hundredweight. Then he wires to our firm to send him ten tons. We weren't such fools, and wired back that we could only execute his order at the advanced figure. Well, although he was right out, he wouldn't close then and there, but wrote asking us to split the difference. By the time we got his letter there was a further rise on market, and it ended in his having to pay fifteen pounds more for his little lot than he would have had to give if he had closed at once with my first offer. You see, sir, he's one of those fellows that always think you've got some special motive when you say it's a good time to buy. He wouldn't believe me, you see, and went trying elsewhere, and so got landed. There's lots like him, sir, so sharp that they cut themselves. He got himself disabled on the road for that. When the old man was alive he sent this young one out 'to learn the ropes;' but he wasn't a bit of good, so I've heard."

"Talked too much of himself, I suppose?"

"That's it, sir—just what he always did; regularly spoilt his chances. I was just beginning to travel when his father was about leaving off; and I can tell you, sir, the old gentleman—well, he wasn't so very old then, but getting on a bit—was a much tougher customer to have working against you than the young one. Kept

his mouth shut and his ears open, and went head. By giving others a chance to talk, he got a pretty shrewd idea when a man was beginning to get a bit "clucky." But that young my-lord made a thumping big bad debt the very last journey he took.

"Well, of course, if he gave himself airs he wouldn't get on."

"Quite so, sir. Well, good-morning to you, sir." And with that, this capable 'commercial' departed, knowing better than to spin out chat in business hours and run the risk thereby of wearing out his welcome. Mr. Gregson was just beginning to give attention to a rather intricate form of tender for goods which he had been asked to send in, when one of his senior clerks tapped and entered with a request to be spared if convenient on the following Monday.

"Anything very particular, Mr. Sneatham? You know we are close on a time when we are likely to be particularly busy."

"Our club has a golf tournament, sir, beginning on Saturday at one, and it's to last two days, and I want to enter."

"Can't they manage these affairs by having them on two or three Saturday afternoons running, instead of taking up whole working days for them?"

"Well, sir, they don't come very often."

"Really, Mr. Sneatham, I like my people to get a reasonable amount of pleasure; but, as you know, the length of the regular summer holiday has been increased for every one of you, and if you seniors come asking for extra days for sport I am afraid it will have an unsettling effect on the juniors. Some of them are none too ready to stick to it as it is. The

last two hours' work on a Saturday morning doesn't amount to much with them. I notice, if I happen to step into the outer office of a Saturday, that the railway time-table is pretty sure to be out of its place, and I know that it isn't in my interests that it is being referred to. However, that's not the case with you, and you can have your leave for the Monday; only, I warn you that if I find the business suffering from this continual asking for extra days off I shall have to make a hard-and-fast rule prohibiting them."

"There!" soliloquised Mr. Gregson after the other had retired, "twenty years ago if a man of eight and forty or so like Sneatham had come in to ask for a holiday for such a purpose his employer would, as likely as not, have recommended him to take himself off altogether. Clerks get more holidays than principals nowadays. Leave wouldn't be so much grudged to them, perhaps, if they hadn't such a knack of asking for it in busy seasons, and the seniors seem to have caught the tone from the lads. Talk about old heads on young shoulders; it is the other way about at present! What with veteran cricket and golf champions forty-five seems to be about the same of friskiness."

The merchant now found it expedient to repair to the commercial salerooms to note some latest market reports. Just at the entrance he encountered some of his business friends with a youth whom the other introduced as his son who had just begun work in the city. The three entered the building together and saw a knot of men crowding about a notice board. "Hope nothing's gone wrong," said the parent, seeing more and more pressing up towards it. But

when they got near enough to read they found that the excitement arose out of a cricket bulletin—namely, "Visitors all out for 156. County eleven, 48 for 3 wickets."

"There, Gregson!" said the father when his son had moved out of bearing—"there's a thing for my boy to see the very first time I bring him in here. His chief fault is that his mind is a bit too set on games. I've been telling him that he's got to earn his bread-and-butter, and that if he wants to be able to afford to play he must stick to work; and now, what is the youngster to think when I take him to a place supposed to be established for business convenience, and the first thing he sees there is a lot of men hustling as if their lives depended on it to read a cricket notice? Talk about all work; it's all shirk and go play nowadays!"

"Well," said Mr. Gregson, "you wouldn't like your boy to have quite so close a sticking-time to business as you had; though I must say I'm inclined to agree with you."

"Perhaps not; but competition is getting keener and keener, and it is not altogether a question of 'like.' It is 'must' to an extent, if he is to do any good, what with the foreigner always trying to creep in. That is the great fault of our public schools in my opinion. They don't impress this sufficiently."

"And you sent your son to one of them, if I remember rightly."

"I know I did. I've seen what a capital moral tone these generally is about them, and what plucky, manly fellows they turn out. But the worst of it is that the masters in these big schools seem inclined, for the most part, to shy shy of pointing out continually to the boys that a large

number of them will have to work hard to earn their daily bread. So, when they pitchforked into commercial life without any preliminary insight, many of them kick at the drudgery of the details they've got to master, and get restless. They ought to have the dignity of commerce instilled into them from the first, and how we're going to do it for them I don't know, when they come and see these "sport notices" stuck up as prominently as they possibly can be in a business place of resort, causing as much commotion as if they notified a heavy drop in Consols or a serious accident with considerable loss of life."

"I'm afraid you will find yourself in the minority if you raise an objection."

"Oh, yes! I know I should. It infects the whole atmosphere, does this present athletic craze, and we who merely protest against such extremes are called selfish money-grubbing fossils, who, because we don't care for sport ourselves, do not want any one else to. Well, Gregson, some of them will see the folly of it when it's too late. You and I were keen enough about volunteering in our time, and put our backs into it when we were at it. But we didn't clamor about it in business hours. No; and for the matter of that, we didn't run sport into the Sunday in the way it's done now. Seems to me in this age of enlightenment that the Englishman thinks that his chance of salvation depends mainly on the size of his bath-sponge. Good-bye; I've got a meeting on and must be off."

Mr. Gregson noted the announcements of market changes, had some business conversation, and was preparing to leave, when he was hailed with "I say Mr. Gregson! just a

moment if you please." He turned and saw a Mr. Jenkins, with whom he was anything but intimate, although periodically thrown into his company through common commercial interests. He was accompanied by a young man who wore that too obsequious smile so annoying to many because they feel sure that its wearer is about to solicit a favor of them. "Allow me to introduce my wife's younger brother to you. He has just taken an agency for goods in your line, and I hope you will be able to give him a turn. When will it be convenient for him to look in on you at your office?"

Had Mr. Gregson been in the habit of thinking aloud his immediate tolerance would have been, "When I am out of it." All he could do in self-defence was to say that the buying of the establishment was customarily conducted between certain hours, but that there was always a good deal of pressure on his time.

"Oh, Jack, here won't mind even if he has to wait a minute or two. He shall come and see you to-morrow. I knew you wouldn't object to my taking this opportunity of saying a word for him."

"Then you know me better than I know myself," was Mr. Gregson's inward reflection. "Now, I shall have to spend time to no purpose in listening to this young fellow, who evidently is not up to his work, or he wouldn't let another speak for him in this way without saying a word to the purpose himself. These agencies are a frightful nuisance when are taken up by youngsters who haven't had a proper business training, and who come offering goods without understanding how to do it, or knowing what facts ought to be ascertained before hand."

He got back to his office, and was immediately presented with a note marked, "Bearer to wait answer." On opening it he found that it contained an invoice sent two days before by Gregson and Company for some ten shillings' worth of a certain kind of oil supplied to a neighboring wholesale firm; also, a produce broker's circular and the following letter.

"Gentlemen,—Will you be good enough to send us a corrected invoice herewith? You will see by the accompanying price list that you have charged us much in excess of the proper value. We want to do as much as we can with you, but must ask you to put us on the best possible terms as regards price.—Yours, etc."

"Well," muttered Mr. Gregson angrily, "of all the unseasonable people I ever met with in business, I do think these are about the worst. They, a wholesale firm, employing a hundred hands at the least, send us an order for a quantity of oil which any respectable retailer would think miserably petty, and then have the assurance to ask us to charge it at or about the value of the article when sold in two-ton lots and upwards!—Johnson!"

"Sir."

"Just look at this. Haven't these people been asking for a good many quotations from us of late?"

"Oh yes, sir; but they have not ordered anything worth having for some time past. I was referring to their account last week, and they haven't had five pounds' worth in the last quarter, and yet I see by the 'quotation-book' that they have asked for special prices at least six times within the last two months. They never order ten shillings' worth of

oil without coming to ask the figure beforehand, sir."

"Had they asked the price before they sent us the order for the peddling quantity on this invoice?"

"Yes, they had, sir, and were charged in accordance with the quantity scale quoted by them."

"Well, I suppose they are too hopelessly thick-skinned to care if we do deprecate their conduct in giving us so much trouble with their small orders. Let them be written to saying that they have been charged as quoted, and return them that circular which they know as well as we do contains prices for bulk quantities only. It's from one of those greedy German firms who are always giving annoyance by scattering their price currents broadcast so that these fall into the hands of men who don't buy a tithe of the quantities for which the figures are quoted, and who, nevertheless, are always ready to bicker us by comparing these quotations for large lots with our charges for the petty amounts that they buy of us; and they add insult to injury by their confounded loss of patronage, saying that they want to do as much with us as they can. It would serve them right to show them up in a trade journal."

Further reflections were interrupted by his being told that the junior partner of a competing wholesale establishment was waiting to see him personally to get a special price. This firm perpetually made not over-scrupulous efforts to secure some of the trade of Gregson and Company, and he knew that the chances were twenty to one that the inquiry on this occasion would not be bona-fide. He first glanced around his office carefully to make sure that there was

nothing lying about which he should not care to have seen by eyes which formerly experience had taught him were particularly prying, covered over some correspondence on his desk, and then ordered that the party should be shown in.

He entered, and any keen observer of human nature would have commended Mr. Gregson for his caution. There was a look of cunning about the other which could not fail to be particularly repugnant to any straightforward business man.

"Can you give us a special quotation for best refined colza-oil, Mr. Gregson?"

"What quantity do you want a price for, sir?"

"That depends on how favorably you can offer us," was the evasive answer.

"Here is our scale price," said Mr. Gregson, passing him a list of figures.

"Oh, but won't you go a bit under these for us?"

"Those are our prices, sir, to any one who takes the quantities specified."

"I don't think you are sticking quite close to these quotations, Mr. Gregson. Our traveller in the west of England tells us that customers there say you are offering small lots at lower figures than you quote here."

"Indeed!" was all Mr. Gregson's disgusted comment. As he had anticipated, this unscrupulous competitor had no intention of buying from him, but merely wished to ascertain his selling prices so as to underquote him if possible.

"Then, I suppose, Mr. Gregson, we can tell our traveller that our customers have made some mistake, and

that these are the very lowest prices at which you are selling."

"I understand, sir, that you wanted to see me about a special quotation for yourselves."

"Well, we've got a stock at present, but might perhaps have been open to buy more if you could have quoted us specially low."

"That's a lie, and you know it," was his auditor's mental reflection; "and it's you and the like of you that spoil honest trade by your dirty sharp practices." Long experience, however, had taught him that, if he did not want to listen to a string of prevarications, he had better say as little as possible in a case like this. So he looked the other straight in the face and said, "Well, good-morning, sir. If we find ourselves later on able to quote you to better advantage we will do so."

The young man was acute enough to see that Mr. Gregson was not going to commit himself. He had hoped to wring out an assertion from him, and thereby pin him to a definite statement that he was not going to deviate under any consideration from the selling prices which he had indicated so long as the market value remained unaltered. Then, on the strength of this, the young man would have written to his own traveller straightway, saying: "Messrs. Gregson & Company's definite lowest figures are so-and-so; you can offer at a fraction lower to customers of theirs who don't deal with us at present." He was nowise abashed at the imputation that he had not come with a real desire to purchase. This, he thought, was rather a compliment to his sharpness than otherwise. Nor did he take exception to Mr. Gregson's

hiding him good-morning as a suggestion that he wanted to be rid of him. He went out as jauntily as he had come in, prepared to try it on again when opportunity should present itself. As soon as he was gone the merchant turned again to his uncompleted form of tender, the filling in of which these unwelcome inter-

ruptions had hindered. As he did so he hought himself, "We need something else badly in business besides the passing of the Prevention of Corruption Bill, and that is the universal commercial boycotting of fellows like that. Nothing short of it will drive a particle of conscience into them."

## Edison's Plan of Life

HERALD MAGAZINE

The busy tradesman sees that three hours a day, too busy to eat more than ordinary meals, is not the worst, but a life of healthy and happy activity. The plan of life is simple, the only important part of it work being accomplished as usual. The result of the labor was lost by a stroke of the Edison dynamo in the Patent Office at Washington, where over 500 inventions are credited to him.

"WORK too hard? Bosh! The healthy man can't work too hard or too much. It isn't work, but sleep and food, that kills men."

So spoke Thomas A. Edison, the inventor. Give him a spoonful of peas, or a cracker, and three hours' sleep, and he can do a day's work equal to almost three of the ordinary bread. He just doesn't have time to sleep.

And yet he considers his life a quiet, peaceful one, and finds time to exclaim at the hurry and bustle of modern life. Here is how he describes New York:

"New York? It is the epitome of the horror of the age. I hate it. I loathe its artificial way of living, its mannerisms, its ways of thought. It has but the one redeeming feature—that it is getting so impossible that people must leave it or become crazy."

"A man in New York gets down to his office at 9, works until 12 or 1, goes out, takes a couple of cocktails, eats a hearty lunch hurriedly, goes back to his desk and works until 5,

hurries up town, stopping for a drink or two, goes out somewhere, eats an enormous dinner, goes to the theatre and supper afterward, and finally tumbles into bed.

"That is the type of man who says to me: 'I don't see how you stand the strain of working the way you do, day after day and night after night, in the laboratory.' Work? Why, my work is play compared to his. And yet I am here on the average from 8 in the morning until 16 at night, but I am shut out from the world, the work is interesting, there is none of the terrible strain that comes from work in the city."

But now and then he does a stunt himself that would place the metropolitan business man in an insane asylum.

"The longest time I ever worked continuously was five days and five nights without sleep. That was during some of the lighting experiments. Before the opening of the Pearl street station I had to work four days and nights on a stretch. You see, we didn't know just what would happen

when we turned on the current. Everybody said it was going to be a failure, and naturally I felt anxious." He was asked what effect loss of sleep had upon him.

"None at all," he answered. "I have always been able to drop down and sleep anywhere when I had the time. I feel absolutely no ill effects from long periods of work. People sleep too much. Three or four hours is enough for any man.

"People who talk of insomnia make me tired. A man came to me once who was troubled that way. I offered to cure him. He took me up. I put him to work on a mercury pump and told him to finish it at a certain time. He was just the man I had been looking for; one who would not need to stop for sleep. At the end of the third day I found the pump all broken to pieces and my friend sound asleep on the ruins.

"Sleep is a habit; if the sun should keep right on shining through the night people would get over it."

Yes, the great reason why Edison despises sleep is because he is too busy to enjoy it. He looks upon it, save for the three hours, as a luxury not to be thought of by a man with work to do. The same is true of his food. He takes just enough for nourishment, and that is all. Good dinners are for those with not much else to do but to eat them. The same is true of feather beds. One day he accepted the invitation of a friend who lived "in a sort of castle."

"Lord," he said, "I was miserable all the time. First we sat down to a table that had too much of everything, including silverware and fancy glasses. Couldn't eat anything. That night when I went up to my room a valet came up to undress me. Kicked him out. Whenever I feel that I am too old to undress myself I want to

lie down and die. I took off my clothes and tumbled into bed—and almost lost my life. It was a big feather thing, and it came near smothering me. I pulled it off and slept on the mattress."

And what has he to show for all this life of hard work and self denial? In the first place, he has made more inventions than any other living man. In the patent office at Washington there is a department marked Edison where an array of over 300 patents are to be found. Those who see this exclaim: "Oh, Edison can't last much longer. He is working himself to death." And yet every year finds additions.

"Mr. Edison's work as an inventor," said Mr. Dyer, who has charge of the legal department of the Edison laboratory, "as shown by the records in my office, extends over a most varied field. In addition to his better known patents granted in connection with the development of the electric lamp, the phonograph, telegraph, telephone, ore-milling machinery and storage batteries, I find that the inventions include vote recorders, typewriters, electric pens, vocal engines, addressing machines, methods of preserving fruit, cast-iron manufacture, wire-drawing, electric locomotives, moving picture machines, the making of plate glass, compressed air apparatus, and many others.

"In the line of phonographs he has secured 101 patents, on storage batteries 20 patents, on electric motors 26 patents, on telegraphs 147 patents, on telephones 33 patents, on electric lights 169 patents, on dynamos 97 patents and on ore-milling machinery 53 patents. When it is remembered that an incandescent lamp consists simply of a carbon filament in an exhausted glass globe, the ingenuity in devising 169 different patentable

modifications and improvements on such devices appears really marvelous."

Edison's daily routine of work is something like this:

At 10 a. m. he starts for his office, where for about two hours he is intensely occupied in attending with his private secretary to the mass of correspondences piling in upon him at the rate oftentimes of over 300 letters a day. After disposing of his correspondence he devotes his time to a perusal of the numerous papers, pamphlets, documents and books, scientific and otherwise, that come to him from all parts of the world. He reads with great rapidity, and yet with astonishing thoroughness, as days afterward he recalls what he has been over.

By 2 p. m. he is in his laboratory reviewing the results of the experiments and work of his assistants performed in his absence. Consultations with his chief assistant next occupy him for a considerable time. After this is over he may be said to be fairly in the midst of his labor of love. A recital of the experiments he daily tries, the plans he devises and the suggestions he offers would seem exaggerated were it not that hundreds of record books in his laboratory bearing the marks of his labor attest the same with unimpeachable accuracy.

The majority of days his meals are served him at his work. The hard labor of the inventor, however, begins after dark. The work of the day is more of a preliminary character—a getting ready for the herculean efforts that one by one grow and develop, until they finally reach as a whole a perfected invention.

The midnight lunch is a striking feature of the laboratory life. At 13 o'clock every night two men and a

dog enter the laboratory laden down with baskets of edibles from a neighboring caterer. The dog, a huge Newfoundland, plays as important a part in the performance as his hipped companions, for, with a lighted lantern hanging from his mouth, he leads the way from over the railroad track and across the fields to the abode of the wizard. He also assists at times by having strapped to his back a basket or can containing some of the lunch. The repast without the dog to participate would be barren. He seems to know his standing, and he is always to be found at his post of duty. Mr. Edison himself, however, eats little.

Around the lunch table gather the inventor and his assistants, and as the good things disappear they discuss the day's work, tell stories and gossip generally. A freer or gayer set could scarcely be found. The jovial good nature of the chief spreads to all, and fun and fancy reign supreme. After lunch once more begins the work of science, and continues until, one by one, the assistants drop off to sleep. A few retire to their homes; the larger number, however, follow the plan of the leader and utilize their benches for beds. Edison himself gives in generally about 4 a. m., selecting some unoccupied spot, where with his coat for a pillow, he sleeps soundly sometimes until 10 o'clock, other times until 6, for his time of rising varies.

Mr. Edison has, however, a good wife, who takes the greatest care of him. But for her watchful eyes there is no telling what would happen to him. Mr. Edison is so absent-minded when engrossed in his work that he apparently loses all count of time, and but for Mrs. Edison would probably work on until he dropped from sheer exhaustion. When he has some



particularly hard problem to work out it is difficult to get him to leave his laboratory at East Orange. His meals are brought in to him, and he insists on sleeping on a "shakedown" in his private office. Mr. Edison has become so interested in his life's work that even when away from home—on pleasure bent, as it were—he still has his mind upon it.

The ancestors of the great inventor for generations back have been renowned for remarkable longevity. The inventor's grandfather, Samuel Edison, died at the age of 103 years. He had a brother, Thomas, who died at the age of 101 years by an accident, having been accidentally shot by his gun going off while he was out hunting. The oldest of the ancestry, however, was the inventor's great-grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Ogden, who departed this life at the age of 107 years.

Day after day Edison plods along his busy life, amusing himself by working the full limit of his capacity,

too busy to sleep, almost too busy to eat. And some one said that when death, in the end, should call for him, he would motion him away with a sweep of his big hand, muttering, "Call again. Too busy."

And yet Mr. Edison realizes that he is growing old. He was once asked the question:

"Can you not invent something that will keep us ever young and fair?"

The wisard nodded wisely. "It may come," he said, "it may come; not in my time, not yet; but why not?"

"How? By the sacrifice of animal life. By serums that will replace worn-out tissues. With it should come, however, the mental change, for when a man has seen all, has worked and played and suffered and has reached the life limit, he is usually ready to go. I know my father at 94 was reconciled and—

"Well, I shall be ready, too, but," the eyes grew introspective, "it would be interesting to know if life ever will be indefinitely prolonged."

prepare a ponderous study of a certain well-known character, and then after six long months of stress and strain to consign every single page of manuscript to the flames. For even then fastidious to the last degree he needed no editor's blue pencil to spell failure. His own exacting taste condemned the work and let it die stillborn. But though biographies have, bread must be earned, and to keep the wolf from becoming too noisy those brief delicious sketches were sent to the St. James's Gazette, beginning with "And Licht Idylls," whose popularity soon started Mr. Barrie on the road of glittering fortune.

And speaking of fortune reminds one of the extremely rudimentary ideas of business that are entertained by an author who automatically counts money. When his career was just beginning in London and checks from publishers were the rarest of blessings, Mr. Barrie begged a friend who was also a brother Scot, to take charge of his small earnings, and give him money only as he needed it. The big northerner consented and for a year or more was purse-bearer, safe deposit, and paying teller all in one, to his chum. But a little later on, when the figures on the checks doubled and tripled in active style, the brother Scot began to worry. He declared the responsibility was getting beyond him, and after infinite coaxing he finally persuaded young Barrie to go to a well-known bank, and at least to try and manage his money in the orthodox way. Knowing the directors, some of whom were present that morning, the friend introduced the author, who, solemn and round-eyed, obeyed orders but said never a word. He paid in a sheaf of fat drafts, was given a pass book, put

through all the formulas and was finally asked in genial fashion by the white-haired bank president if he would not like some money. Barrie nodded, and still under instructions and preternaturally silent, he filled out a check, handed it across the counter, shook his head when offered paper money, and received ten golden sovereigns in return. There were handshakings and good wishes exchanged, then finally the outer door swung to, and Barrie, his face a burst of sunshine, clapped his pocket and exclaimed, "Well, old man, I did them that time!"

"Did who? What on earth are you talking about, Jummie?" inquired the tall Highlander.

"Why the way I got into them," was the reply. "I shove the man a mean little scrap of paper, the man gives me a jolly handful of gold. I tell you it's great! It's the easiest way of making money that ever I struck. I say give me a bank, a bank first and last and always!"

But this incident took place a long while ago, and since then the author's financial affairs have passed into as competent hands as any in England. When Mr. Barrie married Miss Mary Ansell, the pretty actress in Mr. Toole's Company, he acquired a helpmate indeed. Though Miss Ansell had made a hit as leading lady in her future husband's first play, entitled "Walker, London," she left the boards without one backward glance of regret. And almost immediately did she lift all the burden of material cares from her husband's shoulders. Even those open-handed institutions the banks, with their fairy-like transmutation of paper into gold, knew him no more. Though to-day his yearly income from novels and plays has reached really splendid

## The Success of James M. Barrie

BY E. M. D. IN THE CRITIC

When the author of "The Little Minister," "Peter Pan" and other delightful stories and plays began to emerge, it was with the reputation of becoming a critic and biographer. It seems so long that in an article directed, he turned his attention to creative work with the same criticism. Admitting association of his kindred, opinions of finance hold the article very interesting.

FEW men upon whose work public favor has so firmly set its stamp are so fond of discussing his failures as is Mr. Barrie. It is not of his power as a dramatist, nor of his potent charm as a novelist, that he loves to talk, but rather of the blind contrariety of fate in refusing to qualify him for the special labors after which his boyish soul yearned. What he wished and planned to be

in the old days of plain living and high thinking at Edinburgh University was a critic and biographer. There was to be no place for the creator in the scheme of life as he laid it down for himself. This most fond of artists proposed rather to sit in solemn judgment upon the achievements of others. With this end in view, his first serious essay into the paths of literature was to

proportions, he has none of the sordid weight of riches to bear. Country places and motor cars are supplied to him as by magic, for he has merely to wish for such blessings and they are his. Which reminds one that Mrs. Barrie herself is an artist to her finger-tips with manifestations of the gift in more ways than one. Even flowers take on a new beauty under her graceful touch, and were she not the wife of one of the wealthiest of playwrights, could herself earn a tidy fortune as either a house decorator or designer of art gowns. Both upholstery and dress-making are small passions in a way, when she is not busy investing money or laying out gardens. In fact Mrs. Barrie actually cuts and makes every costume she wears, and some of them are creations of genuine talent. With a natural eye for stuffs, combinations of color, and the grace of line, she always has a vast deal of sewing and millinery work on hand.

But it was when the Barries were looking for a country place that this lady showed a positive genius for bargains. In a big touring car the socialist and his wife scoured the home counties for a suitable spot. The search was long and arduous, and at last, to the shocked surprise of all their friends, Mrs. Barrie decided upon a residence near Farnham in Surrey, the establishment of a retired draper, as dry goods merchants are called in England. It was a very abomination of desolation. The interior was plushy to the smothering point, a tangle of fish-net draperies, velvet-covered and fringed stair balustrades, flaming wall papers, and scroll-work over mantels. And if the house was hideous the grounds were certainly a degree uglier. But, possessing the rare gift of imagina-

tion, the lady closed with an offer for the place, and while her husband returned to Lancaster Gate and work she set about transforming their new property. And such marvellous results as were finally achieved! Out of a welter of hrammagum vulgarity rose Black Lake Cottage of to-day, one of the most perfect little estates in England. But if the house is charming, the garden is a romantic bit of paradise, with its old-fashioned stocks, gillyflowers, love-in-a-mist, and hollyhocks, that are a positive joy throughout the Summer. Some declare that this change from a draper's dream to an artist's inspiration is little short of miraculous, and Black Lake Cottage is the envy of visitors from far and near.

Yet notwithstanding the manifold excellences of his country home, it is doubtful whether it can ever rival the attractions of Kensington Gardens that lie just across the road from Mr. Barrie's town house. For it is under the wide-spreading trees of the royal park that he puts in his best playtime. Positively adoring children, Mr. Barrie has collected a few choice spirits of tender years with whom he foregathers in the gardens every fine afternoon. There they played out the story of "The Little White Bird" long before that delightful novel was ever written. Peter Pan, with his Indians, his underground house, his pirates and darling Tinkle Bell were old friends of the boys and girls who spent hours with their grown-up playfellows under Kensington's venerable oaks. No question of age ever arises, for the charm of this unique coterie is that every one is on a perfect equality, taking his or her turn in spinning yarns, exchanging confidences, inventing games, and playing make-

believe. First-night triumphs pale before the pleasures of these park gatherings, and it is doubtful whether any one really knows Mr. Barrie as well as these small friends of his. They undoubtedly supply many an inspiration for the worker, who prizes as highly as Lewis Carroll used to do the companionship of little folk. Unlike many of his craft, Mr. Barrie seems inexpressibly bored when either his novels or his plays are the subject of conversation. Of course when in process of creation

the labor in hand engrosses all his thoughts, but a play once staged and set going, he appears to positively loathe it. The single exception to this eccentric attitude is "The Admirable Crichton," to which he actually went a second time and expressed himself as tolerably satisfied with the result. Again and again has he been taken to task for the last act of "Crichton," but he valiantly insists that in no other way could the stupidities of social classifications be so clearly exposed.

## The Humorous Side of an Ocean Voyage

BY GEORGE ADE IN HERALD MAGAZINE

Mark Twain has a worthy understudy in George Ade, whose sense of humor is of the unassuming-funny character. He has just set out on a trip to Europe, and he is giving his friends in America the benefit of his experience. That story were extremely hilarious, those well continue who dip into the following narrative of his voyage across the Atlantic.

A MONTH before sailing I visited the floating skyscraper which was to bear us away. It was hitched to a dock in Hoboken, and it reminded me of a St. Bernard dog tied by a sillon thread. It was the biggest skiff afloat, with an observatory on the roof and covered porches running all the way around. It was a very large boat. After inspecting the boat and approving of it, I selected a room with southern exposure. Later on, when we sailed, the noble craft backed into the river and turned round before heading for the Old World, and I found myself on the north side of the ship, with nothing coming in at the porthole except a current of cold air direct from Labrador.

This room was on the starboard or port side of the ship—I forget which. After traveling nearly one million miles, more or less, by steamer I am still unable to tell which is starboard

and which is port. I can tell time by the ship's bell if you let me use a pencil, but "starboard" means nothing to me. In order to make it clear to the reader, I will say that the room was on the "haw" side of the boat. I thought I was getting the "gee" side as the vessel lay at the dock, but I forgot that it had to turn around in order to start for Europe, and I found myself "haw." I complained to one of the officers and said that I had engaged a stateroom with southern exposure. He said they couldn't back up all the way across the Atlantic just to give me the sunny side of the boat. This closed the incident. He did explain, however, that if I remained in the ship and went back with them I would have southern exposure all the way home.

The unexpected manner in which the boat turned around has suggested to me a scheme for a revolving apartment house. The building will be set

on gigantic casters and will revolve slowly, so that every apartment will have a southern exposure at certain hours of the day, to say nothing of the advantage of getting a new view every few minutes. It is well known that apartments with southern exposure and overlooking the boulevard command a double rental. When every apartment may have a southern exposure and face the main thoroughfare, think of the tremendous increase in revenues! I explained my scheme for a revolving apartment house to a gentleman from Saint Joe, Mo., whom I met in the smoking room, and he has agreed to give it financial backing.

Our ship was the latest thing out. To say that it was about seven hundred feet long and nearly sixty feet beam and 22,000 tons displacement does not give a graphic idea of its huge proportions. A New Yorker might understand if told that this ship stood on end, would be about as tall as two Flatiron buildings spliced end to end.

Out in Indiana this comparison was unavailing, as few of the residents have seen the Flatiron Building and only a small percentage of them have any desire to see it. So when a Hoosier acquaintance asked me something about the ship I led him out into Main street and told him that it would reach from the railroad to the Presbyterian church. He looked down street at the depot and then he looked up street at the distant Presbyterian church, and then he looked at me and walked away. Every statement that I make in my native town is received with doubt. People here mistrusted me ever since I came home years ago and announced that I was working.

Evidently he repeated what I had

said, for in a few minutes another resident came up and casually asked me something about the ship and wanted to know how long she was. I repeated the Presbyterian church story. He merely remarked "I thought 'Bill' was lyin' to me," and then went his way.

The chief wonder of our new liner (for all of us had a proprietary interest the moment we came aboard) was the system of elevators. Just think of it! Elevators gliding up and down between decks the same as in a modern office building. Very few passengers used the elevators, but it gave us something to talk about on board ship and it would give us something to blow about after we had returned home.

Outside of the cage stood a young German with a blonde pompadour and a jacket that came just below his shoulder blades. He was so clean he looked as if he had been scrubbed with soap and then rubbed with holy-stone. Every German menial on board seemed to have two guiding ambitions in life. One was to keep himself immaculate and other was to grow a U-shaped mustache, the same as the one worn by the Kaiser.

The boy in charge of the elevator would plead with people to get in and ride. Usually, unless he waylaid them, they would forget all about the new improvement and would run up and down stairs in the old fashioned manner instituted by Noah and imitated by Christopher Columbus.

This boy leads a checkered career on each voyage. When he departs from New York he is the elevator boy. As the vessel approaches Plymouth, England, he becomes the lift attendant. At Cherbourg he is transformed into a gargon d'ascenseur, and as the ship draws near Hamburg

be is the Aufzugsbeheuerer, which is an awful thing to call a mere child.

Goodness only knows what will be the ultimate result of present competition between ocean liners. As our boat was quite new and extravagantly up-to-date, perhaps some information concerning it will be of interest even to those old and hardened travelers who have been across so often that they no longer set down the raft of the ship and have ceased sending pictorial post cards to their friends at home.

In the first place, a telephone in every room, connected with a central station. The passenger never uses it, because when he is a thousand miles from shore there is no one to be called up, and if he needs the steward he pushes a button. But it is there—a real German telephone, shaped like a broken pretzel, and anyone who has a telephone in his room feels that he is getting something for his money.

After two or three lessons any American can use a foreign telephone. All he has to learn is which end to put to his ear and how to keep two or three springs pressed down all the time he is talking. In America he takes down the receiver and talks into the 'phone. Elsewhere he takes the entire telephone down from a rack and holds it the same as a slide trombone.

In some of the cabins were electric hair cutters. A Cleveland man who wished to call up the adjoining cabin on the 'phone, just to see if the thing would work, put the hair cutter to his ear and began talking into the dynamo. There was no response, so he pushed a button and nearly ruined his left ear. It was a natural mistake. In Europe anything attached to a wall is liable to be a telephone.

On the whole, I think our tele-

phone system is superior to that of any foreign city's. Our telephone girls have larger vocabularies, for one thing. In England the "hello" is never used. When an Englishman gathers up the ponderous contrivance and fits it against his head he asks: "Are you there?" If the other man answers "No" that stops the whole conversation.

Travelers throughout the world should rise up and write in a vote of thanks to whoever it was that abolished the upper berth in the newer boats. Mahomet's coffin suspended in mid-air must have been a chery and satisfactory hunk compared with the ordinary upper berth. Only a trained athlete can climb into one of them. The woodwork that you embrace and rub your legs against as you struggle upward is very cold. When you fall into the clammy sheets you are only about six inches from the ceiling. In the early morning the sailors scrub the deck just overhead, and you feel as if you were getting a shampoo. The aerial aeropagus is built deep, like a trough, so that the prisoner cannot roll out during the night. It is narrow, and the man who is addicted to the habit of "sprawdling" feels as if he were tied hand and foot.

In nearly all of the staterooms of the new boat there were no upper berths, and the lower ones were wide and springy—they were almost beds, and a bed on board ship is something that for years has been reserved as the special luxury of the millionaire.

We really had on board the daily paper, the gymnasium, the florist, the bureau of information, the maniere parlor and other adjuncts of sea-going that would have been regarded as fanciful dreams ten years ago. Next to the elevators the most novel feature of the new kind of liners is

the a la carte restaurant. It was on the Kaiser deck. The topmost deck was called the "Kaiser," to indicate that he ranked next to the heavenly bodies in general importance. The old names of "upper deck," "promenade deck," "main deck" and lower deck" cannot be applied to one of these new fangled monsters. Next below the Kaiser deck came the Washington deck, then the Roosevelt deck, then the Cleveland deck, then the Franklin deck, and after that a lower deck and several more that did not concern the passengers living in the upper stories.

The restaurant was forward on the Kaiser deck—a gorgeous pocket edition of Sherry's or Delmonico's in New York, the Carlton in London, or the Ritz in Paris. Formerly on

the North Atlantic, and especially during the Winter season, the only persons who dressed for dinner were misguided Englishmen, who would rather take a chance on pneumonia than violate any of their national traditions. The new type of steamer is hoisted in and steam heated and all the people who dined in the glittering restaurant far from the common horde of the main dining saloon were attired to the limit. The usual Hungarian orchestra played burrah music, and what with the Swiss waiters and the candelabra, the fresh caviar and other luxuries of high living it was difficult for one to realize that he was riding on the high seas at the most inclement season of the year. It was all very Fifth Avenue—even to the check.

## Human Locomotives and Parlor Cars

BY PRESIDENT F. S. LUTHER

*By means of a strikingly apt simile, President Luther, of Trinity College, New York, illustrates the difference between the educated loafer and the college-trained worker with a purpose in life. He states that every man is entitled to as much money as he can earn, but he cautions college men to mature and cooperate in the business field, where, he believes, places are always open for them.*

**A**N educated loafer is about as sad and as discouraging a spectacle as can be found. Education costs so much in time and money that no one has a right not to take advantage of it. The man who does not and who leaves college without putting to use—at least to some use—something that he has learned there is a good deal of a bluish on the community.

Some time since I had occasion to look up statistics relative to the expense of railway construction and I found that a parlor car costs about as much as a locomotive. Of course,

locomotives can be made at greatly varying prices, and for that matter so can parlor cars. But as a general thing the locomotive which pulls and does the work costs about the same as the car where comfort and luxury is catered to.

This struck me as a simile to use in an address I once made to the boys of the Berkeley School, in New York. I advised them to be locomotives and not parlor cars, so that when they went out into life after their studies were completed they would be the pulling factor and not the drag—the energetic, pulling, advancing, pos-

sibly noisy locomotive rather than the easy going, indolent and fine looking parlor car.

The man who is a locomotive accomplishes something in the world's work. He is the fellow who gets ahead and has a hand in the progress of civilization. He is the man that will leave a mark behind him and who will not have lived in vain.

On the other hand the well bred, carefully-attended-to parlor car fellow will possibly be a comfort to himself and an agreeable convenience to some of his friends, but that is all. He will make no dent in history. As the boys say, he will not "get there." He will be the load which the engine fellow has to pull along to keep the world moving.

I believe in activity and hustle and strenuousness. It is the best outlook for our naturally exuberant spirits. It keeps both men and boys out of mischief. It is the drome, the indolent man, who is more than likely to do things he should not.

Very few men ever died from overwork. Worry and cocktails have killed a good many, but not work. I mean, of course, among the educated classes. The work of laboring men, that is, the severe physical strain, of course, is very frequently fatal.

I believe that every man is entitled to as much money as he can earn. If he earns it honestly and uprightly, without robbing his fellow men, I do not think the public generally would condemn him for accumulating it, no matter how vast it was. This talk about the evils of an enormous fortune, it seems to me, is directed more particularly against the men who have enormous fortunes which they did not earn, or which they took away from some one else. That is the spirit that all right thinking people condemn, the spirit which ac-

tuates one to get another man's money rather than to earn his own.

It is the pirates of high finance that the public would strung up to the yardarm, but not the honest merchantman. So you see that after all it is only the spirit of fair play which is crying out against the present condition. We do not like to be robbed, and we do not like to see our neighbor robbed. The man who does it successfully is naturally the object of just indignation. If you look over the great American fortunes you will find that they have been accumulated in these two ways—by earning them honestly or by taking them from some one else.

After all the very wealthy man gets but little advantage out of his wealth. He gets his board and clothes and a place to sleep and very little besides. Even the poorest and least fortunate of men manage to get that somehow.

Mentally I have no doubt that the college man of to-day goes out when he is graduated better equipped for his life work than did the college man of twenty-five years ago. He is mentally the superior of his father. That I think we have successfully proved. Physically, however, I do not think that the college boy of to-day in general is as strong as he was a quarter of a century ago. Of course, there are exceptions to this. The young men who give themselves over to athletics develop a much superior constitution than was formerly to be found in our colleges, but they are only a few of the many.

The course of studies at the colleges is much broader, and then again attention is given to training the individual for some line of usefulness in which he is best suited. The idea is to make him well posted by an education which will do him the most

good and best equip him to earn a livelihood.

Now, there is nothing sordid about that. There is no reason why every man should not earn his living and a living for others. The better living he earns is a fair indication of his superior abilities. It is neither a crime nor a disgrace to get rich in that way. On the contrary it is a very commendable achievement. To my mind that is a part of the duty of college authorities, to steer the student's talents in the way they should go or rather in the way they should go best.

In the old days when a young man went to college to fit himself for his work he intended to be either a minister, a doctor or a lawyer. The other men who went to college simply did it to have a collegiate hall mark stamped upon them. They had no particular or definite object in view. College meant only a sort of polishing process—a necessary expenditure of time and money to be considered a well reared gentleman. The practical side of it was thought of but very little, and in consequence the colleges turned out droves of men who were quite as much at sea as to what they were to do after they graduated as they were before they entered.

Nearly every man who graduates from college nowadays has planned out his campaign for future endeavor. He does not get his diploma and flounder around looking for something to seize upon as an occupation. He knows just exactly what he is best fitted for and how to go to work to make a success in life.

The old idea, which was quite prevalent among business men especially,

that a boy went to college to idle away four years and devote himself largely to the smoking of cigarettes or athletic sports, has almost entirely disappeared.

There are many large business concerns which will employ no one but college graduates in their offices. You would be surprised to learn that I have more applications here every year from business concerns for young men than I can possibly fill. I have a drawer full of them now. The other day, when I was in New York, the managers of two very large concerns made personal application to me for some of our boys. One was a telephone enterprise, where the manager told me he wanted six college graduates and would take no one but college graduates. He said there was great difficulty in obtaining them; that the demand was greater than the supply. He came to me, I suppose, because he was a Trinity College man himself. The other man was from a mercantile concern, and the same rule applied there, that only college men were wanted.

I am an enthusiastic admirer of the young American. I stand for him every time and I believe that the great majority of college graduates are men who "get there"—that they are locomotives. The wonderful development and the progress of this country proves that in itself. I would like to see the whole railroad system of progress made up of locomotives and leave the deadweights, the parlor cars, the men to be pulled, far behind. It was only with this idea that I made the simile. Education costs too much in both time and money not to be made use of after the man leaves college.

## New York's Animal Hospitals

BY ANNA MARON IN BROADWAY MAGAZINE

So humanly treated here as horses, that even animals, fish and reptiles have hospitals to which they can be sent when sick. At the far end of the Bronx in New York, there is a unique animal hospital, where sick animals from the parks and circuses are sent for treatment. Specialists in diagnosis of various diseases give careful attention to their special patients.

NEW YORK has more hospitals for the care of animals than any other city in the world. The time when an all-around veterinary surgeon could treat the ills of dogs, cats, horses and birds is past, for nowadays there are men who make a specialty in the study of the care of various kinds of animals.

A unique animal hospital is located at the far end of the Bronx. Practically all the sick animals from parks and circuses are treated here. In the spring of the year a good many animals that have been "conditioned" at the farm during the Winter, are exchanged for the tired animals of the parks. Animals are as much in need of a rest cure as are hard working human beings.

This farm is conducted by a New York animal dealer and it is here that the traveling show man buys most of his "ferocious and fiery-eyed" lions and tigers.

The reptile department is a very interesting ward in the hospital. Many sick snakes are sent to this place for treatment. A snake is a more delicately constructed creature than a mere observer may imagine; it is subject to more diseases than any other inmate of the entire menagerie. This is accounted for by reason that a snake never becomes accustomed to captivity, and a well known zoologist declares that there never was such a thing as a tamed reptile.

During the process of skin shedding many snakes are sent to the hos-

pital; here they are put in boxes prepared especially for them.

These "shedding cages," as they are called, are lined with silk; every morning the silk is coated with sweet oil. Under the silk there is a bed of cotton, under this steam pipes are laid; these keep the box at a certain temperature so that the snake may not catch cold.

In captivity a snake catches cold and dies, while in his native surroundings he may live up to a fine old age. The oiled silk surface is very smooth, there are no corners on which the delicate new skin may be scratched or injured, and to a man who really studies snakes, a marred skin is a torture, while to the man who sells them it means a loss of about fifty dollars. The movement of the snake's body over the smooth surface, the softening effect of the oil and heat tend to make the shedding of a skin a very simple matter, while not so very long ago it was often necessary for men to assist the snake in shedding, and running a risk of tearing the new skin.

If, within a week after the new skin is exposed, it is bruised, a cancer is liable to result; this will mean death within a very short time.

A snake's tail is exceedingly delicate. One accustomed to handling snakes governs the reptile almost altogether by a pressure of the tail. If a snake becomes restless while a performer is handling it, he immediately buries his thumb nail in the end of the tail; this has a tendency to make

the snake relax, taking its strength, as it were, and the performer is quite safe. A too frequent repetition of this, however, will work the ruin of the reptile. Necrosis of the bone will set in and so amount of care will save the snake. Such a death is very slow and when such trouble is discovered the snake is immediately put into the "small showman lot" and sold for from five to ten dollars. These are the "wonderful" snakes exhibited in the side shows at the circuses; they are too sick to make a fuss, and permit themselves to be "charmed" by the hour.

Cancered mouths and decayed teeth are ordinary troubles. It is necessary to extract teeth and cauterize cankers. The superintendents of the hospital has discovered that snakes are best attracted by red, so, making a funnel of red paper, he waves it in front of the reptile until the head is raised and then slips it over the head and neck, deftly catching the snake at the base of the head; he is then enabled to work on the mouth of the most dangerous of reptiles.

If a snake could be chloroformed this would be a simple matter, but the normal temperature of a snake is so low that give it chloroform and you may make a pocketbook or belt of it the next instant.

Practically every animal in road circuses comes to the farm at least once a year. They are then treated for falling hair, bruises that may not have readily healed, and their teeth are attended to. The dentistry department is rather interesting, for there an immense amount of extracting is done.

Many times park and circus animals have corns. These are caused by their standing for so long a time first on one foot and then on the other. Not having a chance to run or walk on

rough ground they wear callouses on their feet. These are always removed.

One building in the hospital grounds is given over to the care of young animals; it is called the nursery. Here animals under a year old are kept and cared for. When they have passed this age they are assigned to their different departments, but are never sold before this time, for a baby troubles as have our own little baby troubles as do our own little ones.

So great is the fad for expensive and high bred dogs that in the past few years it has been found necessary to open a hospital for the care of aristocratic canines.

The first of these hospitals was quite an innovation, for to the general public a dog is only a dog, and most folk think it ought to be able to care for itself.

That such a place was really needed has been proved, for in the past three years eight or nine such places have been opened and are now doing a good business.

These institutions resemble more closely hospitals for the care of human beings than any of the other animal sanitariums.

Clinics are held daily, and every sick dog in town is welcome. If his owner has the price of separate treatment he must pay, but if not there is a good deal of a charitable spirit to be found. A sick dog does not have to have a pedigree before he can receive treatment; the fact that he is sick is quite enough for the doctors.

A thousand dollar dog that once may have died from unknown causes, may now be saved because science has taken him into account to a surprising degree.

Only recently a \$10,000 "beauty," with a wide muzzle, bowed legs and

an exceedingly short nose, was operated on for the removal of a tumor. At present he is resting in the convalescent ward and is being fed on all the delicacies of the market.

There are more dogs in the fever ward than in any other. They are there for the same reason many men are laid up with the gout; they are overfed, pampered, too well taken care of—*for dogs*.

A pet that eats candy all day long, as many lap dogs do, is certain to have a fever, so off he is sent to the hospital for a thorough dieting. Once there, he may howl his little head off for the sweets he has been used to re-ceiving at home, but sary a candy can he coax from the doctors.

When a dog is nervous, and there are many such in the hospital, he is fed on bromides. There is a ward set aside for victims of nervous prostration, worn out by the duties of society and the rush of life in the metropolis, and these dogs lie back and take their ease with all the security that belongs to their aristocratic breeding.

The position of the hospitals given over to the care of cats is also interesting. Many beautiful Angora cats are sent to the hospital to have their nails manicured that their scratches may not be so deep.

Bad teeth are common to cats, and it is pitiful indeed to hear their wails as the tender tooth is being treated or extracted.

Every animal in the hospital is bathed before it can leave the hospital. This sounds easy, but like a great many other things is not half so simple an operation as it seems.

Why is a blackcat always spoken of in tones of doyt? Why can't it be a grey or whitest that is an object of suspicion? Why wherever there is a blackcat must there be a

disturbance? Perhaps tradition and Edgar Allan Poe may have something to do with this state of affairs.

However that may be there was a black cat in the hospital and it was about to be sent home. This feline had fallen from a sixth storey window, and had broken a few bones. Thanks to the doctors, he was mended now, but still retained a few of his original peculiarities, to wit: four toes on one foot, six on another and a little cast in his eye. All in all he was a most wondrous cat.

When the bath was ready the attendant brought the cat down stairs. He placed him in the water, whereupon the cat immediately seemed to entertain a difference of opinion from that of the men in the hospital. First he "meowed," then he scratched, then he lay very still. The doctor took courage and looked on with a certain amount of comfort, while the cat was soaped and lathered into a state of slipperiness that would do credit to a banana peel. Suddenly the cat straightened his body and then shot like a dart out of the attendant's hands; a streak of cat, soap and water few past the attendants. As soon as they could collect their scattered senses they started in pursuit of the flying patient.

Up stairs and down, behind kennels and under them, in the kitchen and office, from garret to cellar that cat was chased. Finally he took refuge in a waste pipe, and had not one six-toed paw protruded from the pipe he might not have been discovered. As it did, he was dragged out, a quivering, snarling rebel, and a new turn in the tub left him cleaner and conquered.

Sometimes one may wait all day to hear what the "dicky bird says," and then be none the wiser. This may be because he is a sick little bird

and can do nothing but "put his head under his wing, poor thing!" There is a place in town where sick birds may be made well. It is just like a trip to the south for them, and they come home as chipper and well as you please. A bird needs a vacation just as much as a human being does. A bird hospital is a tremendously noisy place. The incessant singing of hundreds of birds and the shrill, high pitched voices, pierce the ear like a sharp lance.

Birds suffer more from broken legs than anything else. Their slender legs are caught in the wires of the cages and in their effort to get free they snap the bone. This means the hospital; here the birds are bandaged and carefully protected from draughts. Then, too, while the leg is mending he is fed things that will improve his voice. Really after all, when a bird breaks his leg it gives him a good chance to rest.

Birds are particularly courageous; a little brown thrush had three tumors removed from its throat. They were about the size of a small hazel nut, and it would have been hardly possible to think them in so delicate a little throat. Not a single chirp of complaint did the bird give vent to, and when all was done and over he looked a pretty sick little bird with his throat all handaged in white gauze.

In Grand street there is a hospital for fishes. There are many valuable fishes in New York owned by private individuals. When they are sick they are either sent to the Grand street hospital or the fish doctor calls at the house.

In the cellar of the fish store there

are tanks containing thousands of tiny gold fish. These fish are raised and sold to the smaller dealers. The tanks are emptied and filled with fresh stock almost every day, for the fish are shipped to all parts of the United States.

Many things can befall a fish. There is a parasite in the water that fastens itself to the scales, and rapidly breeds until the fish is literally covered with it. The fish is put into salt water and practically disinfected.

Fungus growths grow on the fins; these must be removed or they will soon kill the fish. This is a delicate operation and many times performed with a pair of small manicure scissors. It is best never to try to dip a fish's fins yourself.

Many people returning from Florida bring baby alligators with them. In the Grand Street Sanitarium there are many sick baby alligators. In the first place people do not know how to feed these curious pets; their food must be absolutely fresh and carefully prepared. Sometimes it is necessary to pry their mouths open and force finely chopped steak down their throats.

Callosities often have to be removed from the stomachs of alligators that are kept in captivity. The little fellow crawls over the coals in the house and wears a callos, which will become a corn, and should be removed at once.

It is the unnatural surrounding, the confinement to house or in a cage, that brings most of the ills to animals, in fact it is a case of too much civilization. So, just let your dog be a dog. That's all.

## The Coal Trust and Its Origin

BY HARTLEY DAVIS IN EVERYBODY'S

The strike of miners recently declared in the anthracite coal districts, brings the coal trust into unenviable prominence. After careful investigation the writer of the article from which the following sentences has been extracted, feels that the coal trust, though only six years old, is the most perfect of all monopolies. It controls the labor and supply of the world, owns the railroads that transport it, and holds in the hollow of his hand the destinies of the continent.

IN a strip of land in northeastern Pennsylvania, 125 miles long and 33 miles wide—an area of 560 square miles—is the anthracite coal supply of the whole world. This country of green-chad hills, of lovely, fertile valleys, has been transformed into a Land of Perpetual Shadow. The smiling face of nature has been scarred by gaping wounds, disfigured by the huge excrescences of culm-piles.

The gold mines of the whole earth are of lesser value than the brittle carbon that some cosmic caprice once thrust beneath the surface of this narrow little stretch of mountain country. Statisticians will tell you that in 1904 the world produced a gold supply of 350 millions—but each year coal is torn from the heart of the anthracite country to the value of 360 millions. The results of a single financier's obtaining control of all the sources of the gold supply are almost beyond conjecture. Yet this is what has already happened to the coal industry, which is now under absolute one-man rule. The Coal Trust has as yet a grotesque sound to our slow-learning ears. But there openly exists a Coal Trust, and to-day our country shelters—and legally protects—no more formidable force.

A curious dispensation of nature which placed one of the world's most valuable sources of wealth where a handful of men could possess it has made of the hard coal region "a limited natural monopoly." The Coal Trust which has seized upon this great natural opportunity is an un-

limited commercial monopoly, the most nearly perfect, the most secure, that has ever existed. Its foundations are half a mile deep in the bowels of the earth. It is so firmly grounded that it has little to fear save its own greed and the remote possibility of Government ownership.

The Coal Trust is a scant half-dozen years old. Yet it owns eighty-three per cent. of the coal in the ground, and controls ninety-eight per cent.; it owns a perpetual franchise to mine and distribute; it owns the labor of thousands of men and boys; it owns the men who used to be known as "independent operators," then as "operators" merely; it owns the railroads that transport the coal, it owns the selling machinery. It decides how much coal shall be taken from the ground, where it shall be shipped and how, what the carrying charges shall be, and the selling price. It can foretell what the minimum price will be five years from now in New York or at a way station in Minnesota. The maximum price it would not predict, for that depends upon "economic conditions"; meaning, in this instance, the ability of the public to pay. Actually the trust has perverted a system whereby the price of a million tons delivered in New York or half a wagon-load sold a farmer from an elevator at a way station on the prairies of North Dakota is fixed with equal certainty and rigidity. It determines the exact profit both of the New York wholesaler and of the little retailer in the

smallest community. It knows every item of cost down to the fraction of a cent, from the mine to the consumer's coal bin. Those poor, ignorant dealers who labored under the foolish delusion that they had a right to do business as they saw fit, and who sought to augment their total profits by cutting prices to increase sales, have swiftly been shown the error of their ways. The monopoly has simply cut off their supply of coal and driven them out of business. Already this gigantic trust has taken from the people eighty millions of dollars more than could have been collected had the combination not been effective.

The Coal Trust, which owns outright more than four-fifths of all the unmined coal and controls all but two per cent. of it through the coal-purchase contracts, is made up of nine railroads that enter the anthracite coal fields. The Reading Company, a holding corporation, leases the Lehigh Valley Railroad and owns the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad and the Central Railroad of New Jersey, in addition to great operating properties like the Philadelphia Coal & Iron Company. The Reading, under the direction of George F. Baer, dominates the situation. It owns sixty-three per cent. of all the hard coal. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad is a powerful factor in the situation. After thirty years of bitter fighting it has come into the combination, its president, W. H. Truesdale, being in perfect accord with Mr. Baer. There is a bond of union between the Reading and the Erie, which owns the New York, Susquehanna & Western and which is the third important factor in the trust, in J. Pierpont Morgan, who has enormous interests in both companies. The Pennsylvania Railroad has acted in concert with the Reading in all

hard coal matters for a quarter of a century and has never had to meet the competition the others have fought. The Delaware & Hudson, strong in its prosperity, has always been most conservatively managed, and it gladly embraced the trust plan. The New York, Ontario & Western, now owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and least important of the hard coal carriers, completes the list of the immediate interests in the Coal Trust.

The concentration of the anthracite industry under a single control represents the inevitable working out of the economic forces that for half a century have been dominant in American life. It is the old story, in a new setting, of the downfall of the warring feudal barons and the rise of the central power of the king. The subjugation of the independent operators and the bringing of the railroads under a single control have made for economy, for system, and for peace, but they have vastly and dangerously increased the power of one man, George Franklin Baer, who is the centre of a powerful group.

The anthracite region was originally given over to farming. The best coal lands were the best farming lands. At first, coal was taken from the ground at comparatively little expense. Thrifty farmers turned from tilling the soil to the more profitable business of wresting the black diamonds from it. Sometimes it was only necessary to remove the surface soil to uncover great deposits, a process known as stripping. Others tunneled and took out coal from the grass roots. Men who had learned of the wealth of the region from working in the mines secured options on lands adjoining, and with these as security procured money to work them.

There were veins seventy feet thick waiting to be tapped, veins of the finest coal. It is of record that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth were taken from an area of a few acres. In those early days the great demand was for lump coal, coal in huge pieces just as it is taken from the ground; this was used for making steel and on steamboats.

Early in the history of the industry the custom of leasing coal lands on royalty was generally favored. This was because those anxious to operate mines often lacked capital and were disinclined to buy property when they were not sure about the amount of coal available. Another reason was the thrift of the owners of the property. For leasing land on royalty seemed to insure larger returns than operating the mines. In scores of instances, landowners saved their royalties to open mines themselves, thus becoming operators; and the necessity for gaining practical knowledge with possession induced them to offer miners opportunities to come in on a partnership basis.

The great firm of Cox & Co. which was the strongest of the independent operators and which owned its own railroad, had its foundation in the ownership of big farms under which were vast deposits of coal. The elder Cox leased a part of his land. With an eye to the future he sent his sons to Germany for a fine technical education. On their return the sons decided that it would be far more profitable to operate mines than to lease them, and they grew into great power and wealth.

We must for a moment revert to the period when there were no railroads whatever in the anthracite field. At that time it was merely a land of farms, of forests and steep hills, and even after the wealth that lay be-

neath the surface was disclosed, it was difficult to get carriers to come into the region. The Union Canal, the first of these, was thirty-seven years in the building, and some twenty-six lottery schemes were employed to raise the necessary funds. The Delaware & Hudson Canal came next. But hard coal had developed slowly; it was difficult to educate people to the point of using it. By 1840, however, the shipments reached a million tons, and the magic of a million provoked an orgy of construction so furious that by 1847 there were no fewer than twenty common carriers in the field, with not enough coal being shipped to support half of them. And from that time dates the conflict that has continued with greater or less violence for fifty years.

No sooner did a railroad tap a field with a large output than it exacted the highest rates it could collect. This proceeding would attract a rival and there being insufficient tonnage to support two railroads, one had to be driven to the wall. Over and over again this stupid and brutal battle was fought. The enormous profit that the high tonnage rates made possible was ever an irresistible lure. Even those roads that had to meet competition were sure of rich returns. Extermination was the rule, as it is still.

The attitude of coal-carrying roads was clearly shown in the statement made by the president of the Philadelphia & Reading as far back as 1869. He told an inquiring Pennsylvania legislative committee that his road had a perfect right to charge \$3.43 a ton for a haul of ninety-three miles and that it would be justified in charging twice or three times as much if it could get it, an attitude that prevails to this day. When it is recalled that the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western during a considera-



ble period charged and collected \$2 a ton for a haul of nine miles, the claim made by the earlier financier seems modest enough.

Great financial disasters were of course during all this time the inevitable accompaniment of fortune-building. As new roads forced themselves into the field and the established ones penetrated each other's territory, they fought it out in a dog-eat-dog fashion. The weaker roads, living from hand to mouth, had to have traffic, which meant coal, for there was no other freight. The easiest way to get it was by cutting rates, starting a struggle that ended when the weaker road was forced to sell out to its rival or go into bankruptcy. Not infrequently both were made bankrupt and a third railroad gobbled them up. The victorious carrier straightway tried to recoup by demanding extortionate rates, thus inviting repetition of familiar disaster.

The consequences of this cut-throat warfare are clearly shown by the fact that of the twenty-five or thirty railroad lines entering the hard coal region, only three escaped absorption or bankruptcy, and two of the three roads which are now most powerful in the trust were themselves bankrupt a large part of the time.

Perhaps nothing can be said in defence of the course of these competing railroads except that, sportsmanlike, they consciously ran a great risk. But the operators, who played a mighty important part in these struggles and

were piling up fabulous treasures in their own private coffers, did so at no risk whatever. For no possibility could their supply, their labor, or their market fail them. No easier way of "making money," some more gossamerly safe, could be imagined. And they were responsible to no one. Even though coal was often sold under what was believed to be the actual cost of mining and transporting it, the operator's profits was inviolate and secure. And this was brought about in the following fashion:

It was the operators' practice, at which the railroads loudly protested, to maintain an output largely in excess of the demand. It is true that the railroads, in their greed for tonnage, virtually encouraged a maximum output; but it is also true that the operators needed no such encouragement. For the substantial bulk of their profit was made from cheerful robbery of the mine workers, who were the only factor in this titanic struggle that had at this time no adequate weapons of defence. The other contestants on this grimy battle-field fought, adroitly, cruelly, for wealth and power; the mine workers fought, crudely, blindly, for life itself. It was a strife of pitiful inequalities—but the public economic conscience was then in embryo. Nobody protested that the miners were paid cruelly low wages; or that these wages were afterward dexterously withdrawn by such devices as the "company store" and the "company house."

## A Young Man's Chances in Railroad Work

BY H. C. FOWLER IN WORKERS' MAGAZINE.

According to this writer and to the opinions of railroad men whom he quotes, the operating department of a railroad not only possesses a good opportunity for advancement. The young man who enters it should not only possess a good education, but should have some mechanical ability as well. Mr. Fowler gives useful statistics as to the remuneration in different branches of railroad work.

WITH the exception of a few presidents, who are chosen solely for their financial ability, substantially all railroad men began at the bottom or close to the bottom, and worked up. Railroading, perhaps more than any other calling, requires specific knowledge and experience. It is a special business, and the ordinary business man, successful along general lines, can not immediately adapt himself to railroad conditions.

The principal railroad officials are well paid, their salaries ranging from a few thousand dollars to as much as \$100,000 a year. This higher figure, however, has never been paid to more than a few railroad presidents. (Comparatively few presidents of railroads receive less than \$5,000 a year, and \$10,000 is by no means an unusual figure; in fact, there are quite a number drawing salaries in excess of \$25,000.)

The average salary enjoyed by the railroad official whose position is not relatively lower than that of the general passenger and ticket agent, is not far from \$5,000, and it is doubtful if any competent head of a responsible department ever receives less than \$1,500. Railroad clerks and other employes receive salaries similar to those paid by the regular mercantile houses. They have, up to a certain point, the same opportunity for advancement as is enjoyed by those occupying similar positions in general business. But the clerical railroad employe has little chance of

becoming a factor in the controlling ownership, as this is likely to be held by capitalists.

Success in railroading depends either upon great mechanical or disciplinary ability, or upon extraordinary business capacity. The heads and subheads of the operating department are men of unusual ability. They are specialists, possessors of mechanical skillfulness, and if in charge of many workers are natural controllers of men. They know how to work themselves, and how to direct the labors of others.

Comparatively few railroad men are promoted unless they deserve advancement. While favoritism may be in evidence occasionally, it is seldom, indeed, that a "favorite" without ability gets ahead of a person of real ability. Every operating railroad man is a specialist, and differs from the rank and file of ordinary business men. His success depends upon his ability and training along certain lines.

The boy who intends to enter the clerical side of railroading needs the same preparation as he does to take up any regular business, although some mechanical knowledge, even in the clerical department, will not come amiss. But the boy who intends to go into one of the operating departments, and this offers the greatest opportunity, needs to be equipped with a liberal and broad technical education. From the common or high school he should pass into some institute of technology, and graduate.

Promotion in the operating department is impossible without experience and a strong, rugged, broad, general technical education exhilarates experience and widens its capacity.

A well educated boy stands a many times better chance of advancement than does the boy who enters the operating department from the common school without any definite knowledge of mechanics. The successful railroad official is an educated man. It takes less time and costs less to receive education when one is in the receptive educational state than to acquire it after one has started his career.

I would not advise any boy to enter the operating side of railroading who is not naturally of a mechanical turn of mind and who is unable to obtain a thorough mechanical education. If he has no mechanical ability he will not rise much above the lower levels.

The boy, properly school trained, can absorb experience and utilize it much more quickly than one who never had a school training. But the boy with only a school training has little in the way of asset. He simply is in a position to advance more rapidly.

Railroad locomotive engineers are paid as high as \$2,000 a year, and from that the salaries grade down to \$700 and \$800 for drivers of freight and switch engines. Passenger conductors receive from \$1,000 to \$1,200 and brakemen from \$700 to \$800. Freight conductors are paid about \$850. Conductors, as a rule, begin as brakemen, this experience being extremely valuable to them. The engineer usually develops from the fireman, and most firemen start in as wipers or as roundhouse helpers.

Superintendents usually rise from some subordinate position, often the lowest. There are many of command-

ing position and of enormous capacity, who began as firemen, as workers in the roundhouse, or as mechanics in the repair shop. Ordinary mechanical ability, in the railroad business, is subject to reasonable promotion, but it is not likely to lift its possessor much above the head of a subordinate department, while extraordinary ability is pretty sure of reaping an adequate reward.

The railroad man is a man of action and a man of quick action, a man able to do in a minute, in safety, what men in other lines of work may require hours for execution. The lazy boy, even though he may be a mechanical genius, would better keep away from railroading.

To sum up, the clerical side of the railroad business offers good opportunity, but probably not so much as does the clerical side of the mercantile business. The operating department usually presents good opportunities to the boys of mechanical capacity, who are able to master their ability and to utilize it, and who, moreover, are natural workers and willing to work hard.

The slow boy has no business in the railroad business, nor has the quick boy, if his rapidly is not under the control of dependable discretion.

O. W. Ruggles, general passenger and ticket agent of the Michigan Central Railroad, says: "I would not advise a boy who contemplates making railroading his life work, and who already has selected the operating or mechanical department, to enter any other. First, because his tastes and inclination should govern his choice; and, second, because there is a wider demand now and will be in the future not only for mechanical ability and engineering talent but for men capable of handling freight—which is the chief business of the railroads—of

routing and billing over an intricate system of railroads from one part of the country to another, and capable also of dealing with the complicated question of rates, which in itself is said to rank as a profession. These duties are, of course, widely dissimilar, sometimes requiring clerical and executive ability, with a thorough knowledge of geography and of book-keeping as a foundation, and in the operating department a sound training in mechanics, coupled with an ability to handle men.

"I would not advise a boy against entering other than the mechanical or operating departments of railroad business. There are no particular disadvantages in any of the departments of railroad work, except as affected by the temperament of the young man. If he feels that he is fitted for the freight department, or for the passenger department, and is determined to make his way in the path chosen, by close application and hard study of all the conditions and problems involved, he will, in all probability, make a success of his work; but he should not select the one because he wishes to 'boss' a large number of men, or the other because he would like to wear good clothes. He will find plenty of good hard work in either position, but if he is determined to learn the business from the bottom, and overcome all obstacles, he will be almost certain to find a career which will at least give him a certain and comfortable livelihood, and may bring him both fame and fortune."

Roswell Miller, chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, says: "The principal advantages of the railway business consist in the fact that there are not enough men in it who are capable of filling the best posi-

tions. There always is room for those who have ability enough to fill a high position. And, aside from merely clerical positions, there is something more than ordinarily interesting in the work which makes it absorbing, and success is, therefore, more likely.

"The principal disadvantages are the absorption of the individual. If he is successful he cannot do much else, day or night, week days or Sundays. So that in most cases the man who devotes himself to the railway business, and serves his company honestly, cannot at the same time acquire a large fortune, which he could do with the same amount of labor in other directions. Besides this, railroading, like many other pursuits, has many 'machine' pieces, which are filled by men who come to be merely machines."

W. J. Wilgus, vice-president of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, says: "To the young man of sound principles and good constitution, imbued with the intention to succeed the railroad offers a career that contains all of the rewards for which men can strive. There is probably no field so attractive as that of the railroad for the display of the strenuous qualities that, in less peaceful times, won success in the profession of arms. Financial returns and the honors of position are at the command of the young man of ability who is not afraid of hard work, and whose constant aim is the securing of the pleasure that comes from the accomplishment of work well done.

"The disadvantages in the field of railroading are long hours and the frequent subordination of social pleasures to the demands of duty."

J. W. Burdick, passenger traffic manager of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad Company, says: "My ad-

vice would depend upon my estimate of the boy's ability and promise. If he is made of the right stuff it is immaterial whether he enters the clerical or the operating department of a railroad. In either case, if his activities are sufficiently exercised in learning his business, he will either follow along the line of promotion or be extinguished, according to the es-

timate placed upon those activities by the management. I believe that the elements and probabilities of success are inherent in the boy himself and that the ultimate outcome is not materially influenced by the kind of work he takes up in the beginning if he is fitted by birth and education properly to perform the duties which come to his hand."

## Popular Fallacies of Speculation

BY THOMAS GIBSON IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE.

In the serious speculation there is a good deal of blind playing. Very few operators get any returns or earnings into their trading, and consequently fall down. They are content to accept well worn aphorisms, which are in reality mere fallacies.

THAT a majority of the speculators designated as "the public" lose money, is a notorious fact. They buy at the top and sell at the bottom; they make favorites of the worst stocks, and utterly neglect the best ones. They are seldom material gainers in an important advance, and are invariably losers in a collapse. The most remarkable feature of all is that they never seem to profit much by their experiences, and do not even attempt to discover why this deplorable state of affairs exists.

If a number of general traders were asked to give reasons for their repeated failures, they would probably attribute them to manipulation, lack of inside information, etc. Mere interested observers on being asked the same question gravely reply that the public loses money on account of buying at high prices; but this explanation is valueless unless accompanied with the reason why they buy at high prices.

The fact of the matter is that

most speculative losses may be traced to the absence of anything remotely resembling clear reasoning or intelligent research. The speculator begins wrong; he assumes that he must depend upon tips or chance for his success, or, worse still, forms wrong conclusions from superficial appearances or personal prejudices. The successful trader, on the other hand, goes behind appearances, and has no prejudices. He gets to the bottom of the matter. The "inside information" and manipulation on which he is popularly supposed to base his success exist largely in the imagination of unsophisticated people. True, many movements are assisted by manipulation, and some depend upon it entirely, but in most cases there is another and more solid basis than the mere operation of the machinery of the Exchange. Again, a purely speculative movement depends largely upon the mistaken attitude of the public itself.

The public must be arrayed on the wrong side: it is impossible to

manipulate successfully with no one to manipulate against. There must be money in sight.

So vague is the general understanding as to what is necessary to a successful campaign on the part of insiders, and so fixed is the idea of mystery and intricacy, that any attempt to approach the subject from a logical or analytical standpoint is usually greeted with a smile of derision, and yet the difference between the best trader and the poorest is mainly a mental one. It is not meant to say that the unsuccessful traders are incapable of clear reasoning,—some of them are capable enough, but they make no attempt to reason.

To illustrate this: At the outbreak of the late Russo-Japanese war a certain Chicago Board of Trade house with a large clientele pointed out the fact in their daily letter that this particular war was not a bull argument on wheat because "one country was an exporter and the other a non-consumer of wheat." The euphonious sentence was widely quoted as a good argument. It was simply accepted without analysis. A little reflection makes its fallacy apparent. The reduction of supply at any point is a legitimate argument for higher prices. There is that much less wheat in the world. It would be just as intelligent to state that a handful of grain could be taken from a peck measure without reducing the contents. As untenable as such reasoning appears, it is only a fair sample of the basic arguments upon which men capable of better things hazard their money.

But perhaps it will be said that the case pointed out would have deceived only the most unsophisticated

ed; it may appear in this light because of being accompanied by an immediate exposure. Let us consider another case so well known and widely accepted as to be almost axiomatic: "Limit your losses and let your profits run," is considered an excellent motto by many traders, even experienced ones, and yet if the principle involved is subjected to a little scrutiny, it resolves itself into an inconsequential figment.

The trader who adopts this method must admit, to begin with, that he is merely gambling without any idea of what he is about. He buys or sells on the principle that if he is right he will take a large profit, and if he is wrong, he will take a small loss. A tempting proposition on its face, but founded on exactly the same basis as betting on "long shots" in a horse race.

And here a brief digression is warranted. It is probable that, guided by the suggestions offered above, many readers will be able to lay this article aside, and, by a little reflection, uncover for themselves the weakness of the "long-profit and short-loss" theory without recourse to the exposure which follows. If this is the case it is a timely and convincing proof of the contention already made that it is a lack of directed effort rather than inability which takes the speculator into crooked by-paths.

To contend that there is any inherent quality in the stock market, when considered as a mere gambling machine, which would cause it to produce one profit of ten points more frequently than ten losses of one point each, is to overthrow the entire calculus of probabilities. If such were the case, the entire problem of successful speculation would be

solved. The trader could leave certain instructions as to his operations, and go about his business with a surety of ultimate profit.

Perhaps the votaries of this method will object to so broad an application, and point out that they do not so utilize the rule, but that they employ it for purchases on the eve of a probable advance of considerable proportions. This is amusing; if an advance were probable, how ridiculous to buy at a certain point, and sell at a point where purchases are still more desirable. It would appear that if the system possessed any merit at all it would be most useful at high prices, when purchases were being made in the hope of a purely speculative advance, and losses limited as a precaution in the event of its not appearing. This view of the case may be dismissed by saying that no one has any business speculating on any such premises.

Twist the spothorn as you will, it cannot be made to conform with reason. It is one of a long series of errors which lie in the path of the speculator because of his failure to think correctly, or to dissect the statements which are offered for his edification. The numerous rules and theories which tend to supplant good reasons for purchases and sales with merely mechanical gambling systems, are one and all of exactly as much use as the systems employed by certain faro-bank players or other gamblers.

In every brokerage office may be found individuals laboriously keeping records of figures and movements for the purpose of forming charts and systems. These deluded people work hard at their compilations; they lose their money, and in some

cases the money of their friends, in pursuing an ignis fatuus. There is nothing to laugh at—it is too bad.

One of the most serious errors made by the business man who speculates occasionally is the entire misunderstanding, or one might better say, the misapplication of the word "speculation." To talk of speculating on the present is a paradox, a flat contradiction of terms, but, nevertheless, the principal reason for general public purchases at high prices is that people base their purchases on what is now self-evident, rather than on future probabilities. The publication of splendid earnings, the existence of good general conditions, and the activity of quotations at high prices attract the cliff-dwellers to the market after all the prosperity has been discounted, or more than discounted in current prices. The true speculator would foresee such a state of affairs, and buy in advance of such announcements. The point at which the public is attracted is, if anything, the place to sell, for every period of high prices will be followed in time by a period of low ones. And as the public traders buy at the top, it naturally follows that they sell at the bottom, for at low prices the signs of prosperity which incited purchasers are supplanted by bluesiness and general depression.

Thus, a great many people do not speculate at all; they merely act on what is before them, not on what the future holds.

Do you think for an instant that this ill-founded form of operations is confined to the small fry? Not at all! Good appearances bring to the market business men and bankers in great numbers.

And the semi-professional specu-

lators, that large class who year after year devote their income and capital to an unsuccessful attempt to make a permanent gain, until at length they are incapacitated or disgusted—they also suffer from incomplete and incorrect reasoning. These men pride themselves on being posted, but in most cases their knowledge is of a jug-handle sort. They are students either of values, or of technicalities, seldom of both.

To be more explicit, there are two classes of these semi-professional traders, one operating on intrinsic valuation, regardless of surrounding conditions, and the other doing just the reverse. They may be compared on the one hand with the theorist who understands the philosophy of steam, but knows nothing of the practical working of an engine, and, on the other, to the practical engineer who knows nothing of the philosophy of steam. A thorough understanding of both is essential to a high degree of proficiency.

As an illustration of the difficulties encountered by the first class, the recent movements in Steel Preferred form a good example. This stock is named merely because its movements happen to be best reconciled by the general trader. The student of values bought the stock because he believed it to be cheap at 75; and so it was, but what followed? The stock subsequently sold under 50, and was, therefore, a bad speculative purchase at 75. (Investment is not here discussed.) Had the purchaser known, or taken the trouble to inform himself that the stock was largely in public, i.e., weak hands, and applied to this knowledge the reflection that it was highly improbable that any considerable advance would occur under such

circumstances, but that every means would be used to dislodge these holdings—he would have been constrained to wait, would have refrained from making his purchases until it was apparent that the public had parted with steel stocks. This period was in no way obscured from view, for after Steel Preferred had sold at 40½ and recovered to 65, there was not a brokerage office in the United States which did not have short commitments in this stock, and very few long ones. At this stage it would not require much profundity to deduce that if the public had parted with their holdings they must perform best in strong hands, and following this with the simple question, "What is now to be accomplished?" the correct solution would have been apparent. So far as the value of the shares was concerned, there was never a time when an intelligent investigator could have found any rooms to question their value. The public cried "watered stock," "ruined business," etc., without the faintest idea what they were talking about.

And the "tape-readers" are no better off. They believe that by the adoption of certain methods, and by the observation of market action they can make money speculating. A few of them succeed, but it would not be amiss to hazard a guess that even these few do not confine their operations to "tape-reading," but have good ideas of values.

Knowledge of values is absolutely essential. No amount of subsidiary knowledge will do, not even if it includes correct information as to the position of shares. The great professionals are not omnipotent; sometimes they are caught in a position which they cannot abandon. It is

not enough to know that stocks are well located, nor is it enough to know that they are cheap. It is necessary that both these things should be known.

"The ticker never lies," say the tape-readers. It lies horribly. The same appearances which mark the beginning and upward progress of a bull market are present in an exaggerated form at its culmination. So long as the tape-reader is operating with the long swing of the market he is all right, but as he never sees the top, he generally manages to get loaded up with a considerable line at high prices. And here enters an element of human weakness which is wholly unphilosophical, but very prevalent. Nine men out of ten who find themselves committed to a losing position will stubbornly refuse to alter or abandon it. They cannot, or will not, accept a loss until forced to do so, even if the reasons for their original purchases have been cancelled, or reversed. A few traders school themselves so rigidly as to overcome this defect, and are able to sell and buy regardless of profit or loss, but they are exceptions.

The "one-idea" man is another public loser. He buys his favorite commodity at a certain price, without regard to the trend of the market. It must be admitted that prices of stocks move from one extreme to the other, and that while a stock might be a good enough purchase at par on the upward swing, it would be a very poor one at the same price in a period of decline.

It is well to know what has happened in the past; in fact, it is essential, but the knowledge must be used intelligently. Complete analogy is valuable, imperfect analogy is use-

less. To know that a certain stock is in strong hands at a price below its value is a case where what happened before may be confidently expected to happen again, but to merely know that a stock is now selling as low as it sold in last year's decline is of no use whatever.

There is a general idea that the affairs of speculation are too intricate, too mysterious for solution by the ordinary mind. But this opinion is premature. There is more or less intricacy, it is true, but it is submitted that an understanding of such intricacy is necessary to success, and, furthermore, the most intricate machine appears simple enough to the man who knows all its parts and their application. If any individual honestly tries to understand the matter and fails, he should abandon ventures entirely.

There is no basis for success but knowledge. There is a false appearance of profundity about the subject considered in toto which disappears when each question is separated and examined.

It is not claimed that the matter in this article contains any individual illustrations or statements of particular value to the speculator. The object sought is to direct attention to the necessity of injecting the unusual element of reason into speculative operations, to stimulate right thinking, and to give impressiveness to the statement that each man must go to the last analysis of his subject before venturing his money.

The contention is made that not one single permanent success has ever been made speculatively through chance, through tips, or by any other method than experience and careful analysis. As to the difficulty of

reaching the necessary degree of proficiency, it is believed that there are men of sound judgment and sufficient experience operating to-day, who, by discarding the accepted fallacies bearing on the subject, obliterating

entirely the illusion of hope, and accepting nothing on faith, would find themselves, step by step, arriving at correct conclusions with a facility and accuracy which would surprise no one so much as themselves.

## Secret Service in Big Hotels

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

Every large metropolitan hotel has an elaborate criminal investigation department of its own, with a staff of skilled detectives ever on the watch for suspicious characters. Their divisions pass as guards of the hotel, and in many cases their strictly confidential work is done in plain clothes.

THE secret service department of a large hotel is a necessary and most important part of its organization. To a large extent, the guests are dependent upon it for the safety of their property, and even of their lives.

It is a criminal investigation department in itself, and only when all its resources have failed, or when it is absolutely necessary that the police should know of any breach of the peace or law that has been committed within the hotel's walls, are they informed and asked for assistance. Yet, despite this, the hotel secret service department works hand-in-hand with the police so far as supplying particulars of any of its visitors or residents is concerned.

Not every intelligent and educated person makes a successful spy. Added to a liking for deductive analysis, he must have the polished air of a traveled man-of-the-world, and the tact and care of a diplomat.

Consisting of at least two persons—most of the huge London hotels usually employ four, one of whom, perhaps, is a lady—the members of the secret service department may not be known to the hotel servants or even to each other.

They appear to be just ordinary guests of the hotel. Their bills of expenses are given to them, and they are paid by them as if they were merely casual sojourners. When there is little doing they hobnob with the latest arrived millionaire and the usual crowd of well-dressed men who frequent the smoking and billiard rooms of the palatial establishment.

Indeed, it is in these places, and at the most unexpected moments, that a chance word, a mere accidental action, has been the means of sending many a smooth-tongued card-sharper or a swell cracksmen to a prison cell, or to hurriedly search elsewhere for quarters.

To further keep up the illusion that the members of the secret service department are nothing more than ordinary visitors, some hotels change their spies for a time. The reason for this will be explained later.

In at least one big London hotel, however, is a member of the secret service department of whose services the proprietors fear to be deprived. He is far too valuable to them.

### An Artist in Uniform.

Though dressed in the ordinary uniform of an hotel porter, with an

office in the entrance hall, he is a cunning draughtsman, and not a single visitor to the hotel passes his little glass window without his features, his distinguishing characteristics, and a description of his attire are faithfully set down.

Many a rogue has been tracked by these rough, impressionistic sketches, and many a wealthy and careless person has reason to sing their praises.

There is, of course, a head to the detectives. He is in close touch with the manager, to whom all complaints and particulars of thefts are made by residents.

The chief spy, usually an elderly man with a varied and world-wide experience in the investigation of all kinds of crime, records in diaries, and index-books, particulars of these complaints, no matter how trivial. He gives all instructions to his men, advises them what course to take, and records all the details they have gathered by investigation, research, or by chance conversation or observation in the public rooms.

He, too, is in telephonic communication with his men, so that one can be aroused, if necessity demands it, in the middle of the night and dispatched upon an errand of investigation.

#### A Man is Known by His Luggage.

It is a rule in the secret service department that only those guests of the hotel who are known by long experience or by repute to need no careful surveillance are exempt from it. Only by such means are the interests of all guests properly protected. Until their actions or investigation proves them to be otherwise, little known or unknown visitors are regarded as "doubtful." This class may subsequently be divided into "O.K." ("all right"),

"still doubtful," and "dangerous" sections. Naturally, the "dangerous" section are given the greatest amount of attention.

All new arrivals are carefully shadowed during the first few days they take up residence at the hotel. Those staying but a night or so are ignored unless their action warrant suspicion. It is easy to discover what class of person a guest is by the places he visits and the company he keeps during the first few hours of arrival. His luggage, particularly their labels, outfit, servants, if any, and all details noticed by trained observation are given to and recorded by the head spy. Thus a good idea of a guest's degree of wealth, personal character, and other individualities is obtained before he has sat down to a first meal at the hotel.

If, after, say, a couple of days' shadowing, he is found, like the majority of guests, to be engaged merely in business or pleasure-seeking, he is put on the "O.K." list. Should he visit doubtful districts or be seen in the company of suspicious looking individuals, to say the least of them, he is regarded as "dangerous," while if, after the shadowing, the spy is not satisfied in his mind concerning the guests, he is put on the "doubtful" list.

By this simple process of shadowing new arrivals, scores of expert suspects are put on the street and "tabooed" by all the first-class hotels before they have been able to put into operation a single one of their cunning tricks.

There is a book kept at most big hotels for recording the names and addresses of all callers upon the hotel's guests. The visiting card they give the porter supplies these particulars, which are written down

by him on a paper slip, together with the time of his arrival. His time of departure is also noted.

To suspicious-looking callers and those visiting "dangerous" guests are given further attention. Each, as far as possible, is shadowed, and his place of residence and other useful particulars recorded in anticipation of any eventuality. With these precautions it is often-times possible, even when a theft has been committed with apparent success, to put a hand upon the astounded culprit before he has had time to dispose of the stolen property.

#### Goods Stolen at Night.

The thefts that give the secret department the greatest troubles are those which occur at night-time, and are evidently perpetrated by someone within the hotel.

Although the corridors are silently patrolled by a special night staff, the expert cracksmen, by a turn of his skeleton key, is at once in the room where the wealthy guest's jewels and valuables are lying carelessly at hand—he perhaps not having taken the precaution to bolt the door.

In less than five minutes, with property worth hundreds of pounds, the thief is back again in his room, and provided he does not give himself away by his subsequent movements, there is little hope of capturing him.

Mysterious thefts are sometimes perpetrated by the hotel servants themselves. It is for this reason that the members of the secret service department strive to remain unknown to them, and that they sometimes exchange places with men on the staffs

of other hotels. Changes are constantly being made in the ranks of maids, porters, and waiters, and this occasionally is made the opening for a member of a dangerous gang to commence their notorious business with little fear of detection.

#### A Life of Luxury.

Requiring most care of all, however, is the professional gambler, the unscrupulous man of means who lives by his wits, and very well, too, and who puts up at the best hotels at home and on the continent.

It is easy to see that he invariably wins, and that his prey is usually the youngest and most inexperienced of the wealthy guests, yet, unless his antecedents are known and brought to light, or he is detected in deliberately playing an unfair game, managers hesitate to openly accuse him. And knowing this, conscious also that he is being closely watched by the hotel spy, the rascal takes full advantage of the toleration, and eventually moves off to another hotel with an extra couple of hundred pounds or so in his pocket.

Altogether, the life of a hotel spy is a pleasant one. It is a jolly, luxurious life, with a spice of danger sometimes, and immense opportunities for character study of the affluent, much-traveled person.

He comes into close touch with many of the leading men in different parts of the world, and numbers countless friends and acquaintances, who little suspect that he is a paid official with orders to spy into their manner of life and character.

## Some Wonders of Yunnan

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE IN COGNELL.

The following extract from Mrs. Little's narrative of her journey from the Yangtze River in China, through the province of Yunnan, gives the reader some idea of the wonders of that strange, oriental country. The egg-coffins and the cliffs are two extraordinary features to which Mrs. Little refers.

THAT first climb into Yunnan will ever remain impressed upon my memory as one of the very sensational experiences of my life. But before that there had been other wonders. Before ever I had thought of coming out to China I had heard of the transit of the wax insects—which are horn as eggs on one tree in one province, and have to be carried by men to be placed on another kind of tree in another province—as one of its wonders, and there for days we had been nearly crowded off the road by these carriers. For twelve days men carry the eggs from Chaotungfu to near Kiating, carefully laid in little paper bags on trays, a layer of air, if possible, between the trays, in very lightly-made baskets, so as again to give free passage to the air, and well covered over with blue cotton to shield them from the sun, or, in the case of rain, with oil paper. Every night they all have to be spread out in the lanes, such a work for the poor tired coolies, who have been carrying them rather an extra distance all day! For it is most important to get the eggs on to the other trees before they are hatched, and for the same reason they have to be cooled down each night. Sixty packages go to a load of eighty coolies, and its value is estimated at thirty taels (£4 10s.), a great sum to be trusted to a struggling coolie, so a responsible man, armed with a sword, goes in charge of each little company.

The other great wonder of the road is the Coffins on the Cliffs! The road

as far as Chaotungfu, twelve days, was habitually so bad that it was enough to make any one cry getting a pony over it—to ride one was an impossibility very often—but I see in my diary I have marked the road on our sixth day out as specially bad. It was a bright, sunny day, with the thermometer at 77, but with a pleasant breeze, when we came upon a cliff on the left or distant bank of the river. There was a little cleft in its perpendicular surface, and, fixed into this, in a place perfectly inaccessible now, a coffin! I heard the men talking about it, and I saw it. Presently afterwards we came upon a river rushing out of a lofty yellow cavern with pendant stalactites, caves in the rock above it, a mountain over it. Then we came to a cliff with square holes in the face of the rock, like those of the celebrated ladder by which Mengliang led his army up the end of the Yangtze Gorges. And there again there were coffins, this time several coffins. At Lao Wa Tan, where we stopped for the night, the centre of the cliff-coffin district, there was a suspension bridge, a line one, and towers of defence also against the Mantse. Next day I saw limestone cliffs with caves in what seemed like inaccessible places, but with walls in front of them, and the whole cliff surface so honeycombed as to suggest subterranean passages, but the cliffs were always on the other side of the river, so that we could not get at them to examine them. But then came the wonder of wonders, the huge

limestone precipice of Tou Sha Kwan, where we slept the next night, 1,500 feet, I should say, but people who know it better say 2,000 feet high, and quite sheer from the swift, rushing river below. And there, fully one-third of the way up the face of the cliff, the only place where it would be possible, a ledge with at least eight or nine coffins. I could distinctly see with an opera-glass the square holes in the rock into which beams had been fixed to support them, and the beams that had fallen thence, and how the coffins now lay slanting, one on the top of the other, and how one, which had lost its lid, was apparently a tree hollowed out, presenting, I thought, a very narrow space for the corpse to lie in. But the marvel of marvels is, how were they ever got there. How did man ever get there? That, in itself, would be difficult enough; but how would it be possible even now to get coffins there? What was the idea in so doing? What was the forgotten race that had this strange fancy for burying its dead in inaccessible places? Strangely enough, I could never discern any of those ancient cave dwellings, carefully squared, with inner room and shelves, and simple but effective arrangement for "sporting your oak," of which there are such numbers in Szechuan. But it immediately returned to my mind that once the boatmen had pointed out to me what they called a coffin on the face of the cliff on the left bank of the Yangtze in the Witches' Gorge. I had thought then it could only be a bit of limestone that had taken the shape, because the place seemed quite inaccessible, and only looked at it to please the boatmen, but now it occurred to me could this also be a coffin? Then in the Bellows Gorge, the bellows that give their name to

it are very like those Yunnan rock coffins, and I remembered a boatman saying: "Of course it really is a coffin." Could this unknown race have extended so far in old days? And what had been the thoughts in their hearts as with incredible ingenuity and exertion they placed their dead in these impregnable rock sanctuaries? It seemed a place to sit down and think. Deep down below us the river we had followed for so many days was flowing, still swelling in the middle with excess of water, and swift but not rushing quite so much as its wont, and with a dull, mysterious air, preparing us already for its underground journey—Where Alph the sacred river ran, Through caverns measureless to man.

Then high up above soared the cliff, towards the top already catching some gleams of sunshine from the sun now emerging from behind the mountains, while in the distance we caught glimpses of the wild defile we were about to descend into—a temple to the goddess of Mercy, in a cave to our right, high up in it. There is an extraordinary variety of different races in Yunnan, and everywhere traces of hard fighting in the past, old and new watch-towers, ruins, fields thrown out of cultivation; but which of these races was it that had at one time dominated and thought out these grand sepulchres for its great men? For, of course, it can only have been the leaders who were so honored. In Mongolia last summer I remembered the great hillocks just upon the border, raised to the memory of forgotten kings, and recalled those grand lines—

My name is Orymandias, king of kings;

Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair,

written at the base of a monument in Egypt, where all trace of his works and of his life personality seem alike to have disappeared.

Here, at least, remain these coffins, with, it is to be supposed, the bones inside, though I have since heard that, in one case at least, a party of Chinese did last year succeed in reaching one set of coffins, and opening one, being afterwards very much rebuked therefor by the authorities. They, or rather some one, mounted. I have been told, upon a series of bamboo one upon the other with sticks fixed into them much like a steepjack. Of course, the Chinese have a very easy way of accounting for the position of these coffins; they say that in old days men had wings, adding that many wonderful things exist to this day in Yunnan. "Are not these very ch'if- full of monkeys?" Of that last, though, I am doubtful, not having seen any.

All the way along the vegetation was wonderfully varied, great Hoang-ko-shu (*Ficus infectoria*), the magnificent shade trees of Szechuan, changing their leaves, as I had never seen them do, sometimes all a most beautiful yellow, flashing golden in the sunshine, sometimes already in bright spring green livery, sometimes half and half, or, in part, still retaining last year's leaves, and wreathing "their old fantastic roofs so high" as to be scarcely credible; then ash trees, tall trees, innumerable fine walnut trees, Spanish chestnuts, and suddenly a great congregation of tall candelabra cactuses, presently formed into hedges by the wayside. Directly one comes into Yunnan one perceives a disposition to plant on either side of the way. Thus at times there are exquisite green lanes between overarching willows, or banksia or rambler roses, some double, and all

alike sweet. Then, after a while, we came upon exuberant wisteria, with miserable little flowers, though, and blue mimosa trees, and numbers of trees and flowers to which I could give no name.

But for days the road chiefly impressed itself upon me by the long procession of sufferers we passed on the way. They were bound for the same destination as ourselves, but so heavily weighted for getting up those awful hills. With their burdens attached to their backs by back-carriers they would pause, relieving themselves for a moment of the weight by means of the double-headed, iron-loaded crutch they carry with them for the purpose. With knitted brows, the mouth fallen open through suffering, the lower part of the body panting violently, they would gaze upon us as we passed, apparently unseeing, so much were they absorbed by their own exertions and consequent suffering. Carried past them, in a comfortable, open sedan chair, propped upon cushions, with a cloak to draw round me against the wind, and all manner of conveniences in different bags hung round the chair, it was impossible not to wonder, as so often in life, why some people from the outset, and by no fault of their own, seem set apart to groan under heavy burdens. Some of these burden-carriers were, alas! so young, and being as yet undeveloped, must thereby become misshapen. Those returning, and approaching the end of their—at the quickest—twenty-six days' journey, often five weeks, in many cases walked bent double. But, I think, what struck me the most was the way they went by us as unseeing, no speculation in their eyes on being confronted with what must have appeared to them such strange-looking barbarians.

Year in year out this long train of heavily-laden ones toils up the steep hills, sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees, a rise of a foot to each step, down steep descents, slippery after a rain shower, round abrupt corners, past which it is quite a feat to get a load without scraping it against the rock; and, after seeing this sad procession and thinking about it all for ten days on end, one feels as if any nation that could start a railway would be a benefactor to the human race, elevating man to being the tender upon a machine instead of, as now, doing all the brute, rough

work himself. Thinking of the jolly-looking porters at most English railway stations, and contrasting them with the quivering frames, the parted lips, and anguished expressions of these Chinese porters, one could not help feeling as if there must be a blessing upon whoever would undo the heavy burdens. How often is this forced home upon one in China, while one forgets the rivalry among European nations, the competition for the unopened markets, and thinks only of the immense, unspeakable benefits to be conferred upon the poor, suffering toilers of China!

## Providing for an Ocean Liner

BY HARRY SPENCER WARREN IN CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Provisioning an ocean liner, which must supply the many and varied wants of from two to three thousand persons for twenty or more days, is no small task. The arrangements required are exact descriptions and everything is made to work like clock-work.

THE work of providing for a liner carrying about three thousand persons over the Atlantic is prodigious, the more especially as every one's tastes, wants, and wishes are considered, and the cuisine is brought to a level with that of a first-class hotel. There is so much competition nowadays on the sea, as elsewhere, that all the companies make excellent arrangements for provisioning their boats, and to describe one is practically to describe them all, save that foreign companies cater specially for their own nationality.

The best known and oldest British company is the Cunard, a line founded upwards of sixty years ago to displace the krigs which occupied six or seven weeks upon the voyage. The company's first steamer carried sixty-three passengers and two hundred and twenty-five tons of cargo;

their present steamers carry from about two thousand to three thousand passengers, and an average of ten thousand tons of cargo! It is scarcely necessary to assert that the interiors of the boats are models of luxurious appointments, every one, in fact, being what may be termed an aristocrat of the sea.

We will suppose a would-be passenger applying to the Cunard Company for particulars of transit across the Atlantic. He is in the first place furnished with a sailing list, giving dates of departure, prices of bookings, and a declaration form which he must fill up and return. This enacts that any person who is blind, crippled, suffering from tuberculosis or contagious disease; who is a lunatic, child, or widow—or, in short, cannot support him or her self—is excluded from the United States un-



less he can prove that he will not become chargeable to the American authorities. Polygamists and those who have been in prison are also ineligible, and the greatest care is taken that none but persons in sound health are admitted as intending residents. Then the passenger has but to choose the class by which he will travel, and the rest is all plain sailing. In return for his deposit or full amount of passage, by which he secures a berth, he receives his ticket, number of berth and cabin, a supply of labels, and much helpful information. It may also be recorded that the company are always anxious to meet the wishes of their passengers as far as possible, and should a desire be expressed for a cabin in any particular part of the ship, that desire is met if practicable. If the passenger is traveling from any large centre to the place of embarkation, there is a special arrangement for the supply of train tickets at a reduced price; and the same applies to destinations beyond the landing port.

On the day of departure from London or any other terminus a special train will be found in readiness for the passengers, the thirds generally traveling either the day before or by night, as they must go on board early; the firsts and seconds leaving at a convenient hour in the morning. Every saloon passenger will find a reserved seat awaiting him, with a number affixed corresponding to that which he has previously received on his papers, and all luggage is taken possession of by the agents of the company, and labeled with the ship's name under their directions. From then until he arrives at the foreign port the passenger need not trouble himself further about his effects. That labeled "Cabin" is, on the arrival of the train, placed under or

on the passenger's berth, the heavy packages labeled "Not wanted" disappearing into the hold. The special train runs right down to the docks, and the passengers have but to cross the huge bridge, one end of which shuts on to the main deck of the vessel. Everything is done with such perfect precision and aptitude born of long experience that there is absolutely no confusion, and within a very short time the huge vessel is steaming out towards Queenstown, where additional passengers and mails are taken on from the tenders.

The dining saloons on the first and second decks seat about four hundred each, and if there is a full complement of passengers the company must dine in two parties. Each seat is numbered, the passenger retaining his or her number throughout the voyage. Those who are good sailors develop remarkable appetites, but catering is most liberal, and one is scarcely conscious of a feeling of hunger before something or other is served to assuage it. Quite early in the morning, fruit, or tea, coffee, and biscuits, are brought into the cabins, and the second bugle-call at 8.30 intimates that breakfast is being served in the saloon. This is a la carte, and the healthy passenger manages his three or four courses with ease; those who are suffering from the voyage having practically what they please in their cabins.

At eleven o'clock Bovril and biscuits are served on deck, and at one o'clock passengers are summoned to an excellent luncheon. At 4.30 the deck serving consists of afternoon tea, followed at 6.30 by dinner; from nine to ten tea, coffee, cocoa, and sandwiches are served to order. The chef is a man of large experience, and he has an excellent staff under his direction, while the menu

includes all the delicacies which would be found at a table d'hôte on land. The stowage passengers have, of course, a plainer bill of fare, but it is extremely liberal, and both for quality and quantity is far superior to the usual food of the majority of third-class passengers.

The figures connected with the provisions supplied form wonderful reading. Take a few, and we find eighteen thousand pounds of beef, six thousand pounds of mutton, three thousand pounds of pork, two thousand five hundred pounds of fresh fish, two thousand fresh herrings, three thousand head of poultry, one hundred and forty barrels of flour, twenty tons of potatoes, six hundred boxes of ice-cream, two hundred gallons of fresh milk, eighteen thousand eggs, one thousand pounds of butter, three thousand pounds of ham and bacon, two thousand five hundred pounds of dried fish, and a ton and a half of fruit—all this for a single journey only! The amount cooked for any one day seems quite wonderful, the soup alone coming out at one hundred and fifty gallons, while as many as two thousand eggs are often served at a single meal. These latter are cooked in metal dippers, made in rows and having perforated bottoms; each dipper is time-marked, and at the end of the prescribed period the ringing of a bell denotes that the dippers have automatically sprung up from the water.

Much of the cooking is by electric apparatus, roasting-spits being also electrically turned, while bread and biscuits are mixed by machinery as in a modern biscuit factory. Up-to-date machinery is used for making coffee, and a supply sufficient for four hundred people can be made in ten minutes. All earving is done on hot presses, with receptacles beneath

for heating plates. It may be explained that the milk is taken to sea in sealed cans, and these and the whole of the food are kept in refrigerating rooms at a temperature of thirty degrees (sufficiently cold for storage of from five to ten days).

The utmost care is taken for the comfort, and precaution for the safety, of the passengers. There is, of course, a qualified medical man on board ready for all emergencies, and each day the captain, doctor, and chief steward go round the ship and inspect all quarters; there is also regular inspection of pumps, fire engines, masts, etc.; and at some portion of each day there is lifeboat and fire drill to secure thorough efficiency in case of accident. On board each ship there are from sixteen to twenty lifeboats and four collapsible boats, each one of which has its allotted crew; and in every cabin and state-room there is a liberal supply of life-belts.

The amusement and recreation of the passengers are well catered for, a piano being found in each saloon, even that of the stowage. Improromptu concerts take place nearly every evening, and it is an understood thing that a fully arranged concert—the programmes for which are printed on board—is given the night before landing; the arrangements, of course, being in the hands of a committee of passengers. The whole of the collection made is given to the Seaman's Mission, a sum of several pounds generally being realized. On deck are various English and American games for fine weather, and there are excellent writing, smoking, and sitting rooms, with a capital library provided with up-to-date literature. Wireless telegraphy is installed on every boat, and the latest news is re-

retved from invisible passing liners, while a Cunard daily paper is now a familiar item. It only remains to add that there is a large staff of experienced stewards and steward-

esses, and that the service throughout is prompt and efficient, in addition to which the hosts of the Cunard Company enjoy a deserved reputation for steadiness at sea.

## The Kind of Men Employers Want

BY H. J. HATWOOD OF WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

None but men have there been such a crying need for men of honesty and ability in the business world. Good positions are being sought because capable men are not to be had in all places. The qualities are ability and integrity, the first indispensable, the second and the second the first. The outlook of the future is very rosy for the possessor of sobriety and character.

WITH the most effective methods human ingenuity can devise, American employers are searching for thousands of men who possess honesty, ability, and the capacity for hard work. The demand is not confined to any one locality or particular line of work. It extends throughout the country in all kinds of business, from that of the small manufacturer to that of great industrial enterprises.

This crying need for men is one of the most serious problems with which the business world has to deal. Because of it, manufacturing companies are months behind in their orders. Capitalists stand ready to launch new enterprises, and industrial companies to extend their scope, as soon as they can find enough suitable men. Only a short time ago a company backed by English and American capital was obliged to give up its plan for developing extensive rubber properties in South America, because it could not find men fitted to superintend the work.

The difficulty in finding men is not due to the unwillingness of employers to pay the proper price. Never in the history of the world have

larger salaries been paid. Hundreds of employers would like to find \$10,000-a-year men to replace cheaper men now in their employ, but they must be men who can accomplish things and show a profit of several times the amount of their salaries on the yearly balance sheet. With one Chicago firm alone, annual salaries of more than \$10,000 await two men who can fill responsible executive posts. The presidents of scores of companies receive salaries which a few years ago would have been considered a comfortable fortune. In this year of unprecedented business prosperity, the market value of able men has increased at least 10 per cent.

There is no limit to the salary expectations of industry are willing to pay men they want. One of the largest industrial combinations sent representatives to Europe to offer a salary of \$25,000 a year to a man who had the qualifications necessary to establish and take charge of its most important departments. The offer was refused, although the company was willing to go even higher. The place is still unfilled.

So well qualified a judge as Mr.

Edbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, which pays out in salaries and wages about \$125,000,000 a year, says up the matter when he says:

"The real question is not the size of the salaries but whether the right men are drawing them. One man may be cheap at \$10,000 a year, while another man in the same position might be dear at \$10,000 a year. The tendency of the business world just now is not to search for men who will take low salaries but for men who deserve high salaries."

Employers want men who combine with ambition and natural talents, honesty and the capacity for hard work. "But why lay such stress on honesty?" "The honesty of employees is guaranteed by the leading companies." In fact, they often make employees financially honest by holding over them the constant threat of detection and punishment. But they have to do only with financial integrity. The employees whose dishonesty is the most costly are often those who would never take a cent from the till, but who defraud the employer through thefts of time, through half-hearted effort, or through placing their own interests above those of their firm.

Honesty means something more than financial reliability. It is the quality which makes a man work without watching the clock, or being afraid that he will give his employer more value than he is being paid for. The honest employee brings to his work the best effort of which he is capable, and begrudges nothing where the interests of his employer are at stake.

A young man was recently applying to a well known employer for a position. He was in the midst of

rather a glowing description of his peculiar qualifications for the place, when the employer interrupted him with: "Never mind about all this. There is just one thing I want to know. Will you work?"

Every man who intends to make himself of value to his employer and to advance (and the two go hand in hand, despite all that pessimists may say) must have this capacity for work. No matter how great his ability, how thorough his education, or how attractive his personality, these qualities are as worthless as a locomotive without fuel unless backed up by persistence and energy. He may be retained for a time because of his ability, but in the long race he will be found wanting. Some day his employer will be forced to give the position which he has hoped for, and which, by his natural talents, he is pre-eminently fitted to fill, to a man who, although less capable, has shown himself to be a worker.

It is work that makes a good salesman—not natural ability, appearance, or personality. One of the best salesmen in the United States is red-headed, homely, unsmooth, and poorly dressed—he does not seem capable of selling bread to a hungry millionaire. Yet he sells on an average more than \$100,000 worth of goods a year, in a field where competition is remarkably keen. He succeeds by making hard work take the place of the adaptability, the personal magnetism, and the appearance which he lacks.

The perseverance of this salesman is the quality lacking in many men. Plenty of men can work hard when the road to success seems clear, but when difficulties thicken they leave their grip. Others work by leaps, keying themselves up to high pitches

for brief periods, and then lapsing into half-hearted effort. Neither the fair weather type, nor the sky-rocket worker is desired. Employers want men who can be relied upon for even better effort when the skies are dark than in times of prosperity, and who will be as persistent the month after next as they are to-day.

In considering applicants for positions, employers are always on the watch for signs of this persistence. Many well known business men think that they can judge a man on this point by the manner in which he seeks a place, and this is not a bad method, for there are few positions worth the having which can be secured without persistence.

To the technical man, more than to any other kind of man, perhaps, is intense application necessary. Science is advancing so rapidly, that if he does not apply himself both in the office and out, he will soon be left behind. One of the most eminent consulting engineers in the world says that he never has time to read a book or a magazine except those pertaining to his work, and that he works on an average more than twelve hours a day. "I don't do this from choice," he says, "but because I am forced to, in order to hold my place in my profession. If I were to give up the studying I do outside the office hours, even for a few months, I should find myself behind the times."

Men often advance to some responsible position, and then suddenly and without apparent reasons fail and

drop out. "The place got too big for him," we say. But in most cases the real reason for the failure is that the man began to slacken in effort, thinking that he had advanced so far on the ladder of success that he could afford to take things easy.

For the business man of to-day there is no such thing as taking things easy. The higher he gets, the more is expected of him, and the harder he must strive. The president of a great manufacturing company, for example, says that one of his duties alone, the securing of capable assistants, is harder work than he ever had to do when he was only the head of a minor department. The man who does not realize that continuous effort is essential to a general manager as to an office boy, will not be of permanent value.

The managing director of one of the largest British banking institutions, having more than one hundred branches throughout the world, attributes the failure of many men to not realizing this truth. It has been his observation that out of one hundred employees starting on an apparently equal footing, only ten ever rise above the surface, and of this number not more than one ever proves fit to hold permanently a position of great trust and responsibility. The other nine begin to take things easy as they advance farther and farther, and thus fail to reach their maximum value. For of fit men there is a great scarcity. Whenever found, large salaries and unlimited opportunities for advancement await them.

## How Microbes Pay Dividends

BY HENRY M. HYDE IN TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE.

Now used for the by-products of great industries are constantly originating up. To-day the sulphate of iron formed in the acid tanks of steel works, is sold for a trifling dollar to the waterworks departments of great cities, and is used by them for the purification of the water supply. Thus the typical lever goes in made to contribute to the dividends of the steel trust.

**I**N all the tremendous mills now owned by the American Steel & Wire Company—one of the big brothers in the United States Steel Corporation family—millions of tons of steel plates and rods are daily given a bath in sulphuric acid. This acid bath cleans the steel of grease and other impurities before the rods are drawn out into wire and the plates are covered with a deposit of tin. At the same time it removes the iron oxide or rust from the surface of the metal.

So long as the mills remained under individual ownership and management—and for some time after they were taken into the trust—the acid bath was used day after day, until finally the acid lost its strength. Then the tanks were emptied and their contents run off into the sewers, to be replaced by a new supply of sulphuric acid. Occasionally, indeed, a curious chemist took some of the useless contents of the tanks, before they were emptied, and by evaporation, secured some greenish crystals of sulphate of iron, popularly known as copperas or green vitriol. This was formed, of course, by the reaction between the sulphuric acid and the iron rust. There was even some small market for this salt. It was used in the grinding of plate glass, as a mordant for fixing and setting dyes and colors, and in paper mills. But the demand was small, and, so long as the mills remained in the hands of individual owners, no one of them produced enough sulphate of iron to

make the preservation of the by-product commercially profitable.

When all the great steel and wire plants came under one management, a department of chemicals was organized, with Mr. A. T. Weaver at its head. One of the objects of this department was to save and make money out of the sale of various chemical by-products of the mills.

One day, about three years ago, within a week after Mr. Weaver had taken charge of the department, a casual order came into his office for a few hundred pounds of sulphate of iron. The writer, who was at the head of the city waterworks at Quincy, Ill., had heard that the Steel & Wire Company occasionally saved some of the salt. Could they supply him?

Now, Mr. Weaver had already figured out that there was going to waste in the plants of the company a total of 150,000 tons of sulphate of iron annually. He was eagerly looking for a market which could absorb such an enormous quantity. Here was an order from the superintendent of a waterworks. What on earth could be want with 600 pounds of copperas? Mr. Weaver wrote to ask what it was to be used for. In the meantime, the man who gave the order happened to be in Chicago, and visited the office of the Steel & Wire Company to inquire how soon the goods would be shipped.

Before he got away, he had furnished information which will eventually mean a clean saving to the American

Wire & Steel Company of a round million dollars a year. It means, besides, on the authority of many expert sanitary engineers, that there is now at hand a new, comparatively inexpensive, and entirely successful method of quickly purifying water in large quantities, absolutely destroying all disease germs and removing foreign substances. In other words, there is no longer any legitimate reason why any city, town, or village should not furnish its citizens with a copious supply of perfectly pure water for all domestic purposes.

"Why," said the man from Quincy, "we're using the sulphate of iron, in connection with lime, to purify our water."

That was a new idea. Sulphate of iron and limewater had been used for the chemical precipitation of sewage, but never before it was suggested by Mr. W. B. Bull, of the Quincy waterworks, had the two been used together for the mechanical purification of drinking water.

"Will you let us send down a chemical engineer and a bacteriologist to make a thorough investigation of your method?" asked Mr. Weaver.

"Send them along," said the Quincy scientist. "They'll find that it does the work."

Mr. Weaver sent for Ernest E. Irons, the bacteriologist, and told him what was wanted.

"Go down and spend as much time as is necessary to get at the facts," he said.

"I'm almost sure there's nothing in it," answered Mr. Irons. "I think you'll be wasting your money to send me down there."

"Then you're the very man we're looking for. If you go prejudiced against the process, and come back converted, we can be sure it's a good thing."

Mr. Irons went to Quincy, and stayed there for six months. He came back and made an enthusiastic report in favor of the process. He found that the use of sulphate of iron and lime, in connection with the large filters, resulted in the production of a perfectly pure and palatable water, clear and brilliant, comparing favorably with the purest spring water. In this opinion he was backed by James E. Campbell, M.S.C.I., chemical engineer, who spent two weeks in studying the Quincy process.

With this report as a foundation, the American Steel & Wire Company started to exploit the use of sulphate of iron and lime for the purification of turbid and infected water.

One of their first steps was the permanent employment of C. Arthur Brown, a well known sanitary engineer. The services of Mr. Brown were at once put at the free disposal of any municipality in the country which wished to improve the quality of its water supply. While the object of the company was, of course, to secure a large market for its production of sulphate of iron, Mr. Brown is instructed to do his work in an unbiased and scientific way, recommending the use of sulphate of iron only when it appears to his professional judgment to promise the best and most economical results. Mr. Brown stands ready to visit any city interested in purifying its water supply, to make a thorough investigation—including analyses of the water, if necessary—and to recommend what appears to him to be the best method of improving conditions.

When the sulphate of iron and lime solutions are put into the water, they form a thick, white, flocculent precipitate. This precipitate sinks to the bottom of the filter beds and catches in its meshes—roughly speak-

ing, like a net—all the dirt and other impurities suspended in the water, and a very large percentage of all the germs and microbes, both harmful and harmless, so that the water, after leaving the filters, is perfectly clear and clean and contains not more than one per cent. of the germs it originally contained.

But even one per cent. of germs—provided they be typhoid fever germs, for instance—might kill a number of people, and it was apparent that the iron and lime process—like all the others then commercially practicable—was open to that serious objection.

About this time the Government scientists of the Department of Agriculture announced their discovery that a small amount of sulphate of copper would absolutely destroy all the animal and vegetable germs in a very large quantity of water. At once, Mr. Brown, with the co-operation of the Government chemists and bacteriologists, instituted a series of careful and thorough tests of the effect of a minute proportion of copper sulphate in connection with the regular sulphate of iron and lime solutions. These tests were made at Anderson, Indiana, in February, 1905, under most trying conditions. The water supply of Anderson is obtained from the White River, into which the city of Muncie empties its entire sewage at a distance of twenty-five miles above the Anderson waterworks plant. At the time of the experiments, the river was covered with ice so that water at Anderson was taken from what was practically a covered sewer—shut off from the purifying effects of air and sunlight—full of diluted sewage.

By adding one per cent. of sulphate

of copper to the regular sulphate of iron solution—used in connection with lime—it was found not only that the disease germs were absolutely destroyed, but also that a perfectly pure and brilliant water was delivered from the filters, without the slightest trace of either iron or copper in it.

In order to get these results, it is necessary to vary the proportion of copper and the other chemicals to suit the varying conditions of the water treated. It is also necessary that the filtering plant be in good working order, and that the whole process be under the charge of a man of proper intelligence and probity.

Up to the present time forty cities—including St. Louis, Mo.; East St. Louis, Ill.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Marietta, Ohio; Quincy, Ill.; Vicksburg, Miss.; Little Rock, Ark.; Danville, Ill.; Aurora, Ind.; and Pontiac, Ill.—are using the process.

Out of a total possible production of 150,000 tons of sulphate of iron a year, the big company has already disposed of over 25 per cent. on yearly contracts to the cities on its list. As it also produces copper sulphate as a by-product, the addition of that chemical will only add to its profits. The number of cities using the process is rapidly increasing, the amount paid by them for sulphate of iron already amounting to over a quarter of a million dollars a year. When the whole possible product of 150,000 tons is contracted for, the gross annual income of the trust from this source will be about \$1,200,000.

The cost of purifying water by the process ranges from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a million gallons, according to the percentage of impurities it contains.

# Van Horne's Advice to England

## WORLDS WORK (ENGLISH)

In an interview with staff writer of the World's Work and Play, Sir William Van Horne explains the aspect of Canada as a trade relation to England and the United States. He advises the British manufacturer as to what Canada themselves and study conditions on the spot. He advises a little work on their part to reach a true amount of "preference."

**F**ORTY-EIGHT years of railway work, the last twenty-five of which have been in Canada, have left Sir William van Horne with an experience second to none among the great railway pioneers of the world. The Canadian Pacific Railway, as he would probably say himself, has made Canada. And Sir William van Horne, as he would probably not say himself, has to a very large extent made the Canadian Pacific Railway what it is—the greatest institution in the country. The pioneer of Canada's trans-continental railway is to-day more than keeping pace with its rivals in expansion of traffic and in growing earnings. It owns many million acres of land and 12,000 miles of railway, and to this mileage it is adding largely each year. It has on the Atlantic and the Pacific, and in coasting trade, more than thirty steamships and a large number of lake and river steamers besides. To these will shortly be added two 20-knot passenger steamships of 15,000 tons for the trade between England and Canada; and more are to follow. These two are nearly completed at the Fairfield shipbuilding yards for service in June next, and Sir William van Horne had just returned from a visit to Glasgow when the present writer saw him in London the other day to obtain his views on Canada.

To the British manufacturer Sir William gives the very emphatic advice that he should go to Canada and study the conditions of the Cana-

dian trade on the spot. He does not think that a sufficient knowledge of it can be obtained at second-hand; the principals should go and see. He does not think England has taken advantage of the opportunities Canada has given her in the way of preferential duties. Of course, there is an awakening now, and every one is talking about Canada, but compared with the activity of American business men in working for Canadian trade, the English are very far behind. Having the great advantage of being close at hand, the merchants and manufacturers of the United States do not for one moment neglect to press their trade in Canada. Time was when Canada in common with other countries had to come to England for many commodities, and as to these no soliciting was necessary; but that time has passed, and England must work for her trade as other countries are doing. Canada is now making for herself many of the things she formerly had to buy from outside. Until eighteen months ago, for example, she had to go abroad for rails; now she makes them all herself. And so in several other industries, for Canada is conducted as a national business, and no sentimental attachments will prevent her from providing for her own interests first. But what she cannot make herself the United States is close at hand to supply. Another advantage the American manufacturers hold is that, physical conditions in Canada being very much the same as in the United

States, the commodities offered are, in many cases, better adapted to the wants of Canada than are those furnished by England. But apart from these considerations, the fact remains that Canada, with great and growing needs, is being exploited for all it is worth by American traders, while British traders who could undoubtedly "cut in" effectively, seem to be hardly alive to the possibilities.

"There is hardly an American manufacturer," says Sir William van Horne, "who has not an extensive personal acquaintance with Canada, and who does not keep in touch with its requirements by occasional—and in some cases frequent—visits. Very few English merchants and manufacturers ever visit Canada or have any knowledge from personal observation of the particular requirements there. Many of them do not send representatives there to look up business and find out what is wanted, but do their business through local agents whom possibly they have never met. In short, very few English firms are constantly, actively, untiringly represented in Canada as American firms are. This I regard as a matter of vastly greater importance than preferential tariffs or anything of that sort. For eight years, Great Britain has enjoyed a preferential tariff of 33 per cent. in Canada. This may seem—and rightly seem—a great handicap against the Americans, but they have overcome it. How? In 1895 they sent as fifty million dollars' worth of goods; in 1905 they sent us nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth. The British increase in the same time has been small by comparison. And how did the Americans increase their trade with us by nearly 300 per cent. in the face of our preferential tariff?

Simply by work. By work the Americans have secured the greater part of the trade advantages resulting from the extraordinary development of Canada—persistent work; scouting the business and following it up every day and every hour; finding out just what is wanted, and supplying it. The Americans hardly feel that they are working against a preference of 33 per cent. Which goes to show," added Sir William, "that a little work is worth a vast amount of preference."

And so the chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company offers to the British manufacturer this direct advice: "Go through the country; look at the stuff that is being produced by the local manufacturing firms; study all the conditions and requirements; mix with the people, see what they want; find out all about the stuff that is used, and either arrange for direct representation of your firm or find who are the good men to act as agents. Go yourself. Don't send a boy." Canada as a field for holidays is a theme almost as familiar to readers as the wonderful progress and development of Canada; and English merchants and manufacturers who are sportsmen might take a leaf out of the American book and combine business and pleasure in Canada. For this is what Americans do, looking to Canada's salmon streams, lakes, and fishing-places, and, for his name, to her forests.

It seems impossible to get away from the United States when speaking of Canada, and so a conversation with Sir William van Horne must inevitably touch upon the question of the American settlers whom the Dominion is attracting in such numbers. The result is a clear statement upon

the relations of Canada with these settlers. "These Americans," he says, "are practically all farmers, and come chiefly from the States west of the Mississippi River. They are substantial men who have been able to sell their farms—in Iowa, Nebraska and other States where they bought them cheap—at high prices, affording them enough money to buy lands in the Canadian West, sufficient for themselves and all their children. It is a repetition of movements which have gone on for nearly a century—first from the Atlantic seaboard States to western New York and Pennsylvania, then to Ohio, next to Illinois, again to Iowa and Nebraska. Beyond Nebraska there are few lands suitable for agriculture, so this latest movement necessarily takes the direction of western Canada. These people make the best settlers we could wish for, having both money and experience, combined with the common school education which provides the American with so excellent a grounding. They invariably enter Canada with the intention of making it their permanent home and becoming Canadians. Danger to the British connection? No; the fear that has been expressed in some quarters that the influx of Americans would tend to Americanize western Canada is in that sense quite groundless. There are a great many Americans in Canada, and they are just as loyal to the community in which they have cast their lot as those who were born there. They find fully as great freedom as in the country they left, combined with a rather better administration of the laws, and consequently greater security for life and property. They have no desire to change anything. And, after all, it may be said that we cannot be more

American than we are. All of Canada is more or less Americanized already. That is quite natural in view of the proximity of the two nations, and the constant and intimate communication between them. But the Canadian people are not any the less loyal to Britain. It is a mistake to suppose so. A cordial feeling exists on both sides of the international boundary between the States and Canada, but, nevertheless, trade lines are sharply drawn, and each side jealously guards its trade interests. Sentiment and neighborhood do not count there. The people of the United States have erected a high and strong trade fence to which they have made additions from time to time, until all of Canada's products, save a few which she could better use at home, have been practically excluded. Canada has imitated this trade fence to some extent, and I think she is now disposed to strengthen it and to add broken glass bottles and barbed-wire to make it effective. This will not be done in any spirit of ill-will. With the Americans' 'business is business,' and the Canadians are very like them. They are taking care of themselves; that is all. It is very certain Canada will not long permit any other country to manufacture for her what she can make herself."

As to the future, Sir William van Horne declines to be prophetic. His faith, however, is radiant enough to be communicable to any one who talks with him. "The development of Canada is only beginning," he remarks. "It is only a comparatively short time since western Canada was opened up by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Until then her manufacturing enterprises had but very

limited scope, and there were very few of them of any consequence. Now, however, the elements of manufacturing establishments are in evidence everywhere east of the Great Lakes, and great concerns have grown up."

The question as to the sort of people Canada wants is always capable of being answered in one's own mind, by the reflection that in a

country three thousand miles from east to west, there are only yet some seven millions of people. "We want anybody who is not a pauper or a criminal," says Sir William van Horne. "The assimilating power of a new country is so prodigious that by the time the second generation is reached, it matters little of what nationality or condition were their fathers and mothers."

## People Who Profit by Hard Times

CASELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL

Good times and hard times are but relative terms, and what may be a profitable season to one man, may be a loss or even a ruin to another. The common mistake that hard times which befalls us everybody, is not proved by actual experience. As the following article shows, there are some people who actually profit by a period of trade depression.

**A** STOUNDING as it may seem, it is unquestionably the fact that to a considerable number of persons depression in trade, such as we have been experiencing of late, means thoroughly good business. At first sight this statement appears to be an enigma. We have been told that about a million individuals are now out of work, and that several millions—seven or eight at least—are on the verge of starvation. How comes it, then, that the woe of this vast multitude, together with the general tightness of money, is of benefit to certain traders?

The explanation, although apparently obscure, is really perfectly simple. The practice of economy, which is imperative when times are bad, puts cash into the pockets of those who do things on the cheap, and others, such as pawnbrokers, who are deluged with articles on which it pays them handsomely to advance £ a, £ 4, and men who renovate clothes.

"Since trade has been slack," said a robber, "I've done very well. Why? Simply this, that hundreds of pairs of boots have been brought to me to be repaired, which, had there not been a want of employment, would have been thrown out to tramps. If the owners had been in regular work they would have been shod afresh. Their cash would have gone to the boot shop people. I shouldn't have seen a cent. That's why I've been in clover for the last year or so."

Dyers and cleaners have also been on excellent terms with themselves since the quaint figure of had trade has cast its grim shadow over the land. An impoverished public has had its clothes dyed or cleaned instead of purchasing new outer garments. Men who when they are in funds buy new suits as required have, in order to keep up a decent appearance, to get their suits dyed or cleaned when they are hard up, and the same remark applies to

women and their frocks. Thus dyers and cleaners who are brought into contact with certain sections of the community earn money which, if their trade were satisfactory, would find its way into the hands of tailors and dressmakers.

"When shakels are scarce," observed one of the fraternity, "we have to patch up any quantity of clothes which, if the owners were not suffering from the blight of bankruptcy"—expressive phrase—"would have been chucked on one side."

The second-hand clothes dealer ought to cry traps when trade is at a low ebb, for he can purchase cast-off apparel at a ridiculously small figure, and yet maintain his normal selling prices. During a wave of depression he has the advantage both ways, for while there is one class anxious to sell, there is another—slightly higher in the social and financial scale—desirous of buying; the latter comprising persons who, when in the enjoyment of prosperity, would never dream of straying themselves in second-hand coverings.

It is natural that the department of the pawnbroker should be ebber during a wave of depression, for it is then that he has to face an avalanche of pledges which in all human probability will never be redeemed. Possibly while had trade endures, the traffic in his retail department shows a decline, but even this is not certain. By rights he should attract customers eager to save their purses who have never been wont to patronize him. In any case he has his reward, for unredeemed pledges spell first-rate profit.

All that we are saying now amounts to a very curious story, for nearly every detail has been overlooked by the Government officials and also by the bulk of the public.

It is not pretended, for one instant, of course, that had trade can by any conceivable process of argument be construed into good trade for the masses, but the phenomenon—if this is not too strong a word to use—resolved concretely into this, that depression in the markets of our country is a lucrative accident to a large body of traders, is deserving of widespread attention.

Foreign meat vendors gain considerably when trade is drooping. Literally thousands who when not hard pressed for coins of the realm refuse to partake of a mouthful from a joint that is not of native origin, tickle their palates with inexpensive alien animal flesh when they are in a needy condition.

Instituting inquiries into this question to the fullest extent, one is amazed, staggered, at the number of persons who wax fat when millions of us grow thin. Even the humble, necessary charwoman gains some extra shillings when money is short. Thousands do pay for a "general" when pounds, shillings, and pence can be earned, discharge the willing "general," and avail themselves of a "char," when times are hard.

The cheaper music-halls also are a point ahead when trade is slack, for those who were diligent patrons of the gorgeous palaces get their entertainment—which apparently they must have—when they are hard pushed for cash at the cheapest price possible.

Finally, even beggars welcome bad trade. When things are going well with him, the average man is apt to conclude that things are going well with all men, but when he feels the pinch of poverty, and has a coin to spare, he is more ready to dispose of that coin to a whining creature who begs of him in the street.

## Is the Fixed Salary a Curse?

SMITH'S WEEKLY

Whether or not the writer of this article agrees in his sweeping condemnation of the fixed salary, it remains for our readers to decide. All will agree however, that his lesson of thrift is a good one, whether a man be on salary or on business for himself.

THIS is to be a disagreeable article, intended to make the young and old man working for a salary think seriously about himself.

If you talk to a man who has £2 a week salary, he will say to you:

"I can just manage to live on it—fairly well—but I can't save a penny. I see no hope ahead for the future."

The man with a salary of £10 a week will say, in exactly the same tones:

"I can just manage to live on it, and keep my family half decently. But I can't save a penny. I don't know what would become of my children if anything should happen to me."

And it is always the same story, no matter what the salary or the wages—the full amount is always spent, it is difficult to make ends meet, and there is nothing left over to show for long years of work.

To the man of small salary it may seem absurd to talk of the man with one or two or three thousand pounds' annual salary spending every penny and being always behind hand—yet that is what happens almost invariably.

A well-known novelist, with a salaried income about the same as that of the Prime Minister, is always worrying about meeting bills, the same as the man with £2 or £3 a week.

The cashier of a huge bank, a man whom every inhabitant in this country knows by name, drew an enormous salary for a great many years. Yet when his employer—a

millionaire—died, this salaried man, with more than £10,000 a year, had nothing to show for his years of work. He was an old man, and the sons of his late employer combined together to provide for him. He could tell a very good story of the extravagant habits that come of a fixed salary.

The purpose of this article is not to make the salaried man feel foolish, or merely to convince him that he is extravagant. Unless some useful suggestion were made, this page of white paper would be utterly wasted.

Let us consider, therefore, why it is that the salaried man, with a steady, regular income, is nearly always the man who has nothing saved up against a rainy day.

Why is it that the rich man in telling his life-story nearly always describes some business venture, some enterprise, that he went into on his own account, as the basis of his success and fortune?

In the first place, we do not appreciate that which comes without any special effort. What we can do easily and regularly, we take as a matter of course.

The man working for himself, with the element of uncertainty in his work, is compelled to realize the possibility of future difficulties. Constant change, fluctuations in profit and in public taste keep him out of a rut and alive to actual conditions. The man with a salary simply looks upon that as a minimum. He arranges promptly to spend all of it, no matter

what it may be. He knows that he will have it this week and next week. He usually thinks he ought to have a great deal more—sometimes he ought to, and sometimes he deceives himself.

But not one salaried man in a thousand realizes that as he draws his weekly salary he is selling himself, his youth, his strength, and his future prospects on the instalment plan.

At the end of a week, when a man draws his salary, he has sold one week of his life, and one of the best weeks. It is strange that in a nation where a great majority of working men and women work for a salary, so few realize what the salary means. It means discounting the future, and selling yourself for weekly payments.

A great many men and women who work for a salary will see this article—very many thousands of them certainly.

I want to talk directly, in their own interest, to these men and women.

You are working for a salary, and so you spend it as it comes.

You have been doing this in the past, and, despite an occasional feeble good resolution, you will continue doing it in the future.

Have you no lesson to learn from the experience of others?

Don't you now any poor old man who for years and years drew a good salary but saved none of it? Don't you know that we are all about alike, and that if you keep on as at present you will be in that old man's place?

Even when you look over the past and think of the total amount you have earned in the last five or ten or fifteen years, can you not see that it would have been possible without suffering for you to have saved such a sum as would make you feel independent now?

The difference between a man with £500 or £600 in cash saved and the man with nothing is the difference between independence and dependence, between weakness and strength.

We laugh at the old story about the man who gave up tobacco or beer or some trifle, and with the money saved established independence.

But we ought not to laugh. The late George M. Pullman, the inventor of the famous Pullman cars, talking one night to a number of men, said to a very young man who was with them:

"When I was your age I was doing fairly well and earning a pretty good salary. But I had my sleeping-car in mind. I wanted to build the car, and I made up my mind that to succeed I must have some money. The cigars that I smoked cost 2 1/2d. each. I gave them up, and gave up other things, too. The total didn't amount to much, but the habit was valuable."

The determination needed to make a young man give up his pleasures and small extravagances is the kind of determination that gives real success.

George M. Pullman possessed determination. He gave to the world a sleeping-car of inestimable value, besides making himself enormously rich. If he hadn't had the courage to save on a salary and to give up what most young men consider absolutely essential, the great Pullman sleeping-car enterprise might have gone up into the air in the smoke of cheap cigars.

Millions of men in the United Kingdom have had good ideas and taken them into the grave with them because they hadn't the determination to save the money necessary for carrying out an idea.

Millions of men have the capacity to go into business on their own account, to have a salary list of their own, instead of figuring on someone else's list—but they lack the one quality. They cannot resist the temptations which make the salaried man extravagant.

To the man traveling through this world of fierce competition, money is like quinine to the explorer in an African fever swamp. The man who sells his life week by week and spends the money as it comes, is spending whatever chance he might have of independence.

The worst of it is that, besides making men extravagant, the salary system makes the great majority of

them indifferent and careless. It kills imagination and special effort. It keeps a man in the rut and prevents his ever doing the best that is in him.

One word of urgent advice. If, reading this, you should make up your mind to save, save on yourself. Cut down your own expenditures. Cut off your useless pleasures and self-indulgences. Don't cut down on your family, on your wife or children, or on others who have a right to look to you for support.

The average extravagant salaried man can easily reform, and make the necessary change without affecting anyone but himself. He need not economize at the expense of others.

## Mushroom Culture as an Industry

BY C. M. STORV IN AMERICAN INVENTOR

Mushroom farming has become a very important and lucrative industry of late years. The raising of the common mushroom is not a difficult matter and the demand for them is on the increase.

MUSHROOM culture is by no means a modern fad. As an article of food, these odd plants, for such they are, have for centuries past been highly esteemed, and the Greek and Roman epicures gave up a great deal of their time to considering favorable times and places for gathering them, and to choice methods of preparing them for the table. Perhaps the reason why we do not hear much about mushroom farming to-day is due to the fact that, fungi in general, includes some varieties which instead of being nutritious and delightful, contain deadly and virulent poisons. This fact doubtless intimidates many "would be" enthusiasts. Through

ignorance is distinguishing between the edible varieties and the poisonous, frequent cases of poisoning have occurred in all classes of society.

These mistakes, many of them resulting in death, have been frequent enough to inspire the timid with an overpowering dread of all fungi. I am going to mention and describe a few of the common edible varieties, which are almost unmistakable, and may be gathered by an amateur with impunity.

Horace says that mushrooms that grow in the fields are the best, and that one can have but little faith in the other kinds, but the epicures of the present day find edible species, wherever fungi are known to grow



and are constantly adding to their lists, new varieties, which although sometimes rather gruesome in appearance, are conceded to be delicious in flavor. Fungi now-a-days is very often subdivided by the ignorant into two classes: toad-stools and mushrooms. The former term is applied to every species which they consider non-edible and poisonous, while the few edible varieties pass as mushrooms. To quote an authority this distinction has no scientific basis, for in fact most of the so-called toad-stools are edible. In the ranks of fungi are to be found many varieties, which with their coloring and symmetry of their forms are the grotesques of nature; nests, hoofs, cups, umbrellas, shells and clubs are represented. In ordinary observation, only the simpler and more noticeable fungi are taken into account, but they are in reality met with in almost every situation imaginable. They are found in damp cellars and in rooms shut off from the light; in fact some form of fungus will be found in almost every place, and on everything which is not exposed to a circulation of fresh air. In the woods and open fields, however, the attractive forms are found.

Frequently rings of mushrooms have been found, and wondered at by the public, but the explanation may be reached in a natural and satisfactory manner. A single fungus plant growing alone upon a lawn, will soon exhaust the soil directly beneath it of all true fungus food. Of all the spores that fall from the parent plant, only those will grow which fall outside the impoverished spot, and consequently a ring of toadstools, or mushrooms, is formed. In this way the ring continues to widen from time to time.

A simple definition of fungi is almost impossible, but it may be said that they are plants which have no leaf green, and which do not grow from true seeds, but from dust-like bodies resembling in appearance the yellow pollen of roses or lilies.

The most common mushrooms (agaricales) are of such a distinctive character, that it is almost impossible, even for a novice to go astray in selecting them for the table. The variety most commonly sold in the restaurants and hotels is known as *agaricus campestris*, or the common mushroom. Of the genus *agaricus*, the flesh of this variety is probably the most highly esteemed.

The time to look for it is in the late summer and autumn. The skin of the cap is easily separated from the flesh. It grows in moist pastures, lawns, and in fact any place where the soil is sufficiently rich and moist. This variety is frequently preserved in cans and sold in the markets. A peculiarity of the genus *agaricus* rests in the fact that the stems are rather heavily oiled, a fact which should aid the collector in identifying the species. In *agaricus campestris* the gills, or under side are at first a soft pink, and later they become darker, and finally brown. *Agaricus rodmani* is another variety which is very similar to *agaricus campestris*. The flavor, however, is a little more distinctive, and is very agreeable. This variety has a little less the appearance of a ball. The stem is about two inches long, and the cap unfolds quite early, so that this mushroom bears a decided resemblance to an umbrella. It grows in grassy pastures, and sometimes along roadsides in cities, as well as in the country. Nina L. Marshall reports having found them growing in a cluster be-

tween broken stones in a gutter of a village street in New Jersey. This variety grows profusely from May to July.

A third edible variety, *agaricus shropus*, grows along the cow-paths and woodland trails during the month of September. The stem is rather long and very brittle, perhaps it is because it is hollow (from very near the base to the cap. The cap is rather inclined to be irregular in shape, when the mushroom is immature and the skin is creamy white and very silky. It becomes yellow when bruised. The flesh is solid, and has a decided flavor of pistachio nuts. I mention these few varieties, because they are the kind most likely to be encountered by the amateur. Although he may see other varieties which may be edible, these few types are easily distinguished from any poisonous mushrooms, which may inhabit the same localities.

Mushroom farming has become a very important and lucrative industry of late years, and timid pastokers of hotel and restaurant fare may feel perfectly at ease in accepting mushrooms, as there is no possibility of mistakes occurring now-a-days, when they are systematically selected and placed before the epicurean public.

It is really not a difficult matter to raise the common mushroom, as the conditions necessary are easily obtained. A temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees fahrenheit is required to raise them successfully. A cellar with a dry floor is a good place to experiment. The room must be somewhat darkened, however, and there should be no exposure to the wind.

In order to prepare *agaricus* for cooking, they should first be thoroughly washed and cleaned; the

stems should be cut off and thrown away.

The caps should be rinsed, and then be left in cold water, acidulated with lemon or vinegar until just before using.

To keep mushrooms temporarily, the same rule should be observed, but instead of leaving them in cold water, they should be placed in holding water and allowed to boil for five or ten minutes. They should then be drained and wiped dry. Most cook-books give complete receipts for cooking *agaricus campestris*, and the same receipts may be relied upon in cooking the other kinds.

In the introduction of this article it was remarked that the consumption of mushrooms was much restricted by the dread that many persons have of gathering by mistake poisonous species, popularly known as toad-stools. There is, unfortunately, no rule which may generally apply to distinguish the edible from the dangerous mushrooms, and thus it is not surprising that this dread is widespread. It is not necessary, however, to be well versed in cryptogamic botany before venturing to collect mushrooms. The differences between many of the edible and non-edible varieties may not on first acquaintance be very great, but on farther scrutiny and practice, assisted at the outset by the instruction of "one who knows," the identification of the more commonly occurring edible forms becomes a matter of little difficulty. When in addition to their qualifications as a delicacy it is remembered that mushrooms possess a comparatively speaking high food value (as made evident by their protein content), it would seem well worth while to devote some time and pains to the acquirement of this knowledge.

# The Electric City of the Future

BY S. MORGAN DUBENELL IN CASSIEN MAGAZINE

When we consider the developments in electrical engineering of the past twenty years, we will not wonder when prophets begin to prophesy about the marvels to be disclosed in the next twenty years. Some of these are referred to in the following article, and all seem to be open to testing with the possibilities.

A LARGE amount of current is now used annually for various forms of heating apparatus. Many tailor shops are supplied with electric heating irons; electric soldering outfits have been largely used; and electric cooking in the ordinary household is becoming more and more frequent. A few years ago the central station was considered as a means simply of supplying power and light for small stores, for private residences, and for small shops using only a very limited amount of power and light. The companies are now waking up to their opportunities, making attractive propositions and securing the business of some of the largest buildings and factories.

New economies will be introduced into the distribution of power, and the result will be an inevitable cheapening of the cost of electricity. This cheapening will greatly accelerate the tendency which now exists among all classes of buildings to secure their current from the central station source of supply, and it would not be astonishing if within twenty years we should find architects paying as little consideration to the installation in their buildings of electric light and power plants as they do to-day to the installation of plants for the production of illuminating gas.

This result will, in turn, react on the central station and enable it to produce power in much vaster quantities than ever before, and the result will be an aggregation of power for a large city in two or three great electric power houses, in which all

the elements entering into the production of electricity will be secured at a minimum of cost. This will react again on the lowering of the price of electricity, so that the use of electricity for lighting, for elevator service, and for the ordinary uses of power which we find to-day will be greatly increased, and mechanical power will drive out manual labor to a greater extent than has hitherto been known.

This reduced cost of current will greatly accelerate the movement which is now in progress in favor of diffused and concealed lighting. High-class apartments and residences, instead of being lighted by lamps placed in the centres of the rooms, in order to obtain the greatest amount of light possible, will be lighted largely by cove lighting and concealed lighting, securing a mellow effect entirely different from the glaring results which are now so common. Shades will be introduced which will form just the right combination of red, blue, and yellow rays, so as to avoid, on the one hand, the pale glare of the modern Webb, and at the same time avoid an excess of the red rays which have been found irritating to the eye.

The reduced cost of power will probably revolutionize also the present methods of refrigeration. Already miniature electric refrigerating plants have been designed, whose operation is absolutely automatic. These plants have thus far been successfully installed in a number of places, and the reduced cost of power

will cause their adoption to a great extent, not only by the larger consumers, as at present, but also in private residences and apartments.

The push-button elevator is already found frequently in the more elaborate residences. The reduced cost of power will not only stimulate the use of these elevators, but will tend to the adoption of escalators or moving stairways, so arranged that it will simply be necessary to turn a switch at the bottom of the stairs in order to ascend to the top. Automatic arrangements can be provided so that when the person leaves the stairway the current will be instantly cut off.

Apartment buildings of the future will have every possible contrivance for increasing the ease and comfort of their tenants. The old bugbear of "washing and wiping dishes" will be entirely removed, for each apartment will be provided with an electric dish-washing machine, which, with the aid of the hot water faucet, will automatically perform the operation. The future apartment building will be supplied with a carefully worked-out system of ventilation and will be constantly supplied with pure air, filtered and washed by modern and improved methods. The serving of meals will be largely simplified by elaborate systems or dumb waiters and signaling devices, so that the guest in an apartment building or hotel can have almost any dish served automatically without unnecessary delay by simply pressing a given button. Already in Berlin, Paris and New York there are automatic lunch counters where customers can secure hot or cold dishes and hot or cold drinks by depositing coins in an automatic device which serves the various articles. There are no waiters to tip,

nor is the customer annoyed by their awkwardness. All is done automatically by means of electric motors.

The reduced cost of power will be felt in every line of industry, and all kinds of manufacture depending upon machinery for their product will be in a position to make lower prices on their goods. The old problem of three meals a day will be largely simplified by the use of electric sauce pans and other devices, which can be maintained at varying temperatures by throwing a switch in different positions.

The reduced cost of electricity will also have a marked effect on the exterior appearance of large cities. Myriads of lights, blazing along the most prominent thoroughfares, will turn night into day, and the standard of street lighting, which is already several times in advance of what it was twenty years ago, will be correspondingly advanced.

To-day thousands of tons of cinders and coal dust are annually poured out from city chimneys and distributed over buildings and thoroughfares, requiring the constant effort of a large force of men for their removal. This task will be much simplified by the abolition of hundreds of miniature power plants and the concentration of power production in two or three great stations where the combustion of coal will be accomplished on an enormous scale and so perfectly as to eliminate all smoke.

Not only will light and power for isolated buildings be furnished by electric current from the main central source of supply, but great systems of transportation, such as are required in a modern metropolis, will be supplied with the necessary power from the same generators.

# A Canadian Who Owns a City

HERALD MAGAZINE

Hugh J. Chisholm, the man who practically owns the great paper-making city of Rumford Falls, Maine, is a Canadian by birth, a native of Niagara-on-the-Lake. His career has been noteworthy. From a humble origin, he has stepped up to a foremost place as the industrial worth of the United States.

THE owner of a waterfall 10 feet higher than Niagara, the owner of a booming city of 7,000 inhabitants, the owner of a plant that manufactures all the postal cards for the United States Government, the owner of a railroad, the absolute ruler of what to all intents and purposes is a small kingdom—this is the remarkable position to-day of Hugh J. Chisholm. And all this is not in the heart of Africa, as it might at first be supposed, but in the heart of the staid old state of Maine. And, what is more marvellous still, this man, starting from nothing, has done all this himself within a period of 29 years.

It sounds almost like an "Arabian Nights" tale. Twenty years ago the Androscoggin River tore its turbulent path out of the heavy timber and made that tremendous leap at what is now Rumford Falls, Me., with no one but the rabbits and bears to watch the waste of 500,000 horsepower. Then Hugh J. Chisholm came along. He watched the wild leap of those waters, and did some thinking. The result of that thinking shows to-day in the city that has sprung up almost by magic.

And it is an unusual city. It has all the flavor of a western boom town about it. It is like a section of New York transferred to the edge of the woods. Although you can walk around the condensed city in fifteen minutes, you will see modern hotels, classic bank buildings, electric lights, new stores, great mills and all the

confusion and excitement of a bustling city.

Talk with any of the inhabitants and you would imagine yourself west of the Rockies.

"Rumford Falls. Going to be the greatest city in the east. Yes, sir, everything humming. Can't get a foot of land in it. Grow? It's going to grow until it runs over half the county."

And yet out of your hotel window you can see the pine forests covering the rugged hills, and you can see a river jammed full with a million logs.

The mills are running night and day all the year around. Everything in the town is high—wages, food, rents—all based on New York prices. Space is scanty, and, inasmuch as the city is on what is practically an island, there will never be more of it. Consequently, rents are way up. A small store and basement costs \$2,000 a year in rent, and people are fighting to get the places. Not a foot of land can be bought for any price. It is all owned by Hugh J. Chisholm. The rent goes to him, and he can make it what he pleases.

The city, as has been said, is on an island in a river. The Androscoggin flows on one side of it, just after its 150-foot plunge over terrific rocks and chasms, while on the other runs a canal. The whole island, on which stands the entire business section isn't more than a quarter of a mile long by half as broad. One main street, Congress street, splits the is-

land down the middle; one street runs on each side of the island; and across it run two parallel streets. The city proper contains just six blocks, all in a solid mass, all sitting complacently there with water on every side, like Venice on an up-to-date industrial basis.

Outside the island there are suburbs, to be sure, where the people eat and sleep; but they are invisible from the city. Hills and woods hide them; people reach them by bridges; they do not enter to any extent into one's impressions of the place. No, Rumford Falls itself is just that curious jammed together island full of tall city blocks, with all "modern improvements," hammed in by rushing water and wild woods. It makes one think of those medieval garrison towns on inaccessible islands; if its bridges were destroyed it would be a hard place to capture by assault.

The streets and buildings show as much real city as Boston or New York—shops, office buildings, elevators, electric lights, hot and cold water—everything! Electric cars there are scarce. What's the use? You can walk around the whole business section in ten minutes, or even less.

The city itself is not so interesting as the contrasts which it offers. You can stand under a great bronze entrance, between classic Greek pilars, and look right into the virgin hills; from your luxurious bathroom at the hotel you gaze directly out into a canal full of logs, whereon lumbermen risk their lives, or, on the other side of the canal, see gigantic piles of spruce logs waiting for the mills below to devour them. Turning your eyes up-stream, you behold the ceaseless spectacle of the great falls, ten feet higher than Niagara, whence is developed a horsepower ex-

ceeding 400,000, day and night, the year around. In the other direction you see the monster mills of the International Paper Co., ceaselessly grinding up the forests to make news paper and affronting heaven with their gigantic chimneys.

Everywhere you look you find odd contrasts, strange sights, curious people. On the streets you hear French, Italian, Polish, Lithuanian, Russian, Lord knows what! Even the signs in the postoffice are printed in five languages!

Twenty years ago you would have found nothing at Rumford but the falls themselves—just that superb great gush of waters swirling down over the precipices through a country given over to the towering pine and the ill-natured blackberry. Only a farm or two intruded on this primitive wilderness; the farmers tilled the rocky soil with crude ploughs and tried to wring a living out of old Dame Nature, when, had they known it, a golden flood was simply waiting to be drawn upon—the inexhaustible treasure of the Androscoggin water power.

Time passed, and presently a certain man happened to visit the region. A good many have heard his name—Hugh J. Chisholm, the real founder of the town of Rumford. When he saw that big river falling over those big rocks he discerned the possibilities. The results of his discernment are spread out on the island and all about it, in the mills, workshops and homes of 7,000 people, and in the \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000 Mr. Chisholm is calculated to be worth.

It paid him to think, and to see more than any one else had seen—to let imagination dictate and to follow where it led. The visible expression of his thought is what we know to-

day as Rumford Falls, the "Paper City" of New England.

Year by year the great mills grew; year by year the people came to work in them. With the accumulation of wealth there arose luxurious shops, theatres, hotels; to-day every refinement of civilization clusters about that magnificent waterfall, drawn thither as to a magnet.

The city grew fast; it is still growing. Every shop and place tells the same story: "Oh, we're hardly settled yet; just moved in last month!" or, "Our new building will be ready in a week!" Nothing is old, nothing venerable. Romance of the old-fashioned kind shrinks from such crudity; the newer romance, that of wealth and achievement, builds Rumford Falls as a shining example of what American brains, skill, money and water—water power can do.

To-day Rumford Falls is the home of 7,000 people and some of the largest industries in the country. Its finest residence section, Stratglass Park, contains one row of 50 houses, none costing under \$5,000.

The International Paper Co. has one of its largest mills here, and controls a dozen subsidiary companies whose annual output of pulp products is just a trifle short of the miraculous. One of the paper machines here, a Fourdrinier, turns out paper 162 inches wide—probably the largest in the world. The Continental Paper Bag Co., controlled by the International, is capitalized at \$5,000,000, and supplies bags of all sizes for every use. At the Oxford Paper Co's mills the United States postal card contract is held until 1909. This contract alone is worth \$750,000 a year, the most valuable known to the book paper trade, might give the city

cause for boastfulness, were it so inclined.

Excellent railway service, with Pullman sleepers, connects the city with Portland and with the Rangeley Lake region. Inquire a bit and you will find that the omnipresent Hugh J. Chisholm is president of this railway, just as he is of the various paper mills; he owns the city, its lands, communications, industries, everything. Everywhere his energy, skill and foresight are visible—the whole region exists and prospers through the splendid strength and wisdom of this master mind.

Once Chisholm sold newspapers on trains; now he owns more land and power than many a European prince.

"How did he get up in the world?" was asked a friend at Rumford.

"Jumped up, I guess!" was the answer.

"Jumped up?"

"Yes; and he took Rumford Falls up with him; that jumped up, too, from a berry pasture to the liveliest, busiest and most prosperous little burg in Maine."

The secret lies primarily in the astonishing water power developed by the Androscoggin at this point, and secondarily in Mr. Chisholm's tireless development of this power. Here we have 180 feet drop in the space of less than a mile, furnishing a minimum of 426,000 horsepower at all seasons, guaranteed by an immense storage system of four dams and 123 square miles of lakes among the forest regions of the river's headquarters. There is nothing in the country to touch it except Niagara, whose volume is greater, though the absolute height of Niagara Falls is less.

The power available at Rumford exceeds that of the three largest manufacturing towns in New Eng-

land. Because of the large storage reservoirs, anchor-ice and back-water are entirely obviated, and a steady, constant supply is assured the year round. The Winter of 1894-5 was one of extremely low water, yet the Rumford mills ran all Winter, night and day, up to their full capacity, with ample water supply. The following Spring the other extreme had to be met—unprecedented freshets caused the river to rise to a point untouched for 40 years. Yet so perfect were the means of controlling this water that no mill was required to shut down, and no back-water interfered with the turbines. The great dams, granite walls, bridges, re-

vetments and piers stood unharmed by the terrific flood, which thundered down, laden with log-jams and huge floes of ice. Rumford has taken her precautions, and fears no F. V. no caprice of the foaming Androscoggin.

As long as the river flows, tossing and fanning between its granite banks; as long as the spruce stands on Maine's hills, as long as there is paper to be made and the hand of man to guide the whirling engines that produce it, so long will Rumford Falls, once a berry pasture, now "the most hustling burg on the map," continue to grow, thrive and prosper exceedingly.

## Early Story of the U. S. Steel Industry

BY HERBERT N. CASSON IN MURSEY'S MAGAZINE

Like the beginnings of all great industries, that of the steel industry in America was very humble. It is the same old story. There was the pioneering inventor working amid almost unnumbered difficulties, and there was the small feeble of capital and money. Also there was the steel through which basement so quick in the progress of the United States.

THERE is not a chapter of ancient history in the story of steel. Any one who visits the little Pennsylvania town of Bethlehem may still see John Fritz, who might almost be called the father of the steel mill. In Louisville still lives a white-haired old lady, wife of William Kelly, the original inventor of what is called Bessemer steel. In Chicago any visitor may see Bob Hunt, whose personal reminiscences reach back to the earliest dawn of the steel era. And the masterful Scot who rescued our steel business from periodic bankruptcy, and won for it the commercial supremacy of the world, is still fitting between New York and Skibo and thinking more of the future than of the past.

Even our younger steel kings—Frick, Schwab, Corey, Morrison, Dinkley, Jones, and the rest—can remember the early period of small sales and petty economies. Hundreds of men who helped to rock the steel giant in his cradle are still to be found in the mills and offices of Pittsburgh. In Johnstown may be seen the first tilting converter that Kelly used in making Bessemer steel; and the boy who helped the inventor with his experiments is still employed in the Cambria mills. In fact, the whole steel industry is so young that ninety per cent of the information in this series of articles was obtained, not from libraries, but from the men and women who have seen it grow out of feeble infancy into its golden age.

On that bleak November day when Andrew Carnegie was born in a Scottish cottage, the iron and steel makers of America had no more thought of millions than of castles in Spain. Steel sold for twenty-five cents a pound. The ironmasters milled little coal and baked no coke. Not an ounce of iron had been made in Wheeling, Youngstown, Cleveland, or Chicago—the latter being a fur-trading village, without harbor or railroad. Birmingham, Alabama, was not on the map until two-score years later. There was not a foot of railroad near Pittsburgh, and not one rail, either of iron or steel, had been produced in any part of the country. And the total American output of iron in that year was less than we make now in four days.

As late as the beginning of the Civil War, what was called a first-class furnace would cost about fifty thousand dollars, employ seventy men, and produce a thousand tons of iron a year. The business was conducted, not by corporations, but by individual ironmasters, who ruled in a truly feudal way over their small communities. There were no millionaires, and what little money an iron-maker had was liable to become waste paper at any moment by the collapse of a rickety bank. Four furnaces out of five were haunted by the specter of debt; and in a bad year, like 1837 or 1857, scores of furnaces were blown out. The tariff, too, was even more variable than the currency. It was raised and lowered by the fitful gusts of politics until 1863, when the Morrill tariff first gave some chance of stability to the unfortunate industry.

With the Civil War came the first large orders and continuous business. Every plant was run night and day.

The output of iron nearly doubled, and the price jumped from \$18.60 to as high as \$73.60 per ton. Of the three billion dollars that the war cost the Federal Government, a goodly share went to the iron-men. Uncle Sam was the best customer they had ever known. They had a surplus in the bank, at last—a store of capital which enabled them to do business on a larger scale. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, Captain Eber B. Ward, of Detroit, boomed up as the first of the iron kings, with several millions to his credit and three flourishing plants, in Chicago, Detroit, and Milwaukee.

The marvelous modern expansion of the iron and steel industry was now about to begin. The germ of its stupendous growth lay in the invention of the Bessemer process. It is necessary, therefore, that this article should describe that wonderful discovery—what it is, and how and when and by whom it was invented.

When there arises a demand for something that shall play a vital part in our national and social development—a demand which is earliest and universal—science is pretty sure to meet it. Even nature must yield when the human race centers its brain-force, with white-hot energy, upon a certain point of attack. It was so in the cases of electricity, railroads, cables, the telegraph, and the telephone; and fifty years ago the most pressing need of the civilized world was a new metal—one that would be as strong as steel and as cheap as iron. This was more than a trade problem. The railroads were using iron rails, which wore out in less than two years. The largest locomotive of that time would to-day be considered little more than a toy. There were no skyscrapers and no

subways, and stages were practically the only street cars. Neither wood nor iron was fit for the new uses of the growing republic; and the high cost of steel made it almost as much out of the question as silver. The greatest need of the world was cheap steel.

At this juncture an answer to the universal demand was voted by the inventive genius of two men—William Kelly, a Pittsburgh Irish-American, and Sir Henry Bessemer, an Englishman of French descent. They devised a new way to refine iron, which has since been known as the Bessemer process. Their discovery was an entirely new idea, and one which at first seemed absurd to every other steel-maker; but within a few years it was universally adopted, revolutionizing the iron and steel trade, and providing the world with a cheap and abundant supply of its most useful metal. It expanded the industry with almost the suddenness of an explosion, and for the first time in the long history of steel-making the steel-smiths were fairly swept off their feet by a flood of riches. Hundreds of individuals were picked up—by merit, by luck, or by chance—and flung upon the golden thrones of an international empire of steel.

In 1846 William Kelly and his brother bought the Svanee Iron Works, near Eddyville, Kentucky. Kelly's father was a well-to-do land-owner in Pittsburgh, where it is said that he erected the first two brick houses in the city. At the time when William Kelly began to make iron, he was thirty-six years old—a tall, well-set-up, muscular, energetic man, with blue eyes and close-cropped beard. In inventiveness his brain ranked high; in business ability, low. He had left a commission business

and become an iron-maker mainly to carry out a process which he had invented, by which larger sugar-kettles were to be made. The "Kelly kettles" became well known among the southern farmers.

He had married Miss Mildred A. Gracy, of Eddyville, and secured the financial backing of his wealthy father-in-law. His iron plant was a fairly good one, close to high-grade ore, and needing the work of about three hundred negro slaves. Mr. Kelly was strongly opposed to slavery, and tried to escape being a slave-holder by importing Chinese. He was the first employer in this country to make this experiment, and found it successful; but international complications prevented him from putting it into practice on a larger scale.

Kelly's first aim was to make good wrought iron for his kettles and for customers in Cincinnati. His iron was refined in what was called a "finery fire"—a small furnace in which about fifteen hundred pounds of pig iron was placed between two layers of charcoal. The charcoal was set on fire, the blast was turned on, and more charcoal was added until the iron was thoroughly refined—a slow, old-fashioned process which used up quantities of charcoal.

In a year all the wood near the furnace had been burned, and the nearest available source of supply was seven miles distant—a fact with which the unbusinesslike Kelly had not reckoned. To cart his charcoal seven miles meant bankruptcy, unless—he could invent a way to save fuel.

One day he was sitting in front of the "finery fire" when he suddenly sprang to his feet with a shout, and rushed to the furnace. At one edge he saw a white-hot spot in the yellow

mass of molten metal. The iron at this spot was incandescent. It was almost gaseous. Yet there was no charcoal—nothing but the steady blast of air. Why didn't the air chill the metal? Every iron-maker since Tubal Cain had believed that cold air would chill hot iron. But Kelly was more than an iron-maker. He was a student of metallurgy, and he knew that carbon and oxygen had an affinity for each other. He knew what air was and what iron was, and like a flash the idea leaped into his excited brain—there is no need of charcoal. Air alone is fuel.

It was as simple as breathing and very similar, but no human mind had thought of it before. When the air is blown into the molten metal, the oxygen unites with the impurities of the iron and leaves the pure iron behind. Oxygen—that mysterious element which gives life to all creatures, yet which burns up and destroys all things; oxygen, which may be had without money in infinite quantities—was now to become the creator of cheap steel.

Kelly was carried away by the magnitude of his idea. His unrestrained delight, after months of depression, amazed every one in the little hamlet. Most of his neighbors thought him crazy. Only three listened with interest and sympathy—two English iron-workers and the village doctor.

At first Kelly snapped his fingers at opposition. "I'll prove it publicly," he said. At his invitation a number of jesting iron-makers from western Kentucky gathered around his furnace the following week, and Kelly, caring nothing for patents, explained his idea and gave a demonstration of it. Air was blown through some melted pig iron, agitating it into a white heat, to the amazement of the

brawny onlookers. A blacksmith seized a piece of the refined iron, cooled it, and with his hammer produced in twenty minutes a perfect horseshoe. He flung it at the feet of the iron men, who could not believe their eyesight, and, seizing a second scrap of iron, made nails and fastened the shoe to the foot of a nearby horse. Pig iron, which cannot be hammered into anything, had been changed into malleable iron, or something very much like it, without the use of an ounce of fuel.

Surely the thing was too absurd. Seeing was not believing. "Some crank'll be burnin' ice next," said one. The iron-men shook their heads and went home to boast in after years that they had seen the first public production of "Bessemer" steel in the world.

Kelly called his invention the "pneumatic process," but it became locally known as "Kelly's air-blowing process." He proceeded at once to refine his iron by this method. He sent his steel, or refined iron, or whatever it was, to Cincinnati, and no flaws were found in it. Years before Mr. Bessemer had made any experiments with iron, there were stentboats on the Ohio River with boilers made of iron that had been refined by Kelly's process.

But now came a form of opposition that Kelly could not defy. His father-in-law said: "Quit this foolishness or repay the capital I have advanced." His Cincinnati customers wrote: "We understand that you have adopted a new-fangled way of refining your iron. Is this so? We want our iron made in the regular way or not at all."

About the same time, Kelly's ore gave out. New mines had to be dug.

Instead of making ten tons a day, he made two.

He surrendered. He became outwardly a level-headed, practical, conservative iron-maker, and won back the confidence of his partners and customers. Then one night he took his "pneumatic process" machinery three miles back into a secluded part of the forest and set it up. Like Galileo, he said: "Nevertheless, air is fuel!" No one knew of this secret spot except the two English iron-workers whom he brought out frequently to help him.

Under such conditions progress was slow. By 1851 his first converter was built—a square, brick structure, four feet high, with a cylindrical chamber. The bottom was perforated for the blast. He would first turn on the blast, and then put in melted pig iron with a ladle. About three times out of five he succeeded. The greatest difficulty was to have the blast strong enough; otherwise the iron flowed through the air-holes and clogged them up.

His second converter was made with bores in the side, and worked better. He discovered that he could do ninety minutes' work in ten, and save further expense in fuel. One improvement followed another. In all, he built seven converters in his backwoods hiding place.

In 1856 Kelly was told that Henry Bessemer, an Englishman, had taken out a United States patent for the "pneumatic process." This aroused Kelly's national pride more than his desire for a monopoly, and he at once filed in the patent office his claims to priority of invention. The patent office was convinced and granted him United States Patent No. 17,628, declaring him to have been the original inventor.

Then came the panic of 1857, and Kelly was one of the thousands who toppled over into bankruptcy. To get some ready money, he sold his patent to his father for a thousand dollars. Not long afterwards the elder Kelly died, and willed his right to his daughters, who were shrewd, businesslike women. They regarded their brother William as a child in financial matters, and refused to give him his patent. After several years of unjustifiable delay, they transferred it to Kelly's children. And so, between his relations and his creditors, Kelly was brought to a standstill.

But even at the lowest point of defeat and poverty, he persevered. Without wasting a day in self-pity, he went at once to the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and secured permission from Daniel J. Morrell, the general superintendent, to make experiments there.

"I'll give you that corner of the yard and young Geer to help you," said Morrell.

In a short time Kelly had built his eighth converter—the first that really deserved the name—and was ready to make a public demonstration. About two hundred shopmen gathered around his queer looking apparatus. Many of them were puddlers, whose occupation would be gone if Kelly succeeded. It is often fear that makes men seaf, and the puddlers were invariably the loudest in ridiculing the "Irish crank."

"I want the strongest blast you can blow," said Kelly to Leibfreit, the old German engineer.

"All right," answered Leibfreit. "I gif you plenty."

Partly to oblige and partly for a joke, Leibfreit guided his blowing engine to do its best, hung a weight

on the safety-valve, and blew such a blast that the whole contents of the converter went flying out in a tornado of sparks. The air, it must be remembered, will take away, first, the impurities in the iron, and, second, the iron itself, if it is too strong or too long continued. This spectacular failure filled the two hundred shopmen with delight. For days you could hear in all parts of the works roars of laughter at "Kelly's fireworks." In fact, it was a ten years' joke in the iron trade.

In a few days Kelly was ready for a second trial, this time with less blast. The process lasted more than half an hour, and was thoroughly unique. To every practical iron-maker it was the height of absurdity. Kelly stood motionless and absorbed beside his converter, an anvil by his side and a small hammer in his hand. When the sparks began to fly, he ran here and there, picking them up and hammering them upon his anvil. For half an hour every spark crumbled under the blow. Then came one that flattened out, like dough—proving that the impurities had blown out. Immediately he tilted the converter and poured out the contents. Taking a small piece, he cooled it and hammered it into a thin plate on his anvil, proving that it was not cast iron.

He had once more shown that cold air does not chill molten iron, but refines it with amazing rapidity if blown through it for the proper length of time. His process was not complete, as we shall see later, but subsequent improvements were comparatively easy to make. Bessemer, by his own efforts, did not get any

better "steel" in 1855 than Kelly had made in 1847.

For this exact account of Kelly's achievements, I am indebted to Mr. J. H. Geor, who was his helper at Johnstown, and to others who were eye-witnesses of his earlier success in western Kentucky.

Kelly remained at Johnstown for five years. By this time he had conquered. His patent was restored to him, and Mr. Morrell and others bought a controlling interest in it. He was now honored and rewarded. The "crank" suddenly became a recognized genius. By 1870 he had received thirty thousand dollars in royalties and after his patent was renewed he received about four hundred and fifty thousand more. After his process had been improved and widely adopted, Kelly spent no time claiming the credit or basking in the glory of his success. No man was ever more undaunted in failure and more modest in victory. He at once gave all his attention to manufacturing high-grade axes in Louisville, and founded a business which is to-day being carried on at Charleston, West Virginia, by his sons.

When more than seventy years of age, he retired and spent his last days at Louisville. Few who saw the quiet, pleasant-faced old gentleman in his daily walks knew who he was or what he had accomplished. Yet in 1888, when he died, it was largely by reason of his process that the United States had become the supreme steel-making nation in the world. He was buried in the Louisville cemetery, wife is still living.

## The Story of Greenwich Hospital

BY F. MOORE IN BRITISH WORKMAN.

There is quite a romance connected with the founding of Greenwich Hospital, the noblest house of rest for the sea in a kingdom to Queen Mary; thank to history it was William of Orange who actually founded it. The old place is depicted in the following article.

### L

A LITTLE MORE than two hundred years ago, on a bright Summer's day, a lady might have been seen pacing up and down the marble terraces of an old house at Greenwich. It was a Royal holiday home, just an easy distance from the noise and heat of London, and none loved it better than Queen Mary, wife of William III. She was fond of the country, and her garden at Greenwich was a great joy. Here she had introduced from her Dutch home the black tulip, the square boxed beds, the quaintly-cut shrubs, and cockleshell walks, and these are still to be seen. But to-day she was very sad. A great victory had been won over the French at La Hogue by her husband against that powerful monarch, Louis XIV. There had been great rejoicing in London—hells pealing, flags flying, bonfires lit—but the victory, alas! had been gained at a sad cost. Thousands of brave sailors had come back terribly wounded, many of them disabled for life, and it made Queen Mary's heart sick to see these men, who had served their country so well, returning to die in penury, or to limp about the streets, dependent on the chance honesty of some passer-by. She resolved to alter this state of things; such a lot must be wiped away. She looked round on the peaceful landscape and green fields of her holiday home. She and William had many places to go for a holiday. Why could they not turn Greenwich

Palace into a Sailor's Home of Rest?

The Thames was near at hand, with its ceaseless tide of shipping. Comrades would pass by on vessels outward bound; the old men might still enjoy a breath of briny air, and have a chat with chums. Her husband was in Holland just now, but she would speak to him about this pressing matter directly he came back.

It would be difficult to broach the subject, she knew, and her cheek paled at the thought. Mary was naturally shy and retiring, and her husband—cold and reserved, a subtle politician, and a stern soldier—had not helped to make her popular. People misunderstood her, and thought her dreamy and unsympathetic, when she was really only shy and frightened. So it was with some timidity, when her husband returned, that she unfolded the plan so near her heart.

William listened to all she had to say, but did not receive the project with any enthusiasm, and though he did not actually oppose the scheme, took no steps towards its speedy accomplishment.

He always laid his own plans with great consideration, and seemed to think this idea of Queen Mary's sudden and premature.

He loved his wife dearly, though he never let her see it, and he little knew how sad she felt when he told her he must think it over, it would not do to be in a hurry. Thus three

years passed away, and nothing was done. An epidemic of small-pox broke out; the Queen caught it, and was dead in three days. She was only thirty-two years of age, and William was broken-hearted.

"I was the happiest man on earth," he cried to Bishop Burnet, who came to console him, "and am now the most miserable. She had no faults. You could not know—nobody but myself could ever know—her goodness!"

Then he thought of her earnest pleading for the poor sailors, and determined that the most superb monument ever erected should be raised to her memory, to take the shape of a Hospital and Home of Rest.

No time was lost. Sir Christopher Wren was requested to immediately furnish plans, and soon one of the finest edifices in Europe arose—the admiration to-day of all who gaze upon it.

An inscription running round the big hall tells everyone that William III claims no merit for the idea, but gives the entire praise to Mary. Had the King lived a little longer, he intended to erect a beautiful statue of his wife, to be placed in a conspicuous part of the grounds. But that part of the design was never carried out, and few people who gaze on those noble buildings, and all the objects of interest within them, are aware that Greenwich Hospital is a memorial of the virtues of the good Queen Mary, of the love and remorse of William, and of the great victory over the French at La Hogue.

## II.

Greenwich Hospital is situated on a terrace 280 yards in length. It consists of four blocks, named King Charles (after Charles II), King

William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne. They form a most imposing feature in the landscape. On an eminence in the park near at hand, appears the Royal Observatory, and though it has nothing to do with the hospital itself, yet one must say a word about it, for time for the whole of the world is set from Greenwich, and all our clocks and watches would be of no use without it. It was built by Charles II in 1675 on a high spot which was called Flamstead Hill, after the famous man who was the first Astronomer Royal. John Flamstead was born at a tiny village in Derbyshire, and received his education at the Free School of Derby. He became so famous that this beautiful observatory was erected for his sole use. From here he calculated time, the roll of the tides, and many other things which to-day greatly add to our comfort and happiness.

But to return to the hospital. In one of the great blocks is the painted hall and beautiful ceiling. It was once used as a refectory, but now serves as a gallery of famous naval pictures.

The ceiling and walls of this hall were exquisitely painted by Sir James Thornhill. One day, as he was standing on the scaffolding, palette in hand, engrossed in his work, he was stepping back, quite forgetting where he was, when some one fortunately happened to enter, and seeing the artist's peril, began defacing some of his painting on the wall, causing Sir James to angrily rush forward to expostulate, and in this way his life was saved. The pictures hung round the hall are numerous and impressive, showing the greatness and importance of England's navy, and the brave men who ruled it. As you come out of

the painted hall you will probably see youths sporting themselves on the greenward outside before going back to study in one of the four blocks, now a naval college. Why are they here, and what has become of the old pensioners whose blue coats and cocked hats and long yarns were till 1870 the glory of Greenwich Well, it is a long story, and we will try and tell it as briefly as possible before going to see the monuments and naval museum. The hospital—as we already know—was erected by William III in memory of Queen Mary. The King gave £2,000 a year towards keeping it up; then Parliament granted money, and there were large sums also from private individuals, and unclaimed prize money. When the pensioners first went in (in 1738 there were over 1,000 living there) they were very happy, being comfortably housed, clothed, and fed. But in course of years it was noticed that the number of those wishing to enter began to decline, complaints were made of mismanagement, and in 1805 Parliament ordered an inquiry to be made, with the result that it was found the vast revenues had been very much misapplied, and it was thought best to make a clearance of everything and start afresh. Good terms were offered to the pensioners to leave and have money given them instead in the form of out-pensions, in order for them to live with friends and relatives, and most of them elected to do so. By 1870 this system was made compulsory, and Greenwich ceased to be a refuge for seamen. The brass-buttoned, blue-coated old men with wooden leg or arm disappeared from the scene.

For some few of the old men the change was good; for others, alas! it proved the reverse. Temptations

to drink were offered to some, others were neglected by their relatives, and many of them died in miserable circumstances. Three old men absolutely refused to leave. The hospital had been a real home to them, so they were allowed to remain there till their death.

For a time all the buildings remained closed, except the infirmary, which was taken possession of by that excellent institution, the Seamen's Hospital Society, whose hospital ship, the *Dreadnought*, moored off Greenwich, was for years so familiar to all the passengers on the Thames.

One of the old pensioners—Drago by name—is still living in the hospital. He is considerably over eighty, and still able to attend Divine service on Sundays in the Greenwich Hospital Chapel. Seamen from every clime and race are received here, and some few of the poor old Greenwich fellows, who were banished from their original home, are able to end their days here in peace. May we hope that those who spend a pleasant day at Greenwich will not forget to turn in here, and leave a thank-offering for the mercies of health and strength, the infirmary is one of the most useful bits of Greenwich life.

## III.

After the pensioners left their old home, the revenues of Greenwich hospital were carefully rearranged, and it was decided to make one of the blocks a naval college for educating naval officers of all ranks above that of midshipmen, and the other block into a naval museum.

But the expenses of the naval college are not borne by Greenwich. The navy pays the hospital £6,500 a year rent, and the money goes in



out-pensons for old sailors, and provisions for widows and orphans, as well as in maintaining the Greenwich hospital school, with its ship on dry land, of which we hope to speak presently. The big block known as Queen Anne's forms the naval museum. There are no less than seventeen rooms in the museum, filled with interesting relics of every description, including those of Alexander Selkirk, Sir John Franklin, and last, but not least, Lord Nelson.

There is a fine chapel connected with the college, richly ornamented, and built in the Grecian style of architecture. But we must now cross the road, and visit the Greenwich hospital school, which, standing apart from the majestic blocks, is apt to be overlooked by visitors. It is close to the Queen's house, the old holiday home from whence Queen Mary looked out and evolved her scheme of helping the sailors, and this historic house is now the residence of the captain of the dry land ship. Here is a splendid school for the sons of seamen; a nursery for the navy girls—daughters of seamen—are helped from the Greenwich funds, 300 being educated at Wand-

worth; but the boys, over 1,000, remain at Greenwich. Here they are thoroughly instructed in seamanship by means of a full-rigged model ship, the work going just the same as if they were in mid-ocean. Fifty-five of the little fellows sleep on board every night, and everything is kept in perfect order and cleanliness—in fact, ship-shape. Besides seamanship, they are taught cooking, washing and tailoring.

The entire control of Greenwich hospital and all its institutions is now in the hands of the Admiralty, and there is a proviso in the charter that should there be at any time, or by reason of prolonged naval wars or other adversities, sailors requiring refuge, all the buildings shall revert to the original scheme for which good Queen Mary and William III intended them.

As it is, a splendid work is being judiciously and properly carried on for building up our navy, which, as England develops, requires strengthening in every particular, and no one who has the welfare of our country at heart should lose an opportunity of visiting Greenwich, one of the most interesting places in the world.

## Cultivate Men of Purpose

BY MARSHALL FIELD.

The business world is full of young men content in simply putting in their time somehow and drawing their salaries, making no effort whatever to increase their efficiency and thereby enhance their own as well as their employer's interest.

To every young man I would say, seek at the start to cultivate the acquaintance of those only whose contact and influence will kindle high purposes, as I regard the building up of a sterling character one of the fundamental principles of true success.

## Afghanistan, the Land of Mystery

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL IN LONDON MAIL.

Afghanistan is shut off entirely completely from the rest of the world. The railway and the telegraph are blocked, by suspicion is strangled. The central government, ruled despotic by Abdur Rahman, has tamed all opposition.

AT Chaman you are on the threshold of the land of mystery. No country with which we are connected by close political ties keeps *pardah* so rigorous as Afghanistan. Nepal you may enter with difficulty, and see the home of the Gurkhas—our allies and brave mercenaries—who live in stern isolation and independence. Afghanistan is forbidden. From the Khyber you may look over rugged mountains and glens and watch the caravans of bearded Afghans and the camels gurgling under loads of merchandise. But Lundi Kotul shuts the gate with a bang. At Chaman your gate may wander across the great plateau toward Kandahar; but Baldak Spin—the Afghan fort on the plain—sees that your feet do not follow your eyes. If you doubt and are tempted, they will tell you the story of Colonel Yate, who strayed over the border, and was held a prisoner in sight of his regiment.

Not modest but suspicious has drawn this impenetrable veil across Afghanistan. Yusuf and Isak and Ayub—descendants of the commander of King Solomon's armies and of Jeremiah, son of Saul—know neither modesty nor fear. These untamed children of Israel pray Allah to give them death on the battlefield against the infidel. But Abdur Rahman taught them wisdom in presence of "the lion and the terrible bear, who are staring at the poor goat, and are ready to swallow it at the first opportunity." The goat has with-

drawn into the mountains to grow strong. Railway and telegraph may not follow, and no alien may approach. For news of "the poor goat" we have only the gossip of the *hastars* when the caravans come to Peshawar and Quetta and Nushki. The gossip is good, for it tells that the law established by wise and ruthless Abdur Rahman abides.

In the stormy days of his youth this "vice-regent of God"—so pitiless Abdur Rahman named himself—learned that when the King of the Afghans strayed a few miles from his capital another king reigned in his stead, and flight was his only refuge. To-day his son is touring through the land. We hear of him at Jellalabad showering rewards and punishment. Yet neither son nor brother has seized the occasion to rebel. This is proof that Abdur Rahman did not live in vain; that feudal lords were not blown from guns to no purpose; that robber chiefs did not hang in cages to no good end. It may be long ere the Afghans set up an Euxeter Hall in Kabul, and send missionaries to spread the gospel of Mahomed; but Habibullah need not repeat in anguish the thoughts of his father:

"Fair are the vales well-watered and the vines on the upland swell,  
"You might think you were reigning in Heaven—I know I am ruling in Hell."

The Afghans have been tamed for more than a day. A wonderful story is that to which Habibullah is heir.

A quarter of a century ago, when Abdur Rahman was fighting his way to the throne, every priest and every chief of every tribe and village was king in his own might. Tyranny and cruelty were rampant. For a few rupees you might slay your enemy or amuse yourself by cutting off a neighbor's head to see how high it jumped on a red-hot iron. Assassination was a legitimate business and robbery an honored profession. If ambition seized you to become a saint you had only to stick your knife into an infidel and pass unchallenged before the Judgment Seat straight into Paradise.

Unless rumor belies them, Afghans have forsaken these ancient and honored customs and are turning their energies to commerce and industry. It is significant, at any rate, that the Amir is reported to have urged the need for railways and telegraphs. His advisers, however, are opposed to these innovations, and abide by the wisdom of Abdur Rahman, who held that railways make the country accessible to enemies, and must wait "until we have an army strong enough to fight our neighbors." Meanwhile the fierce Pathan has to be content with the telephone, which is said to be spreading its net over the land. If he wants a train instead of a camel he must go to Kandahar, where the Russians have a railway which they are anxious to extend to Herat, or he must come to Chaman, where our rails point to Kandahar.

These rumors of peace which trickle across the border and follow the progress of the Amir may be well founded. They are confirmed to some extent by the state of the frontier. Now and again an isolated post is attacked and men are killed for their rifles, or a native is found

stark on the road with a dagger between his ribs and a note explaining that some disappointed Pathan desires to call the attention of the Government of India to his grievances. But these incidents of frontier life are comparatively rare. The tribes who lived by plunder and raid regret the good old times when men lived by the sword and died by a rifle fired from the security of a rock. I met a man the other day who complained bitterly of these decadent days. A tall and stately ruffian in baggy breeches and ample white robes, with a turban over his long black locks—the face of a Hebrew prophet, and bold dark eyes that flash like a sword. He remembers the time when all that he need do to be rich and respectable was to set light to a village and kill a few neighbors. "Now we are women, and must tend sheep and goats, and may not look over the fence."

The fence has a vigilant guardian in General Smith-Dorrien. Warden of 900 miles of wild frontier—of snow-clad mountain and sun-scorched plain—of wild tribes with whom war is a passion and plunder an instinct, he knows every weakness and every strength of the strategic frontier. Stand on the summit of Kojak and look down on the plain and the peaks of snow, and you see the sentinel that keeps watch over India—the strong man, armed and alert in the ice and the sun, waiting for the foe who halts by the way. You may have doubts about the "forward policy," but they will vanish when you ascend from the naked plains through the Bolan Pass and come to the ramparts that nature raised for the defence of our Indian Empire. From Herat all roads lead to Quetta and at Quetta you may halt and bar the gate to India or throw it open

to strike on front or on flank. Quetta may be approached only from the north or the south. On the north it is guarded by fortified hills, and at Balesi, in the narrow exit from the plain between the cliffs of Takata and the rugged foothills of Mashelak, are strongly defended lines that could not be turned save by a miracle. From the south an enemy advancing from Seistan through Nushki would have to pass along narrow valleys and over difficult hills capable of prolonged resistance. The citadel of the south-west frontier—strong by nature—has been made doubly strong by art, and under the new redistribution scheme will have a garrison of two complete divisions.

India has, therefore, a double defence—the frontier and Afghanistan. The late Amir made no secret of his

dependence upon the British in the event of an invasion. His successor has hinted that he is not necessarily bound by the engagements of his father. He has, however, shown no disposition to depart from the policy of Abdur Rahman, and has directed his energies to the peaceful development of the country. He has given no countenance to those frontier intrigues which encouraged chiefs of bordering tribes to be Afghans in Summer and British in Winter, ready to accept money and robes of honor from such in turn. The system of frontier levies has removed temptation to this double dealing, and has tended to convince the Afghans that we have no designs on their country and no desire save to see them a strong and self-contained nation.

## Education in the Northwest

BY CHARLES H. HURSTEN IN WORLD-TO-DAY.

Mr. Hursten is lecturer in education and leader in Alberta College, Edmonton. He writes with intimate knowledge of conditions in the West, paying particular attention to the work of his own colleges.

NO question is of greater interest to the thoughtful people of the new West than that of education. The most important issue at the late elections, the first since the entrance of the two provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan into provincial status, was that of separate as against national schools. The Anatomy Bill embodied the principle of separate schools for religious minorities, and this proposition was supported by the Liberal candidates; while the Conservatives declared for purely national schools. The verdict of the people, if the results of the elections can be taken as that, is by

no means uncertain. In Alberta a solitary Conservative will uphold the views of the party against twenty-four sturdy Liberals. In Saskatchewan, owing to the aggressive fight and strong personality of Mr. Haultain, late leader in the Territorial House, the Conservatives have won eight seats and came within a few votes of winning three or four more.

It is doubtful whether the principle of separation in public school education will be attacked, at present at least. It must be remembered, however, that in the system in vogue teachers in the separate schools are required to pass the same examina-

tions as those in the national schools. The text-books in both classes of schools are also the same with one exception. In the lowest grades of the Roman Catholic schools it is permitted to use readers containing some instruction in religious dogma. Nevertheless, though the evils incident to religious schools have been somewhat eliminated by the above provisions, the system spells separation in education, and there are many thoughtful people in the West who see trouble ahead. Large numbers of intelligent Liberals voted the Conservative ticket at the late elections because it seemed to them that the historic principles of Liberalism had been forsaken by their own party. It may be that the Liberals, having gained power in the West, will gradually drift back to their old position, and the banner of provincial rights will again be seen raised above its hosts.

At present there is only one institution in the two new provinces giving instruction in university work, Alberta College, in the city of Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. The story of its founding and subsequent career is illustrative of the spirit of the West.

About two and one-half years ago a number of men sat together in council. They aspired to be the founders of a new institution of learning to be located in the most northerly city in America, except Dawson City in the Yukon. The initial stages of the movement had been passed, the consent of the church-governing body (for the new college was to be a Methodist venture) had been given, and a sum of money pledged by the citizens sufficient to meet the needs of the first three years. Only one important requirement remained to be met,

namely, the appointment of the principal, and the man they wanted was down with typhoid in the city hospital. The moment was indeed unpropitious to offer the position with hope of acceptance. What if the man of their desire turned the proposition down? Where should they look for another? Perhaps it would be wiser to wait a year. That was the counsel of the Wise Man from the East who had been deputed by the church to aid the young western enthusiasts. "Better wait," he said. The group of men sat for a few moments in silence. Then one of them rose to his feet. "I move" he said, "that we begin at once." The motion was put and carried unanimously. To the man in hospital, burning with fever, the Wise Man from the East and another offered on behalf of the directors the position of principal, and the offer was accepted.

On October 5, of that year, the principal-elect sat in one of a suite of rooms engaged as temporary quarters and waited all day for a pupil. None came. He was there again the next morning at nine o'clock. At 10.30 a.m., three men entered the room. Two of them were "sky pilots," they were steering into the harbor the first student, and the work of Alberta College had begun. The second year closed with 180 students registered in all departments, and a staff of eleven professors and lecturers actively employed. A college building, costing with equipment over \$30,000, was finished and in use during the year; all the bills were paid and there was a balance on the right side. The college has commended itself to the people of Alberta. Last Summer the college building was more than doubled in size, and at the time of

writing, is filled to its utmost capacity.

The aim of this institution is to meet the educational requirements of the Canadian Northwest without invading the field already well occupied by the public and high schools. No student, no matter how small his educational equipment, is refused admittance. Instruction is given in arts, including matriculation and the first two years of university work; commercial work, including stenography and typewriting; music, both instrumental and vocal, elocution and physical culture. There is also an all-comers' course for young men and women whose early advantages were few and who could not now enter the public schools except in the lowest grades. This course has proved to be a great blessing to a number of young men and women during the past years.

The ideal of the college is a preparation for life. "Non scholae, sed vitae," sums up its purpose. To bring the young men and women of the West who enter its halls to understand life in its true meaning, and to help them to prepare themselves for its service, is the aim the

instructors constantly keep before themselves. Hence manhood and womanhood stand for more than scholarship, however important that may be, and, in the phrase of the college motto, "Mores sunt maxima," right habits are the big thing.

The future is full of promise. A school of domestic science is to be the next addition, so that the daughters of the west may be equipped to become the homemakers of to-morrow—ladies in the old generic meaning of that much abused Saxon word, as wise breakers of bread.

Here, then, is the nucleus of the higher education of the Canadian greater west, and it is probable that along these lines further movement will be made. Hon. Mr. Rutherford, Premier of Alberta, has stated his intention of bringing in a University Bill at the first meeting of the Legislature in March. Beyond this nothing definite is settled. How to build up a system of higher education upon these plains that shall be free from the dominance of political and religious institutions, and which shall at the same time be deeply religious and broadly educative, is the problem at present before the people of these provinces.

## While the Iron is Hot

A man who has done a great deal of literary work has found it a most excellent rule to turn aside, if possible, even in the midst of an absorbing task, for the purpose of looking up at the moment any reference that touches his curiosity. At times the curiosity can be satisfied by a moment's reading; if more is required, it is easy to make a note and return to the matter at leisure; but often it will be found a fatal error to put aside a question without jotting down some memorandum. The time to fix a fact in memory is when that fact is first introduced to the mind and the interest in it is keenest.—St. Nicholas.

# A Pioneer Canadian Manufacturer

BY FRASER S. KEITH

By the death of John Bertram, of Dundas, which occurred very suddenly on April 4, Canada has lost one of the men who is of the Canada man of her industrial life. Coming to Canada more than fifty years ago, he first established the business in Dundas, which to-day bears his name and is typical in its extent and worth of the man who built it up.

WHAT the name of Carnegie is to the iron and steel trade of the United States, and that of Edison or Westinghouse to the electric and allied industries, so has the name of John Bertram, of Dundas, been to the machine tool interests of Canada. From the quiet serenity of a peaceful old age and the fruitful enjoyment of the success of a well spent life, John Bertram was called suddenly as he was preparing to leave his residence for his office on April 4. Without a moment's warning the summons came, causing sorrow, deep and lasting to his immediate family and friends, and regret, genuine and sincere, not only to his fellow townsmen, but to the entire manufacturing interests of the Dominion. While the name of John Bertram will live in the large and important industry that bears his name, those who knew him personally will cherish his memory on account of his attractive personality, rather than as the man, who, more than any other, made the name of his adopted town known from the Atlantic to the Pacific or the man who stood the test as a captain of industry or as a leader of men.

To be respected and esteemed is given to many, but to stand in the fierce light that beats upon a man in an exalted position and be loved by all, comes to few, but such was the case with the late Mr. Bertram. The silent music of his life, his bright blue eyes, clear complexion

and the native Scotch accent, his kindly smile and fatherly interest in others, all united in drawing men to him and made him one who touched the inner lives of his fellows. While genius was in his make up, energy, perseverance, courage, and integrity were the dominant qualities that after his landing in Canada were to win the name and fame that came to him and that placed him in the forefront of the machine tool trade of the Dominion.

On Sept. 13, 1829, John Bertram was born at Eddlestone, Peebleshire, Scotland, his ancestors being pioneers in the millright industry in the south of Scotland. Until fourteen years of age he attended the parochial schools there and during that time he received his first inspiration in mechanics in operating a foot lathe belonging to his grandfather. He soon became an expert turner and was a great favorite amongst his classmates whom he kept supplied with spinning tops or peeries, as the boys called them. In his fourteenth year he moved with his grandfather to Galashiels, a town celebrated in that day for the manufacture of tweed cloth. After two years attendance at school there he became an apprentice with his uncle, Thos. Aimers, of the Waverley foundry.

The life of an apprentice in those days had few of the attractions of to-day. The time to be served was five and a half years and the remuneration during the entire period

was six shillings a week. Besides this, the work carried on in the early forties was not easy. If the aspiring young machinist, whether from necessity or principle, refused to pay his footing (which meant a glorious time in some public house) it was counted against him. He dare not give any opinion on a mechanical subject and high words and worse were his common lot. Happy was the apprentice who had the grit to stand his ground or hit back if required and consider it as the general order of things. When young Bertram suggested to a journeyman an improvement in the shape of cutting tools instead of the old grub boxes, the latter stopped, amazed at his impertinence, and said: "Johany, when you are a journeyman you can shape your cutting tools as you think fit, but don't dictate to me."

In later years Mr. Bertram felt that life in his youth was in one sense a good training school, as he always profited by the mistakes of his elders and never harbored any hard feeling, for in four years he found his place and was able to exercise his own judgment.

The machines in the shop where his apprenticeship was served were of the most primitive type, the lathes had wooden sheers and turning was done with slide rests. The proprietor, a skillful engineer, was determined on a change, and installed a set of lathes with ponderous iron frames set upon heavy stone foundations. They were powerfully geared. This change was justified on account of the future class of work which was made a specialty by this establishment. The class of machinery made until this time was textile machinery, such as carding, spin-

ning and the complicated machines required for producing the fine woolen tweeds which have made a world-wide name for this district. Mr. Aimers decided to drop out of the competition with English makers of textile machinery and confine himself principally to steam engines, water wheels, shafting and gearing, as at this time a large number of factories were built on the Tweed and its tributaries. In this class of mechanics the young apprentice had good scope for his ability and made many improvements on machine tools and appliances.

Like all imaginative mechanics he had a hobby, and being always attracted by electric science, in 1848 he spent his spare evenings constructing a direct current machine. In partnership with a brother workman, they prosecuted this hobby for a time, but his friend became alarmed when he saw the expense and realized what lay before him, and withdrew. So Bertram plodded on alone, constructed a machine for insulating the wire, which completed over one hundred feet every evening and finished his electric machine in a few months.

In May, 1853, Mr. Bertram entered married life, taking as his partner, Elizabeth Bennett, from Roxborough-shire. About that time he made up his mind to come to Canada and with his young wife he set sail from Glasgow on a barque of 1,000 tons register, belonging to the Allan Co. A few weeks before landing a large part of Montreal city had been burned and presented a desolate appearance, so they decided to go to Toronto, arriving in the city by the steamer New Era on a beautiful morning. To use Mr. Bertram's own words, "Dressed in our San-

day draws, we stepped on the wharf at the foot of Young street. There was no esplanade, no railway and none of the landmarks that characterize the city to-day, and Toronto did not look very inviting at that time. While looking at the novel surroundings, so unlike the Broomelaw pier, our appearance attracted the attention of Mr. Duff, of the Island Revenue Department, who was watching the arrivals. He came up and asked us where we came from and, finding I was a machinist, said: "Go straight to Dundas and you will find a situation in the John Gartshore foundry." Dundas? Dundas? I inquired. I never heard tell of it. "Well," said Mr. Duff, "continue on the boat to Hamilton and you will find Dundas."

The manager of Gartshore's foundry was the late William Gill, Esq., a Glasgow's engineer and well known at that time to Mr. Bertram, who was immediately engaged. The tools here were of a very antiquated pattern, except an American lathe, charge of which was given to Mr. Bertram. It had no changeable feed and required fifty turns of the work for one inch of traverse. The mechanical genius of the man exhibited itself here and he immediately set to work to put a variable speed on the lathe and so doubled the output. At this time these works were building the engines for the steamer "Queen of the West," and latterly the first engines of the Hamilton water works, of which a large part of the work was machined by Mr. Bertram. During these years not only was his inventive ability given scope, but also the development of a keen business sense was begun.

In 1865 he joined partnership with

Robt. McKeeine under the title of McKeeine & Bertram. This business was carried on for twenty-one years and when the senior partner retired it was continued as John Bertram & Sons and later incorporated as a joint stock company. During all this time new lines were being constantly added to the output, improvements made in existing methods and business reached out after from ocean to ocean until the firm became the best known of its kind in the country. Last Summer the business was incorporated with the Niles-Bement-Pond Machine Tool Co., the largest builders of machine tools in America, having the parent Niles works in Hamilton, Ohio, the Pond works in Plainfield, N.J., the Bement works in Philadelphia, as well as the electric engine department.

During his many years residence in Dundas the late Mr. Bertram was one of its foremost citizens and exercised a keen interest in promoting its welfare. He was a councillor for many years and held the offices of reeve, deputy reeve and mayor. In religion he was a Presbyterian and in politics a reformer.

From the strenuous activities of his business life Mr. Bertram found time for deep and extensive reading as well as leisure for several trips to his native land. Only a few days before his death as he sat smoking his pipe in his office and growing reminiscent over the changes that had been wrought since his young manhood, he related to the writer an incident on one of these trips which showed the thoroughness of the man. One of his early undertakings, after learning his trade, was the building and installing of a water wheel, after many weeks of laborious work. Forty years afterwards he visited the mill

where the wheel had been placed. He found that it had been running continuously for the operation of the mill during that period, was then running and during all those years had never cost a shilling for repairs.

He dearly loved to delve into the histories and mysteries of earlier civilizations and on the subject of recent archaeological discoveries he was an authority. The Bible also was a feature of his reading, as his intimate knowledge of its contents revealed. Natural science was all absorbing, resulting in a deep insight into several of its branches.

Despite advancing years he kept

in close touch with business matters as well as the general affairs of current history, and was keenly alive to the industrial changes and the advances that succeeding years have brought about.

A typical example of the hardy Scotchman who have risen to the top in whatever dense circumstances find them, his death severs another link of the chain connecting with the past and removes another pioneer who has helped to lay sure and broad the foundation of a young country and leave it on a stronger and higher elevation than he found it.

## Grin and Bear It

It's easy to smile and be cheerful  
When everything's pleasant and fair;  
We never complain of life's hardships  
When there are no burdens to bear.  
But soon as the blue skies cloud over,  
And the way that was smooth has grown rough,  
We forget the blithe songs we were singing,  
And our faces are doleful enough.

But some can be cheerful when shadows  
Are thick round the pathways they tread;  
They sing in their happiest measures  
With a faith in the blue skies o'erhead.  
They face with a smile that's like sunshine  
The trials that come in their way,  
And they always find much to be glad for  
In the loneliest, dreariest day.

Thank God for the man who is cheerful  
In spite of life's troubles, I say;  
Who sings of a brighter to-morrow  
Because of the clouds of to-day.  
His life is a beautiful sermon,  
And this is its lesson to me:  
Meet trials with smiles and they vanish;  
Face cares with a song and they flee.

# A Young Man's Prospects in Banking

BY NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR.

Mr. Fowler's advice is that, if a boy has no pronounced tendency towards any other calling, and is careful and methodical, he would make no mistake in entering a bank.

THE question is asked, what kind of a boy will make the best banker? This question is exceedingly difficult to answer. The boy fitted to be a lawyer shows distinct characteristics, which may guide the parent; the boy adaptable to the ministry presents unmistakable tendencies, but the to-be-banker boy may not have any characteristics by which one can determine, with any degree of accuracy, whether or not he is well suited to banking. There are hundreds of boys who will not make good bankers; the careless boy, the boy who takes no thought for himself or for others, who can not be depended upon, who knows little of figures, and wants to know even less than he does know, who is always behindhand, and who is unreliable, will not make a good banker. Then there is another kind of boy, who is not adapted to banking, and that is the boy who has an unmistakable and justifiable tendency in another direction. The boy more fitted by nature to be a lawyer, doctor, minister, or journalist may make a good banker, but he will make a much better lawyer, minister, or journalist than he will banker.

Perhaps the best advice I can give to the boy who is considering banking is to tell him to enter banking if he is positive that he has no pronounced tendency in some other direction, and is sufficiently careful and methodical, is one who seldom makes a mistake with his pencil or with his pen, and who is reliable in every sense. This boy, if he chooses banking, will make his living out of it;

and if he has business sagacity, will rise from the ranks. But I must admit that the boy of much business capacity, the boy with a natural trading tendency, will stand a better chance in regular mercantile work as a salesman than he will in the banking institution.

And yet I do not wish to give the impression that I do not think banking offers good opportunities, for it does. The boy adapted to banking, who is careful, exact, and with fair education, is pretty sure of a good living, perhaps of the comforts of life, and I may say that he is even surer of a living than is the salesman or other mechanical worker, because there is a permanency about the bank which exists in few other classes of business. Yet the opportunities offered by the bank to the bright, aggressive boy are not as great as those presented by a mercantile house. In other words, the bank draws a line beyond which there is little possibility of going. Inside of that line there is a reasonable certainty of a living success. The mercantile business does not draw any line of limitation, but the work has more of the element of risk and speculation.

Perhaps the most serious objection to entering the banking business is that after one has become imbued with the work of the bank he is of little use in anything else, and if after his prime the bank fails, or he leaves it for any other cause, he is to a large extent unfitted to enter any other calling. But this objection is not necessarily confined to banking. Comparatively few men who are

thrown out of work after they reach the aged side of their prime can easily adapt themselves to other things, and, therefore, business failures can earn comparatively little and are objects of pity, unless they have in the meantime saved a competency.

The banking business, as a rule, does not broaden one's ideas. It confines one largely to finance, or, rather, to dealing with the mass of detail having reference to the handling of the money of finance. It does not generally carry him out into the great open where he can see men and things from the broadest viewpoint. The bank clerk or bank officer is, to a large extent, confined to his banking room. True, he meets all kinds of men and gets an insight into all kinds of business, but he only comes into direct contact with the financial side of those men. He sees them when they have money to deposit and when they want to borrow money. He sees them when they are flush and when they are in need. He does not see them in the action of their business.

But, again, let me say that this condition is not confined to banking. I simply want to prevent the boy from rushing into banking, as I want to prevent him from rushing into any other calling. I must repeat that, while banking is a good business, I would not advise any boy to enter a bank unless he finds that he has not, and shows that he has not, unmistakable and marked ability or well defined inclination in some other and broader direction.

Mr. Frank H. Barbour, cashier of the National Shawmut Bank, of Boston, says:

"In response to your request I will give you some reasons why I would advise a boy to enter the banking business.

"Of course, I assume that he enters business life with the determination to succeed, otherwise this business has no place for him. Assuming, therefore, that he is in earnest, I would advise him to enter banking because it is a clean, honorable business, commanding the respect of the community, and deservingly so, for, though it has its defaulters, whose betrayals of trust are always spread before the public under heavy headlines, their percentage to the number in the business is creditably small, a tribute to the integrity of the members of a profession in which temptations to dishonesty are great.

"Banking is among the oldest lines of occupation, and so long as the business world exists it must have facilities for the safe keeping of its funds and the handling of its credits. The boy, therefore, who enters banking, determined to make himself valuable to his institution, may feel more assured of a permanent situation than one who enters business life as a clerk in a mercantile establishment. The chances of the failure or withdrawal of his institution from business are less. His income may be smaller than that of the average business man, but it is assured and regular, and, knowing this, he can adjust his expenses accordingly, laying by monthly the little sums which will in the end provide for his comfort when he is retired, and, let us hope, reasonably pensioned.

"Availing himself of the shorter hours of office work than the average clerk, or even business man, enjoys, the bank clerk may improve his opportunity to indulge in some healthful form of out-of-door amusement, or the study of some natural science, perhaps irreverently called a "fad," which will clear the cobwebs from his brain and make him a broader, better

man. The tendency of the times is to more intense application during business hours, making necessary more frequent intervals of rest and relaxation. The bank clerk is perhaps in a better position to avail himself of such relaxation than are others.

"Banking furnishes large opportunities for the development of the faculty of reading character and forming rapid, accurate judgment of men. The good banker must have the ability to say 'No,' and if he can say it in such a way as to keep the good will and respect of his clients, he has tact which all must acknowledge.

"This business also furnishes opportunities for the study of the great financial problems of the day, as well as for the development of honest impartiality. Who can better serve the interests of the business world than the fearless, conscientious banker, before whom, in the exercise of his duty as the leader of the money others have placed in trust with him for that purpose, come the financial statements of would-be borrowers to be analyzed and sifted, and on which he must pass judgment, meting out proper lines of credit to the deserving, and with keen perception detect-

ing the weak points or false representations of the unworthy? The business world depends upon such men in a large measure for its safety and success. It should be the ambition of the young man to prepare himself for so honorable and important a position.

"The boy who enters it must give up the ambition, which all have, for the accumulation of large wealth, and while he may, perhaps, see those who entered business life with him, by some fortunate speculation gain sudden wealth, he must, by virtue of his position, avoid all speculative ventures and make up his mind to be contented with a modest income in return for faithful services."

Mr. Douglas H. Thomas, president of the Merchants' National Bank, of Baltimore, says:

"I would state that the banking business is considered a most honorable profession, and a knowledge of its details will always prove of immense service to any one engaged in any of the occupations or professions of life. To any one who continues in the business and shows ability and aptitude, a good position is always assumed with proper compensation."

## The Correct Thing in Men's Dress

BY BRAD BRUMMELL.

An authority on men's wear discusses the styles for Spring, showing the materials that will be in favor, the cut that will be followed, and the various shapes in hats, etc.

NOT many changes will be noticed in the Spring and Summer styles in men's clothes this year. It will without doubt be a worsted season. It is hard to understand why this should be since these goods are higher now than they have been for many a long day. In sack suits the coat style will show some change. Both single and double breasted will be worn although the latter is dying out, and is not likely to have the sale this season as the former. In passing it is interesting to notice that many of the peculiarities of the double-breasted coat are being adopted for the single-breasted. For instance, tailors are cutting the latter almost straight down the front, giving it but a slight curve at the bottom which is hardly noticeable at a little distance. The long-pointed lapel and closely-fitting collar, peculiar to the double-breasted coat, will also be introduced on the single-breasted. The coat will be about the same in length as that worn last year, although perhaps a trifle shorter, and the buttons will be three in number. A medium centre vent a little shorter than usual is promised and doubtless a few side vents will be offered, but the former are preferable. There is some talk of ventless coats, owing to the vent becoming so common, but the sales of vent coats this year will not be materially affected.

The single-breasted waistcoat will show few changes. The colors are

not so many and varied as they were in the Fall of 1905. There is a tendency to quieter colors. Waistcoats trimmed in hraid matching the material of which the former is made will be popular. White flannel waistcoats trimmed with white silk braid of the same color are very dressy and neat in appearance, and will be good sellers. Trousers show little change. They will not be as loose at the hips as they usually are and the ankles will fit more closely, but otherwise they will remain unchanged.

Four-in-hands still continue leaders by a wide margin and the most noted tendency, as the season progresses, is the steady demand for widths around two inches. The fold collar, no matter what may be said against it, is the ever popular type, and the extremely wide tie has been found clumsy to wear effectively with this style. Collar shapes with wide fronts have been brought out, to allow for the wide tie, but this does not get at the root of the trouble. It needs a great deal of tugging to bring the tie into shape and oftentimes the silk tears and the lining is generally destroyed. Manufacturers have sought to avoid this by sewing the lining right into the silk.

Regarding the colors in shirts for Summer and Fall a great deal might be said. Light colors seem to be in great demand, but nevertheless dark patterns are not by any means neglected. A somewhat awkward situ-



ation exists in these. The demand for dark goods cannot be supplied because manufacturers are unable to obtain the dark cloths from which they make up these shirts. These cloths are supplied by Canadian mills to the manufacturers, who every year buy certain quantities. This year the latter evidently did not figure correctly upon the demand there would be for colored goods, and consequently they have run out of this cloth and have only a very small quantity of these materials in stock—not nearly enough to fill the demand. More cloth might be obtained, but not in time for manufacturers to fill either Summer or Fall orders.

Plain white Madras shirts will probably sell as well as any for Summer wear. Light grounds, too, with dark stripes of black, blue, brown, helio and pink will be asked for both during Summer and Fall months. Dark floral and scroll effects on white ground will also meet the popular fancy for these seasons. Plaids when not too loud will hold a share of business. Plain whites in broadcase cord, Bradford cord and matalasse are among the offerings for Summer and Fall. These are made up in negligee form to wear with a white collar.

Business in colored shirts is going to be very large. Shirts with cuffs attached are gaining in favor for country trade, although detached cuffs are still in the majority for that trade. One fault men find against the American made detached cuff is the fact that the stud for the cuff button is placed at the end of the cuff, unlike the Canadian method of having the stud in the middle of the cuff. The fault lies in the fact that while with the Canadian cuff a

man may have a clean pair of cuffs all week by reversing them when one end becomes soiled, with the American cuff this is impossible. Another fault some find with American shirts is that the cuffs are not long enough. This latter point is, however, purely a matter of taste.

Spring hat displays emphasize the predictions made long ago that the present season would be essentially another stiff hat one, with the black Derlys far and away in the lead. City trade shows a decided preference to the flat-brim Derby, and the younger element have at last taken these hats up with enthusiasm. It is the young men who keep up the bigger share of the trade and they have evidently decided that the curled brims have had their day. Conservative shapes are still asked for by business men.

Light colors in soft hats are being shown. Evidently the brown Derby, which did well for a short period, is down and out. City stores again show them, but jobbers have lost heart in pushing these goods, although they carry stocks of good size. The tourist and fedora shape in soft hats are sure to do the larger share of the business, although the college shapes for young men have been ordered out well. Every house is uniting in talking strongly pearl soft hats for late Spring trade, and preparations have been made accordingly. Advance orders for straw hats exceed previous seasons, as retailers realize the virtue of prompt and early deliveries resulting. Thus far safflers of the split variety have done the bigger share of business. The high crown with a moderate brim is favored. Colored hat bands are well spoken of and will be seen in profusion. Some of the jobbing

houses are going into Panamas quite extensively. Some new ideas in French straw hats have been introduced.

Spring cap trade is all that can be desired and the golf shapes in tweed and serge are, as usual, prevailing styles. The wholesale trade is now looking towards Fall in hat lines, although many firms do not

show stiff hats until much later in the season. However, all cap lines are now out, and judging from the size and variety of the lines a great sale than ever before will take place. The tweed hats, which had to be sacrificed last season, are again shown, but without much enthusiasm. They are expected to do a fair amount of business only.

## The Power of Attention

CENTURY MAGAZINE

The fact that the mind of man is easily distracted from any subject in contemplation accounts for the slowness of the development of most minds, and for the extreme slowness of the development of the human mind collectively. There are historical periods when general enlightenment seems to have advanced by leaps and bounds; but when one takes cognizance of the tens of thousands of years that man has been at play in the Kindergarten of Creation, one is aware of the very gradual and delicate character of human progress as a whole; and this deliberateness of growth, and the remains of ignorance and superstition even in minds regarded as educated, come largely from the inability of men to keep their thoughts employed steadfastly on the various objects and problems of matter, mind and life. The faculty of attention is strikingly lacking in the savage man; it increases as civilization increases, and is a large factor in the advance of civilization and of culture.

When the power of attention is exceptional in the individual, he is set apart from his fellows; he is a genius in the business world, or perhaps a poet, artist, inventor, discoverer, philosopher, reformer, statesman or conqueror. When the power of attention in a community has been stimulated by one attentive mind, or by a group of attentive minds, the world

passes through periods of great mental activity; great reforms take place; there is great material or intellectual advance; or there are revolutions in letters and in the plastic arts.

The supreme object of the teacher is to cultivate attention in his or her charges. When a child has learned how to pay attention, he has learned how to study and to learn. "Object lessons" are favorite devices for fixing attention. According to the orthodox theologians, religion has been taught to mankind largely through object lessons, in the form sometimes of "progressive revelations"; and the system of symbols in all religions may be called simply devices for fixing the wandering attention of souls, for their sustenance and lasting benefit.

We see, year in and year out, the coming and going of beliefs, customs, popular heroes or mere popular pets; best sellers among books; sports, movements and fads of all kinds, which figure prominently only as long as they are able to claim the attention of large groups or of the entire community. The whole system of business advertising, and the infinite number of publicity departments—publicity as to all sorts of wares and all manner of causes—are nothing but means of securing attention; of spreading information and inducing action through suggestion.



## Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

### AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED.

A capital story by the author of "Pigs is Pigs" is to be found in the April issue, entitled "The Day of the Spank." There are also several other good short stories in the number. Other contents:

Justice of the Supreme Court. By Frances B. Johnson.

Light: The Civilization. By David T. Day.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. By Arthur H. Goodrich.

From Yerkes to Duane. By Henry K. Webster.

### AMERICAN INVENTOR.

The April issue of this instructive periodical has two excellent articles in "Modern Methods of Making Beet Sugar" and "Rubber Culture in Mexico." Both are illustrated.

Modern Methods of Making Beet Sugar.

A New Russian Flying Machine. By A. F. Collins.

Electrically Manufactured Music.

The Heavens for April. By Prof. McNeil.

The Fervent Concrete Tie. By H. M. Riseley.

Perfecting an Invention. Part II. By W. H. Bach.

Rubber Culture in Mexico. By J. B. Main.

The British Battleship Dreadnaught. Submarine Amusement Railway.

### BOOK MONTHLY.

The April Book Monthly is as usual most readable. Between the "Personal and Particular" paragraphs in the first pages and the list of "Books of the Month" at the end, the interior is filled with such articles as:

If I Were a Publisher. (What Mr. Clement K. Shorter would do.

Southward Ho! To Eversley, the Home of Charles Kingsley. By W. J. Roberts.

A Dialect Novel. By Charles M. Clarke.

The Pen and the Book; or Wisdom for Author and Publisher.

Robert Louis Stevenson as a Mother's Son.

### APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS.

Four reproductions in color of American landscape paintings are a notable feature of the April number of this periodical. The contents are in general excellent, with a decided leaning to the serious. A special writer is investigating conditions at Panama for the magazine, while another is laying bare the corruption in Alaska's administration. The fiction is of a high order of merit. Contents: The Mystery of Ancient America. By Broughton Branderburg.

Tom Johnson: A Type of the Common-Sense American. By David Graham Phillips.

Our Beneficent Despotism. By Clifford Howard.

On the Boston Post Road. By E. W. Kemble and Walter Hale.

The Evans Collection of American Paintings. By Leila Mochlin.

The Modern Public Library. By Hamilton Bell.

The Truth about Panama. I. Sanitation and Colon. By Henry C. Rowland.

The Looting of Alaska. IV. The Reign of Terror. By Rex E. Beach.

Our Mexican Investment. By Edward M. Conley.

### ARENA.

A portrait of Stuyvesant Fish appears as frontispiece of the April Arena, and there are also excellent page portraits in the number of Judge Lindsay, W. A. Rogers and Helen M. Gougar. The contents are as usual of an economic and sociological interest.

Trafficking in Trusts; or Philanthropy from the Insurance View-Point. By Harry A. Bullock.

Federal Regulation of Railroad Rates. By Prof. Frank Parsons.

Judge Lindsay: A Typical Builder of a Nobler State.

Main Currents of Thought in the 19th Century. By Robert T. Kerlin.

The Single-Tax. By John Z. White.

College Co-Operative Stores in America. By Ira Cross.

Helen M. Gougar: A Noble Type of 20th Century American Womanhood.

America in the Philippines. By Helen M. Gougar.

The Coming Exodus. By Arthur S. Phelps.

Divorce and Remarriage. By Henry F. Harris.

The Color-Line in New Jersey. By Linton Satterthwait.

Mayor Johnson on Municipal Control of Vice.

### ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

To any person who has ever visited or lived in India, or elsewhere in Asia, the Asiatic Quarterly Review will be found of deep interest, while to others its pages will afford instructive reading. The April issue contains:

Civic Life in India. By A. Yusuf Ali.

Young India: Its Hopes and Aspirations. By Shaikh Abdul Qadir.

The Partition of Bengal and the Bengali Language. By S. M. Mitra.

Madras Irrigation and Navigation. By General J. F. Fischer.

Northern Nigeria.

Arabic Verbs. By A. H. Kisbany.

The Souls of Black Folk. By R. E. Forsset.

The Yunnan Expedition of 1875. By General H. A. Browne.

### ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The Atlantic Monthly for April is a standard number with the usual range of valuable contributions on

art, music, education, law, finance, politics, etc. The publishers endeavor to provide a thoughtful article on some phase of each of these subjects. A group of noted writers contribute to the April number. Contents:

**Making Education Hit the Mark.** By Willard Giles Parsons.  
**The Reform in Church Music.** By Justine Bayard Ward.  
**The Tenth Decade of the United States.** VI. 39th Congress. By William Garrett Brown.  
**Criminal Law Reform.** By George W. Alger.

**A Plea for the Enclosed Garden.** By Susan S. Wainwright.  
**The Testimony of Biology to Religion.** By C. W. Saleely.  
**Railway Securities as an Investment.** By Alexander D. Noyes.  
**Questions of the Far East.** By John W. Foster.

**What Shall We Do With Public Documents.** By William S. Rossiter.  
**Tide Rivers.** By Lucy Scarborough Conant.

#### BADMINTON.

Illustrations in the Badminton are always beautifully executed and, as there are a great many of them, an opportunity of looking through an issue is seized with delight. Naturally sports and pastimes are the main topics.

**Sportsmen of Mark.** VI. Captain Wentworth Hope-Johnstone. By Alfred E. T. Watson.  
**Hunting in the Middle Ages.** By the Baroness S. von C.

**The Coming Cricket Season.** By Home Gordon.  
**Big-Game Shooting at Lake Baringo.** By C. V. A. Ford.

**The Racing Season.** By the Editor.  
**Scouts and Outposts.** By Claude E. Benson.

**Betting.** By G. H. Stratfield.  
**The Art of Felling.** By Lillian E. Brand.

#### BRITISH WORKMAN.

The contents of the British Workman, though few in number, are always good. In the April number:—  
**Some Reminiscences of the Late Dr. Burnard.** By one of His Helpers.  
**A Wonderful Vessel.** The "Carmatia." By F. M. Holmes.  
**Men Who are Working for Others.** S. Robert J. Parr. By H. Davies.  
**The Founding of Greenwich Hospital.**

#### BROADWAY.

The April Broadway is a bright number, with several features worthy of note, apart from its list of short stories.

**Wireless Telegraphy as It is To-Day.** By Lee de Forest.  
**New York's Animal Hospitals.** By Anna Mason.

**A Roman Easter Celebration.** By Raffaele Simboli.  
**Magnetism vs. Art in the Actor.** By Orrin Johnson.  
**Trade Schooling for Young Men and Women.** By N. C. Marbourg.  
**Fun and Facts of Mountain Climbing.** By Annie S. Peck.

#### CANADIAN.

A series of pictures of scenes in the life of Christ reproduced in tint from celebrated paintings is a leading feature of the April issue of the Canadian Magazine. A valuable article on the Grand Trunk Pacific with portraits of the directors is contributed by Norman Patterson. The other contents, both prose and verse, are well up to the high standard of the magazine. Contents:

**The Orinoco—A Wasted Waterway.** By G. M. L. Brown.

**The Grand Trunk Pacific.** By Norman Patterson.  
**The House of Lords Question.** By H. Linton Eccles.  
**Reminiscences of a Loyalist.** By Stimson Jarvis.  
**A Canadian Painter and His Work.** F. S. Challenger. By J. W. Beatty.  
**Canadian Celebrities.** No. 69. W. D. Lighthall. By R. S. Somerville.  
**The Farmers and the Tariff.** By E. C. Drury.

#### CASSELL'S.

Fiction in Cassell's Magazine can always be recommended, and the April issue contains some good stories by such skilled romancers as H. Rider Haggard, Major Arthur Griffiths, Mavne Lindsay, Edwin Pugh and Arthur W. Marchmont. The more serious contents are:

**The Story of Harry de Windt.** By Raymond Blathwayt.  
**Dulwich Picture Gallery.** By James A. Mouson.  
**The Story of the Cotton Growers.** By G. T. T. Buckell.  
**Old St. Paul's.** By W. W. Hutchings.  
**Lighting London.** By Walter T. Roberts.

#### CASSIER'S

Magazine contains many interesting illustrations, which are admirably reproduced on the heavy coated stock on which this magazine is printed. In fact, the illustrations in Cassier's are one of its best features. The April table of contents is extensive.  
**Engineering in the Logging Industry.** By Henry Hale.  
**The Field of Electric Direct-Current Service.** By H. L. Abbott.  
**Electric Central Station Advertising.** By Charles H. B. Chapin.  
**Utilization of Natural Energy.** By Dr. Louis Bell.

**The Section Gas Producer.** By W. H. Booth.  
**Power House Economics.** By W. P. Hancock.

**The Electric City of the Future.** By S. Morgan Bushnell.  
**Recent British Locomotive Engineering.** By Charles Hous-Marten.  
**The Menace of Privilege.** By R. W. Raymond.  
**A Question of Good Advice.** By W. D. Fishes.

**Reinforced Concrete in Tower Station Work.** By H. S. Knowlton.

#### CENTURY.

The most notable content of the April Century is W. J. Bryan's "Individualism vs. Socialism." Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial, "Fenwick's Career" and Frederick T. Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer" are continued.

#### Contents:

**A Sculptor for the Laborer.** By Christian Brinton.  
**Individualism vs. Socialism.** By W. J. Bryan.  
**Public Squares in City and Village.** By Sylvester Baxter.  
**Historic Palaces of Paris.** By Camille Gronkowski.  
**Lincoln the Lawyer.** By Frederick T. Hill.

#### COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

**March 24.** "Railroad Senators Unmasked," by Henry Beach Needham; "Stockyard Secrets," by Upton Sinclair.  
**March 31.** "What is Yellow," by Norman Haggood; "Cabs at Boiling Point," by "A Persecuted American"; "The Passing of Susan B. Anthony," by Ida H. Harper; "Up for Trial," by Arthur Train; "Those Private Bills," by John C. Chaney.  
**April 7.** "Real Soldiers of Fort-tase," by Richard Harding Davis.

April 14. "Under the White Terror," by Albert Edwards; "The Changing Order," by W. J. Ghent.

#### CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

"A Stormy Morning," the serial by Lady Napier, is concluded in the April number of Chambers's Journal. There is the usual supply of first-class fiction and instructive articles in the issue, all equally good. Nightfall on the Wouvi.

The Queer Side of the Cabinet. By Henry Lench.

Ancient Gems and Precious Stones. The Estate-Agent.

Way Railways Do Not Pay Better.

Old-Age Pensions. By George McCran, M.P.

Across the Atlantic in an Open Boat. The Cost of Living on the Rand.

How an Atlantic Liner Provides for its Gentile.

Mr. Peck-Eidge, M.P. By Henry W. Lucy.

The Duchy of Cornwall and Estates. More About an Ideal Friendly Society.

#### CONNOISSEUR.

There are four colored plates in the April Connoisseur: "The Infanta Margarita Teresa," by Velasquez; "Miss Alexander," by Whistler; "Miss Evelyn Tennant," by Millais, and "Oleanders," by Ella du Cane. There are, of course, a great many other interesting illustrations in the number. Contents:

The Marquess of Bristol's Collection at Ickworth. Part I. By Leonard Willoughby.

The Engravings of Andrea Mantegna. Part I. By A. M. Hind.

Some Specimens of Chinese Porcelain. By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson.

Louis XVI Furniture. By Gaston Gramont.

Robert and Richard Dighton, Portrait Engravers. By D. G. Calthrop.

Stamp Notes. By William S. Lincoln.

The Earliest Known Paintings on Cloth.

#### CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

This standard review supplies quite a number of valuable articles in its April number. Its contributors include several noted writers. Contents:

The New Government and its Problems. By J. A. Spender.

Religious Events in France. By Testis.

The Marquis Selenji. By J. Takegoshi.

The New Aristocracy of Mr. Wells. By J. A. Hobson.

Direction for Popular Readers. By Ernest A. Baker.

The Franco-German Frontier. By Demetrios C. Boulger.

Archæology and Criticism. By W. H. Bennett.

The Truth About the Monasteries. By G. G. Coulton.

The Limitations of Napoleon's Genius. By J. Holland Rose.

The Catholic Threat of Passive Resistance. By P. T. Forsyth.

Dramatic Form and Substance. By Philip Littell.

#### CORNHILL.

The most entertaining article in the April Cornhill is undoubtedly the sketch of "The New House of Commons" by J. H. Yoxall, M.P., which is written in narrative style, recording the experiences of Mr. Timmouss of Yatton, a young member. Contents:

A New Tale of Two Cities. By Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A.

A Journey of Surprises. By Mrs. Archibald Little.

The New House of Commons. By J. H. Yoxall, M.P.

Concerning a Millennium. By A. D. Godley.

#### COSMOPOLITAN.

The April Cosmopolitan may be aptly termed a number of protest—Wall Street, the U.S. Senate, the new aristocracy of wealth and Senator Platt are all vigorously assailed in four separate articles. But the number is not given over entirely to attacks. We are treated to some excellent fiction, notably stories by W. W. Jacobs, T. G. Wells and Sir Gilbert Parker. Contents:

Wall Street and the House of Dollars. By Ernest Croely.

Idols of the Russian Masses. By Christian Brinton.

The New Aristocracy. By Gertrude Atherton.

The Treason of the Senate. By David Graham Phillips.

The Lesson of Platt. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

What Life Means to Me. By John Burroughs.

Temptations of a Young Journalist. By T. T. Williams.

Story of Paul Jones. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

#### CRAFTSMAN.

It would be hard to specify the most interesting feature in the April Craftsman. The magazine is a beautiful production typographically, and all its contents are in harmony. The many choice illustrations add greatly to its charm.

Tendency Toward an American Style of Architecture. By Russell Sturgis.

Making of a Modern Stained Glass Window. By Frederick S. Lamb. Adaptation of Public Architecture to American Needs.

John W. Alexander, Artist. By P. T. Farnsworth.

Mural Painting: An Art for the People.

Daniel Chester French's Four Symbolic Groups.

A Great Iniquity. By Leo Tolstoy.

#### CRITIC.

Portraits of several notable literary people are to be found in the April Critic, as well as several entertaining articles on literary subjects. Letters of a Poet to a Musician.

The Russian Players. By Homer Saint-Gaudens.

The Prayer-Book of Cardinal Grimani. By Maud Barrows Dutton.

James Matthew Barrie. By E. M. D.

A Concord Note-Book. By F. B. Sanborn.

A Young Goethe. By Elizabeth Luther Cary.

#### ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

Not the least interesting of the articles in the April number is that in which W. Larkins, a famous steeple-jack, chats about his experiences. The article is accompanied by a number of illustrations, which give a good idea of the perilous work of the steeple-jack. There is the usual collection of short stories in the number.

The Cheap Cottage. By Spenser Edge.

Kisses. By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.

'Twixt Heaven and Earth. By J. Loughmore.

Foreign Authors of To-Day. By Cosmopolitan.

Stories of H.M. the King. By Walter Nathan.

"The Weird-Wailing Banshee." By A. W. Jarvis.

#### EVERYBODY'S.

In the April issue there begins a series of articles on the coal trust by Hartley Davis. At the same time Charles Edward Russell is continuing his researches into social conditions in Europe under the heading of "Soldiers of the Common Good." "The Spoilers," by Rex E. Beach, is continued.

The Coal Trust, the Labor Trust and the People. By Hartley Davis.

The Gathering of the Chateaux. By Eugene Wood.

Soldiers of the Common Good. By Charles Edward Russell.

House-Keeping on Half-a-million a Year. By Emily Harrington.

The Fight for the Big Three. By Thomas W. Lawson.

#### FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

In addition to Eden Phillpott's serial in the April Fortnightly, there are thirteen articles of a substantial character in the number. Not the least interesting is Henry James' sketch of Philadelphia.

Morocco and Europe: The Tack of Sir E. Grey. By Perseus.

Socialists and Tories. By G. S. Street.

Letters and the Ite. By Israel Zangwill.

Chinese Labor and the Government. By J. Saxon Mills.

A Saint in Fiction. By Mrs. Crawford.

The Continental Camps and the British Fleet.

The Public, the Motorist and the Royal Commission. By Henry Norman, M.P.

Afternoon Calls. By Mrs. John Lana-

Progress or Reaction in the Navy. By Archibald S. Hord.

A Forecast of the Legion of Frontiersmen. By Roger Pocock.

A French Archbishop. By Constance E. Mand.

The Survival-Value of Religion. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

Philadelphia. By Henry James.

#### FORUM.

The April-June issue of this leading American quarterly review contains the customary surveys of the progress made during the first quarter of the year in the departments of politics, science, finance, music and education. These have been discussed as follows:

American Politics. By Henry Litchfield West.

Foreign Affairs. By A. Maurice Low.

Applied Science. By Henry Harrison Suplee.

Finance. By Alexander D. Noyes.

Music. By Joseph Solm.

Educational Outlook. By Ossian H. Lang.

Dr. Burkbeck Hill and His Edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." By Prof. W. P. Trent.

An Effort to Suppress Noise. By Mrs. Isaac L. Rice.

Japan's Policy in Korea. By Count Okuma.

#### GRAND.

The April Grand is full of readable articles and stories. A. E. W. Mason tells which of his stories he considers to be his best and reproduces it so that the reader may judge for himself. Other contents:

Playwriting as a Profession. By Horace W. C. Newte.

Under the X-Rays. No. 15. The

Blight of Red Tape in England. By T. C. Bridges.

The Journal of the House of Commons. By John J. Mooney.

Amplifying Distance. By Thomas Cox Meach.

Both Sides. Do Juries Ensure Justice?

The Natural and the Supernatural. By Frank Podmore.

The Secret of Success. III. Success in the Army.

Tips for Investors. By G. Sidney Paternoster.

Why is Home Dull? By Dora Chapman.

Sir Henry Irving. XI. By Joseph Hutton.

#### HIBBERT JOURNAL.

The Hibbert Journal, the English quarterly review of religion, theology and philosophy, is a splendid production typographically, and its contents cover a wide range of interest. In the April number:

Is the Religion of the Spirit a Working Religion for Mankind? By Dom. Cuthbert Butler.

How Japanese Buddhism Appeals to a Christian Theist. By Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter.

Does Christian Belief Require Metaphysics? By Prof. E. S. Drown.

Mr. Birrell's Choice. By Rev. J. W. Diggles.

The Working Faith of the Social Reformer. III. By Prof. Henry Jones, LL.D.

St. Catherine of Sena. By Edmund G. Gardner.

The Laws and Limits of Development in Christian Doctrine. By Rev. W. Jones-Davies.

The Salvation of the Body by Faith. By the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia."

The Resurrection: A Layman's Dialogue. By T. W. Rollstone.

Christianity and Science. II. The Divine Element in Christianity. By Sir Oliver Lodge.

#### IDLER.

Enlarged and otherwise improved, the Idler Magazine for April comes to hand with many entertaining features. A new serial, "Springtime," by H. C. Bailey, begins, and there are stories by Robert Barr and several other clever story writers.

The Wonderland of Ceylon. By Gen. Sir George Wolsley.

The Druce Case. Edited by Kenneth Henderson.

#### INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

To the art lover the Studio is full of delights. Especially charming are the fine colored plates that appear in each number. The April issue contains "Autumn," by Alfred East; "Chateau Gaillard," by Alfred East; a study in grey and red by J. Hopper; "Astwells, Northamptonshire," by T. L. Shoosmith; "Ostrov Kampas," by Vaclav Janss, and "Folding the Sheep," besides a profusion of photogravures. The literary contents:

On Sketching from Nature. By Alfred East.

The International Society's Sixth Annual Exhibition.

The Rothschild Artisans' Dwellings in Paris.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery.

Modern French Pastellists. L. Levy-Dhurmer. By Frances Keyser.

The Lay Figure: On the National Duty to Art.

Gutson Borglum, Painter and Sculptor. By Leslie Nechlin.

The Elton Memorial Vase. By Geo. E. Bissell.

The Recent Exhibition by Chicago Artists.  
Wood Carving at the Metropolitan Museum.

#### LIPPINCOTT'S.

Lippincott's is mainly a fiction magazine. It can always be recommended for a good collection of stories, and its humorous section, "Walnuts and Wine," is famous in magazines. There are seven first-class short stories in the April number and a complete novelette by Samuel Merwin, "The Battle of the Fools," the story of a struggle between a big railroad and a man. Other contents:

Degas: The Artist and His Work. By Marie van Vorst.  
A Window in the Washington Post-Office. By Willard French.

#### McCLURE'S.

Fiction occupies the major portion of the April McClure's, leaving room for only three or four articles. Of these the character sketch of Count Witte and Dr. Hutchinson's attack on the food-faddists are best worth reading.

Eminences of a Long Life. VI. By Carl Schurz.  
Some Old Delusions. By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.  
Wittor: A Great Man Facing Failure. By Percival Gibbon.

#### MUNSEY'S.

Part the first of Herbert N. Casson's history of the steel and iron industry in America begins in the April number. There is a group of eight short stories of the style that makes Munsey's Magazine so readable, while several colored illustrations add to the attractiveness of the number. Contents:

The Romance of Steel and Iron in America. Part I. By Herbert N. Casson.

The Decadence of Positive Authority. By Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

Impressions of Mamla. By Alberton Brownell.

People Talked Aunt in Paris. By Vance Thompson.

Some Great Old Plays. III. Rip Van Winkle. By James I. Ford.

The Irish in America. By Herbert N. Casson.

The Art of Courtesy. By Harry Thurston Peck.

The Most Valuable Ten-Acre Lot in the World. By Eugene S. Willard.

#### NATIONAL.

The April National is a fairly standard issue with no particularly outstanding features.

Affairs at Washington. By Joe Mitchell Chaunce.

Joaquin Miller at the Heights. By C. W. Stoddard.

Gotham in Golden Chains. By John Coulter.

The Passing of Jules Verne. By Sarah D. Hohart.

A Day with Marquis Itz. By Youse Noguishi.

Adventures of a Special Correspondent. By Gilson Willets.

#### NEW ENGLAND.

There is considerable fiction in the April issue of the New England, though of more serious articles there is a good supply. The publishers are featuring John W. Ryckman's investigations into insurance methods, "The Despotism of Combined Millions." They also give space to a lengthy illustrated description of Brockton, Massachusetts.

The Trail of the Mormon. By Clifton Johnson.

A New England Longing. By Abram Wyman.

Making Maple Sugar. By Harry A. Packard.

Vermont's Revolutionary Heroine. By Helen Vanderheyden.

Handel and "The Messiah." By Herbert O. McCrillis.

Teachers' Conventions Down East. By Mary C. Robinson.

The Despotism of Combined Millions. By John W. Ryckman.

#### OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Fiction predominates in the Easter issue of this magazine, though among the other literary contributions there are some very good articles.

Miracles of Santa Ysabel. By Eloise J. Roubach.

Japanese Mist Pictures. By Charles Lorrimer.

Private Extravagance and the Public Weal. By Austin Lewis.

An Italian Quarter Mosaic. By J. M. Scanland.

Zona Growth of Trees Progressively from North to South. By J. E. Carne.

Markets and Myths of Manxland. By K. E. Thomas.

#### PALL MALL.

The April Pall Mall is a good all round number. Opening with a series of unusual photographs of scenes in London, the contents embrace a wide variety of subjects. There are several clever short stories, notably a North-West Mounted Police yarn by Lawrence Mott. An interview with Thomas Gibson Bowles, whom Mr. Balfour recently defeated in London, is a feature. Contents:

A New Aspect of London: The City through an American Camera.

The New Liberal Government: As seen by an Opposition caricaturist. By G. H. Halkett.

A Shakespeare Birthday: a Reminiscence of Charles Dickens. By Harry Furniss.

A Week's Adventure in the East End. By A. C. H.

Studies in Personality: Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles. By Herbert Vivian.

The Trail of the Pioneer. The Adventures of a Miner in the Gulf Country of Australia. By Alexander Macdonald.

#### PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

The Easter number of Pearson's is largely given over to fiction, in which department there are several good stories, notably an amusing skit by Charles Bittel Loomis on "The Fire at Bond's." A scathing article by Rene Bahe on "America's Base Suicide" is a notable content.

Who Makes the Spirit of War? By James Creelman.

A Sailor of Fortune. By Albert Birelow Palee.

The Stories of the Plays. By William Grenvil.

America's Base Suicide. By Rene Bahe.

#### POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.

The March issue of this worthy publication is the first number of a new volume. The contents are as usual learned and exhaustive.

Sovereignty and Government. By Franklin H. Giddings.

Regulation of Railway Rates. By A. B. Stickney.

Ballot Laws and their Workings. By Philip L. Allen.

The Connected Land System. By Nelson P. Mead.

Municipal Home Rule. By Frank J. Goodnow.

The Management of English Towns. By Charles H. Hartshorne.

**A Socialist History of France.** By Charles A. Beard.

#### RECREATION.

The April issue of this out-of-door magazine reflects the coming of spring in many alluring illustrations. A multiplicity of short articles, stories and poems, all dealing with life in the open, make its pages particularly entertaining at this time of the year.

**Sullivan County Trout.** By L. F. Brown.

**Salmon Fishing at the Omba.** By Charles Hulloek.

**Fishing on Cage Lake.** By M. T. Frisbie.

**Summer on Highland Lake.** By John H. Keene.

**Queer Bait.** By W. M. Hart.

**A Canadian Paradise.** By C. E. Mills.

#### ROD AND GUN

The near approach of the holiday season makes Rod and Gun a welcome arrival. The April number is well supplied with readable articles. Exploring Northern Ontario. By James Dickson, O.L.S.

**The Best Old Log in the Land.** By Rev. C. F. Yates.

**Duck Shooting on the St. John River, N.E.** By T. Q. Dowling.

**The Wild Rice Harvest of the Mississauga.** By B. Dale.

**Caribou Shooting in British Columbia.** By C. G. Cowan.

**How I Shot My Moose.** By Avery Moorehouse.

**Viscount John.** By Dr. J. M. Harper.

**Camp Fires and Their Environments.** By L. F. Brown.

#### ROYAL.

The cover design of the Royal Magazine can always be counted on to be surprisingly striking. That on

the April number is so striking that it passes description. The contents of the number are bright and varied. In fact the Royal is probably the most entertaining of the lighter English magazines. Contents:

**"The Stage" at Home.**

**A Day as Orderly Officer.** By "Klaki."

**Our Friend the Donkey.** By John Oldfield.

**Survivors' Tales of Great Events.** XV. The burning of the transport "Sarah Sands." By W. oWod and George Diggins.

**Rock and Water Gardens.** By George A. Best.

#### ST. NICHOLAS.

Another volume is completed with the April number of St. Nicholas. The contents of this issue are as usual bright and readable. The life story of Robert Louis Stevenson is prettily told by Ariadne Gilbert, and Charles C. Johnson writes entertainingly of the manual training and physical culture taught in New York public schools. The number is well illustrated, and there are the usual number of stories.

**The Lighthouse-Buider's Son.** (Robert Louis Stevenson). By Ariadne Gilbert.

**The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln.** By Helen Nicoley.

**Training Both Head and Hand.** By Charles C. Johnson.

**Nature and Science for Young Folks.**

#### SATURDAY REVIEW.

March 10. "Mr. Haldane's Policy," "The Dissolution of the Bloc," "The Navy and the New Crew," "The Trump," "British Trade and the New Tariffs," "Mr. Hewlett at the Court Theatre," "Plain-Some Again," "Bird Life on the Polders."

March 24. "The Africa Sempur," "Military Facts and Fancies," "Protection for British Seamen," "The Liberals and Ritual Legislation," "Hired Furniture," "Pare Beer; a Study in Fallacies," "Irish Folk Music," "Toy Books."

March 31. "The Attorney-General vs. the Labor Party," "The Opportunity of the House of Lords," "The New Phase in Workmen's Compensation," "Sugar Production in Britain," "Sea Lions from Japan."

#### SCRIBNER'S.

The most noteworthy contribution to the April issue of Scribner's Magazine is the article on the Pan-American Railway by Charles M. Pepper, United States and Pan-American Railway Commissioner, with a series of valuable pictures of the progress of construction. This is the first in a series of articles on "The Railways of the Future." The other contents of the number are up to the high standard set by the publishers. **The Waters of Venice.** By Arthur Symons.

**The Pan-American Railway.** By Charles M. Pepper.

**The Carlsen and His Kindred.** By Ernest Thompson Seton.

**Cooper.** By W. C. Brownell.

**Sir Francis Seymour Haden, P.R.E.** By William B. Boulton.

#### SPECTATOR.

March 10. "Payment of Members," "The Fall of the French Ministry," "The House of Lords and Legislation," "The Clouds on the Horizon," "Children's Meals and Parents' Pockets," "Christianity and Compromise," "The Fortune Tellers," "Out-of-door Games at Country Houses."

March 17. "Mr. Balfour and the Fiscal Debate," "The New French Ministry," "Mr. Haldane and the Army that we Need," "The Chancellor of the Exchequer on Economy," "Mr. Courtney as the Apostle of Risk," "Criticism of the Absent," "The Science of Genealogy," "Native Study and Modern Verse."

March 31. "The Algeciras Conference," "The Trade Disputes Bill," "The Chinese Commissioners," "The Taxation of Land Values," "The Bible and the Church," "The Social Admissions of a French Saint," "Morals and the East Wind," "Hibernation in Hedgerow and Wood."

#### SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

William Jennings Bryan is the leading contributor to the April issue of Success Magazine. He has been specially commissioned by the publishers to investigate conditions in China particularly as they relate to America. Another excellent article in this issue is Frank Fayant's "Story of Steel," in which he traces the marvelous development of the steel industry in America. Contents: **The Chinese Question.** By William Jennings Bryan. **The Story of Steel.** By Frank Fayant.

**The Habit of Governing Badly.**—Newark. By Samuel Merwin.

**Heinrich Conrad—Opera Builder.** By J. Herbert Welch.

**Am I to be Colonized?** By Orison Sweet Marden.

**Fighting the Telephone Trust.** III. By Paul Latzer.

**Applying for a Position.** By Henry C. Waller.

#### TECHNICAL WORLD.

A more entertaining magazine it would be hard to find than the Tech-

nical World. The April number is not only rich in readable articles, but it is brimful of illustrations as well. Some may imagine from the title that the Technical World is abstruse, but such is not the case. The contents are within the grasp of every reader.

**Billion-Dollar Steel Trust Makes Microbes Pay Dividends.** By Henry M. Hyde.

**Niagara Falls Already Rained.** By Alton D. Adams.

**When Life or Death Hangs on a Blood-Stain.** By W. F. Weston.

**Skoo-Runners in the High Alps.** By Fritz Morris.

**Alice and the Alternating Current.** By George C. Hawkins.

**Blessed—then Cursed—by Water.** By Edgar F. Howe.

**Gun-Cotton Used as Fuel.** By William R. Stewart.

**Quarrelsome Cannibal of the Ocean.** By Henry Morrow.

**Trolley Line Hanging in Air.** By Dr. Alfred Gradewitz.

**Vast Forest of Crystal Trees.** By Gny E. Mitchell.

**Seen at the Automobile Shows.** By David Betscott.

**Life-Stories of Successful Men.** E. B. Eddy. By Albert R. Cornum.

#### WATSON'S.

The April number of Watson's is a regular issue, containing six editorials by Thomas E. Watson, a number of stories and several articles on popularistic subjects.

**Machine Rule and its Termination.**

By George H. Shibley.

**Control or Ownership.** By Charles Q. de France.

**Our Civilization.** By Count Tolstoy.

**A Coal Miner's Story.** By Charles S. Moody.

**Those that are Joined Together.** By Charles Fort.

**The Russian Apostle of Populism.**  
By Thomas C. Hutton.

#### WINDSOR.

The artist whose work is elaborately illustrated in the April Windsor is J. C. Dellman. Fourteen of his best pictures are reproduced, many of them in full-page size. A profusely illustrated article on the great north land of Canada and its inhabitants, written by Ernest E. Williams, appears under the title "Via Hudson Bay." Contents:

**The Art of Mr. J. C. Dellman, A.R.W.S.** By S. L. Bensusan.

**Chronicles in Cartoon.** V. Bench and Bar. By Fletcher Robinson.

**Via Hudson Bay.** By Ernest E. Williams.

#### WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

A great deal of entertaining matter is crowded into the Woman's Home Companion every month. The stories, of which there are always a good supply, are cleverly selected and the hints for the home are always novel and bright. Of articles of a more serious nature in the April issue we find:

**The Havoc of the Avalasche.** By George W. Fitz.

**The Strangest of Christian Pilgrimages.** By Rev. John R. Devins.

**The Four Greatest Living Americans at Work.**

#### WORLD TO-DAY.

A set of photographs, "In Maple Sugar Time," is an interesting feature in the April issue, which is as usual a comprehensive number. Excellent likenesses of Andrew Carnegie, Grover Cleveland and Joseph G. Cannon appear, and the range of

other illustrations is sufficiently numerous to provide a picture for almost every page. Contents:

**The Siren's Island.** By Edith H. Andrews.

**Judge Lindsey and His Work.** By Helen Grey.

**Facts and Problems of Adolescence.** By James Rowland Angell.

**The American Manufacturer in China.** By Arthur D. Coulter.

**The Birth of an Automobile.** By Sigmund Kraus.

**Consular Reform.** By C. Arthur Williams.

**Shouettes from Life.** By H. G. Dwight.

**The Palette and Chisel Club.** By Thomas Bruce Thompson.

**Why Arizona Opposes Union with New Mexico.** By Dwight B. Heard.

**How Immigration is Stimulated.** By Frederic Austin Gray.

**A Royal Artist.** By Louis G. Northland.

**The Theater in France To-day.** By Cora Roche Howland.

#### WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

April World's Work is introduced to the public as a policyholder's manual, deriving the title from its exhaustive study of insurance and the insurance problem. No fewer than thirteen articles on every phase of the question are in the list of contents, while other articles, of which there are at least three important ones, are relegated to a secondary place. Contents:

**The Bank Depositor and His Money.** A Personal Guide to Life Insurance.

**The Insurance Revolution.**

**Changes in the "Big Three" Companies.**

**Life Insurance as a Profession.** By Leroy Scott.

**The Meaning of Insurance Words.** The Cheapest Insurance.

**The Kind of Policy to Buy.**

**The Deception of "Prize" Policies.** Surrendering and Exchanging Bad Policies.

**Personal Experiences of Policyholders** Rich Men's Insurance.

**How the States Supervise Insurance.** What Companies to Insure In.

**The Socialist Party.** By Upton Sinclair.

**Twenty-Five Years of Tuskegee.** By Booker T. Washington.

**Great Riches.** By Charles W. Eliot.

#### WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

A splendid full-page portrait of Sir William Van Horne forms the frontispiece of the April number of the World's Work. It accompanies an article in which Sir William is interviewed on Canadian affairs. The number contains many other excellent features, notably a description of the new Cunard steamships. In all there are to be found seventy illustrations in the pages of the World's Work. Contents:

**Marines as Chauffeurs.** By Fred T. Jane.

**Across the Atlantic in Five Days.** By F. A. A. Talbot.

**How a Small Farmer Succeeded.** By "Home Counties."

**Canada, America and British Trade.** Interview with Van Horne.

**The March of Events.** By Henry Norman.

**A Private Menagerie.** By W. M. Webb.

**The Marvels of Photography.** By H. W. Lanier.

**Motors and Men.** By the Editor.

**The New Spirit in London Locomotion.**

**The Automatic Rifle.** By H. G. Archer.

**The Queen of Flowers.** By S. L. Bastin.

Some Interesting  
Books of the  
Month Reviewed



**Judith.** By Grace Alexander. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

The love story of a young and beautiful maiden of Camden, in Ohio, and a Methodist preacher from New England. The tragic element centres round Judith's betrothal to a playmate of her childhood's days, which causes agony to her and a partisan's remorse to her passion-lover. Several passages in the story are told with uncommon strength. As would naturally be inferred, the ending is made conventional by the death of the third character.

**Saints in Society.** By Margaret Bulfinch-Saunders. Toronto: The Commercial Co., Limited. Cloth, \$1.25.

Mark Hadine, the hero of this book, is a strong portrayal of a man risen from the ranks to high social position. As a labor leader he starts out with high aims, but his overmastering ambition and self-sufficiency ultimately wreck his ruin. Even more interesting as a character study is his young wife, Clo Hadine. Less gifted, but with purer motives, she attains to a higher degree of excellence, and remains uncontaminated by the follies of the fashionable world in which her husband's success has placed her.

**The Long Arm.** By Samuel M. Gardener. Toronto: The Poole Publishing Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

An American Sherlock Holmes, by name Le Droit Connors, occupies the centre of the stage in this volume of short stories. He is very much like Sherlock, possibly a trifle more rapid in his deductions, and his exploits are chronicled by a friend who parallels Dr. Watson. The stories are all absorbing, some like the first, "A Brother of the Heart," rather extravagant, and others like "The Adventure of the Counterfeiters," quite realistic. There are eight stories in all.

**The Wheel of Life.** By Ellen Glasgow. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

An intense and thrilling story. In Laura Wilde the author has laid bare with wonderful insight the workings of a beautiful human soul in its struggles upward towards light and freedom through the entanglements of the emotions and the poetic temperament. She finds both at last in self-renunciation and conformity to the Divine Will. The other characters are well sustained and interesting in the parts

they play, but the absorbing interest of the book centres in the heroine.

**The Scarlet Pimpernel.** By Baroness Orczy. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25.

Taking as their hedge the little fower of the scarlet pimpernel, a band of young Englishmen set themselves the task of saving the lives of French aristocrats doomed to the guillotine in the days of the Revolution. The utmost secrecy is preserved and the identity of the daring leader carefully concealed. Not until the book is more than half read does the hero emerge from the group of characters, which the author has created. The romance is intensely exciting from first to last.

**The Eternal Spring.** By Neith Boyce. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

Showing love, the eternal spring of happiness, as exemplified in the lives of two young Americans who meet in Italy. Carleton goes to Italy a nervous wreck, thinking he is in love with a former friend, but meeting her after a lapse of several years he finds it is not really love he feels for her, but merely friendship. He transfers his affections to her cousin, a young musician, who fancies she has inherited insanity and should never marry. However, all comes right in the end, when they find eternal spring. A very interesting and enjoyable little love story.

**The Portreeve.** By Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: The MacMillan Co. of Canada. \$1.50.

A story of unusual power. The scene is laid in Devonshire. Mr. Phillpotts has caught the spirit of the moor and infused it into the man and women who live in this his latest book. The serious, passionate earnestness of Dodd Wollerstan, the Portreeve—the kindly humor of Dicky Barkell, the gentle cynic and free-

thinker—and the cruel vindictiveness of Primrose Horn, are realistic human expressions of the wide moorland country vivid in portraiture and true to nature.

## BOOKS ON BUSINESS.

**Monopolies, Trusts and Kartells.** By Francis W. Hirst. Books on Business. London: Methuen & Co., 38 Essex street, W. C. Cloth, 2s. 6d net.

Mr. Hirst's treatment of his subject is explanatory rather than controversial. True, he makes it early apparent that he is a believer in the old view that competition is the lifeblood of trade and commerce. But he does not force his opinions to the forefront.

The book is divided into two parts: (1) monopolies in general and (2) trusts, kartells and other modern combinations. In his first division, Mr. Hirst reviews his subject historically and then proceeds to take up existent fiscal and public monopolies such as the tobacco monopoly in Austria, the Japanese state monopolies in opium, salt and camphor in Formosa, the alcohol monopoly in Switzerland and the coinage monopoly in every civilized country. An entire chapter is given over to a consideration of monopolies of transport, including a discussion of the relative merits of state ownership and state regulation of transportation systems.

The second division of the book embraces three separate manifestations of industrial monopoly, the kartell of Germany and Austria, the trust of America and the combination of England. Mr. Hirst points out the origin of these monopolies, showing how they are the direct fruit of protective tariffs and the elasticity of the English law and indicating the differences among them. He has a good deal to say about dumping, which should prove interesting to Canadian readers. Altogether Mr. Hirst's little book is an illuminating treatment of a subject which is



bound to hulk largely among public questions in the near future.

**The Art of Wall Street Investing.** By John R. Moody. The Moody Corporation, 35 Nassau street, New York. Cloth, \$1.00 net. By mail, \$1.10.

This is a practical handbook for investors and others, which treats the subject of Wall street investing in a simple and sensible manner. It is an attractive volume and is particularly useful and valuable because of the clear and entertaining way in which the various methods and phases of Wall street investing are explained and pointed out.

The book is made up of ten chapters, covering such subjects as bonds and what they represent; stocks and what they are; rules for analyzing railroad securities; explanation of syndicates and reorganizations; the difference between investment and speculation; methods for ascertaining security and safety; and a vivid description of the New York Stock Exchange and its work.

In addition, a chapter is given to Wall street terms and phrases, explaining briefly and clearly all the important Wall street words and methods. While many books have been written on the general subject of Wall street and special descriptions have been given of certain phases, yet this is the first modern attempt to cover the subject in an attractive and popular form. The book should certainly have an enormous sale, as it is of great and permanent value.

**The Commercial Gazetteer of the World.** By William Melven, M.A. Toronto: Morang & Co., Limited. Cloth.

To supply in concise and easily accessible form the main features of the commercial life of the countries, provinces, cities and towns of the world, is the object of this book. That the compiler has succeeded in his task is abundantly evident from even a cursory examination of the volume. Take at random any city that comes to mind and on looking up the name in the list, which is, of course, prepared in alphabetical order, full particulars as to the location of the place, means of access to it, its population, its industries, its trade, etc., are given. The same applies to countries, districts and provinces, while to the seeker after information about rivers, lakes, seas, islands and other geographical features, the book answers all the elementary questions.

Being a commercial handbook, the compiler has refrained from historical or literary allusions, contenting himself with supplying only such data as will be of service to the business man.

In addition to the reading matter the book contains a number of maps on which are exhibited the various parts of the world from which certain products are derived. By means of them one can gather at a glance just where certain commodities are obtainable. The book should find a place on every business man's bookshelf.

## The Canadian Military Gazette



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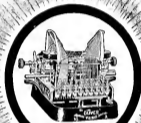
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